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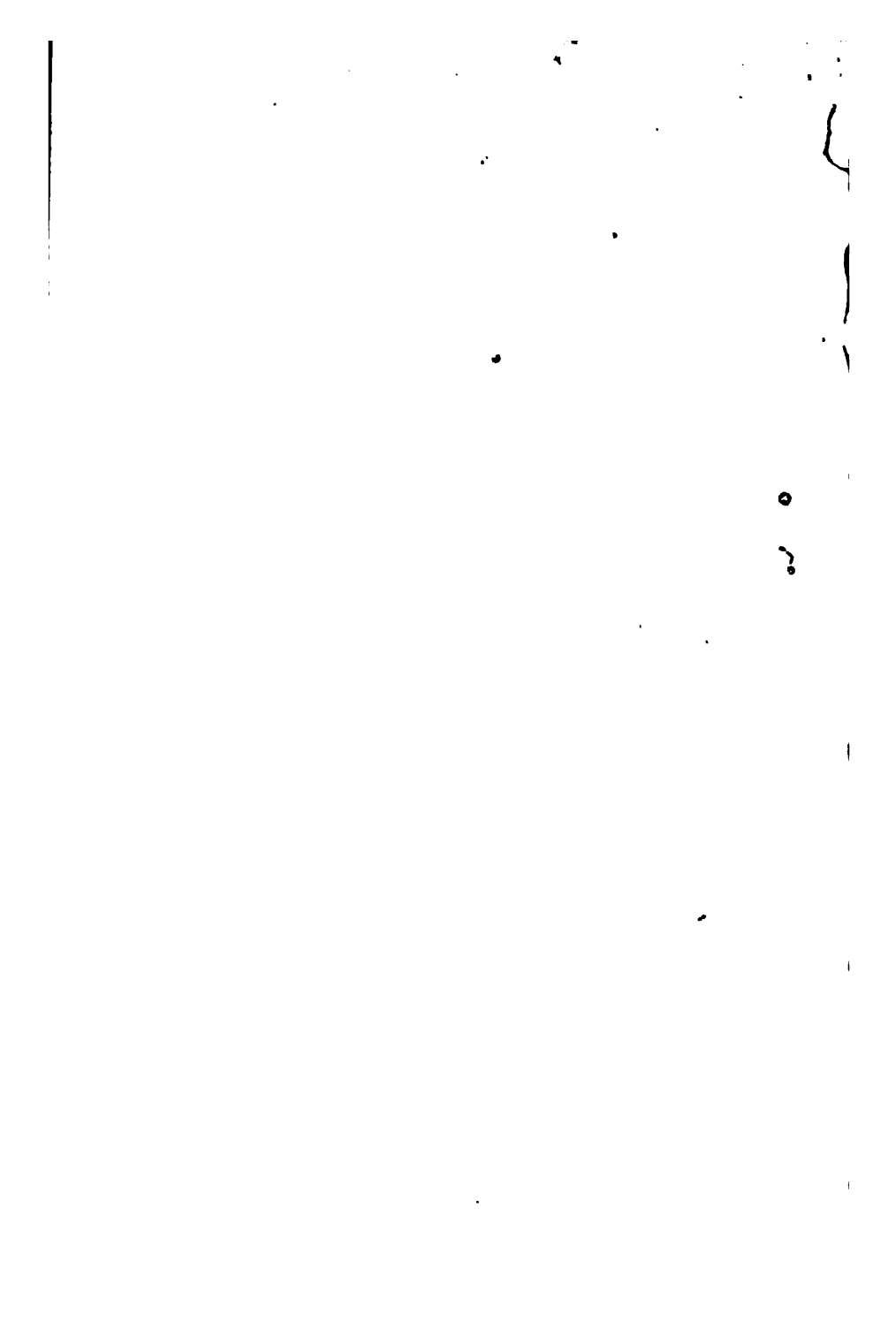
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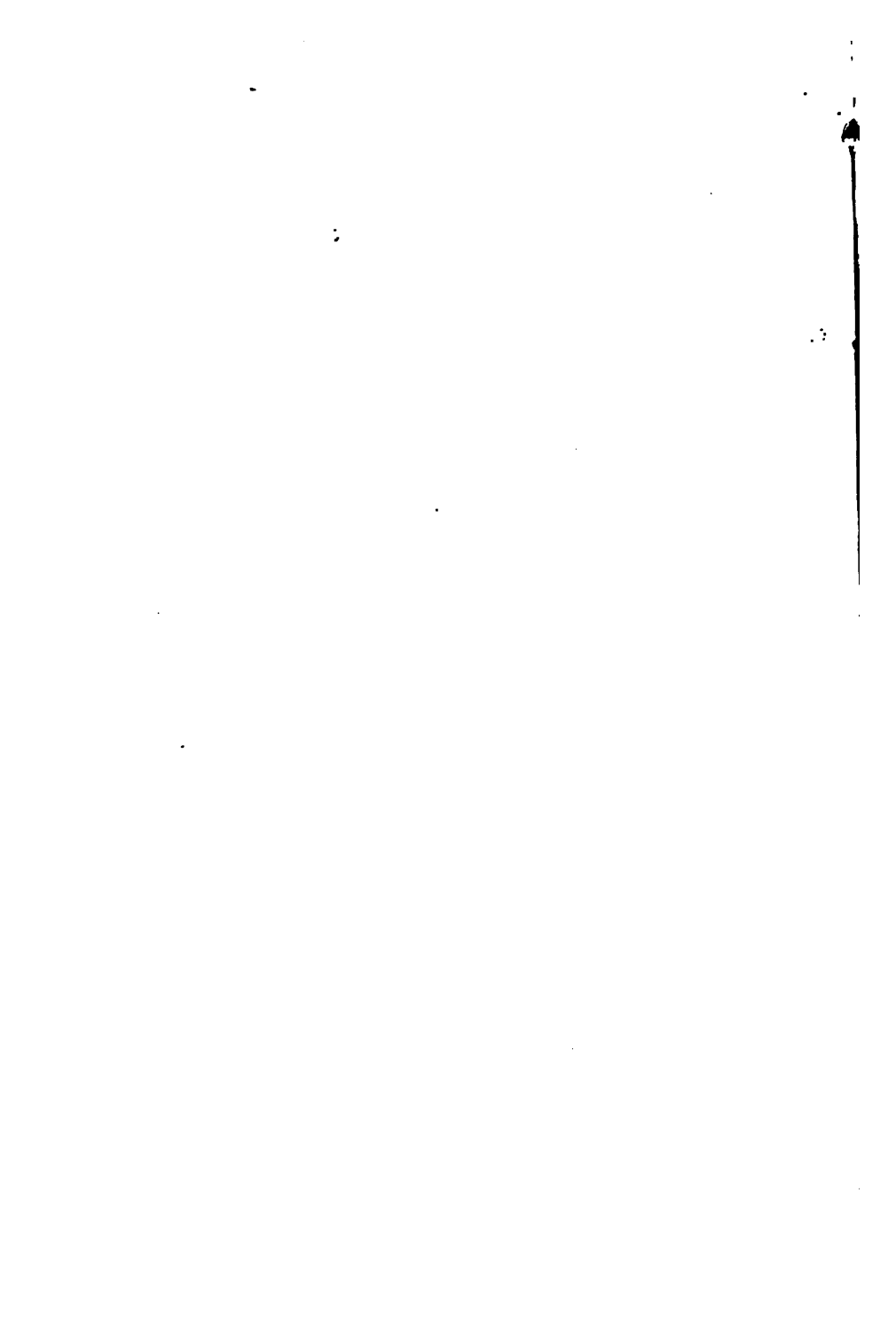
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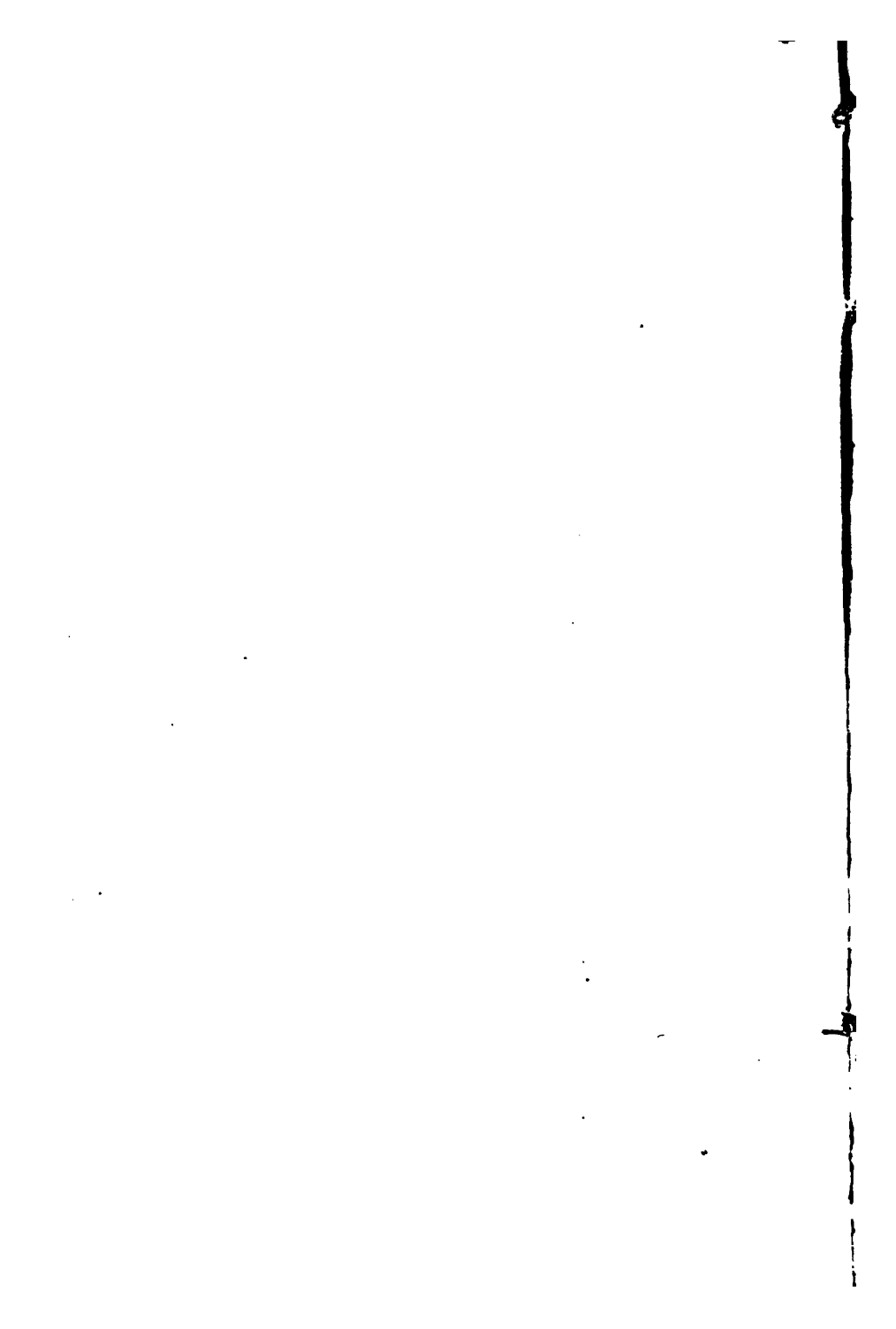
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LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH.

A Poem.



LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH.

68776

A Poem.

BY ROBERT W. LANDIS.

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HUC PROFUGAE VENIENT, ET REGNA ILLUSTRATA CONDENT,
ET DOMINA HIS VIRTUS ERIT, ET FORTUNA MINISTRA.

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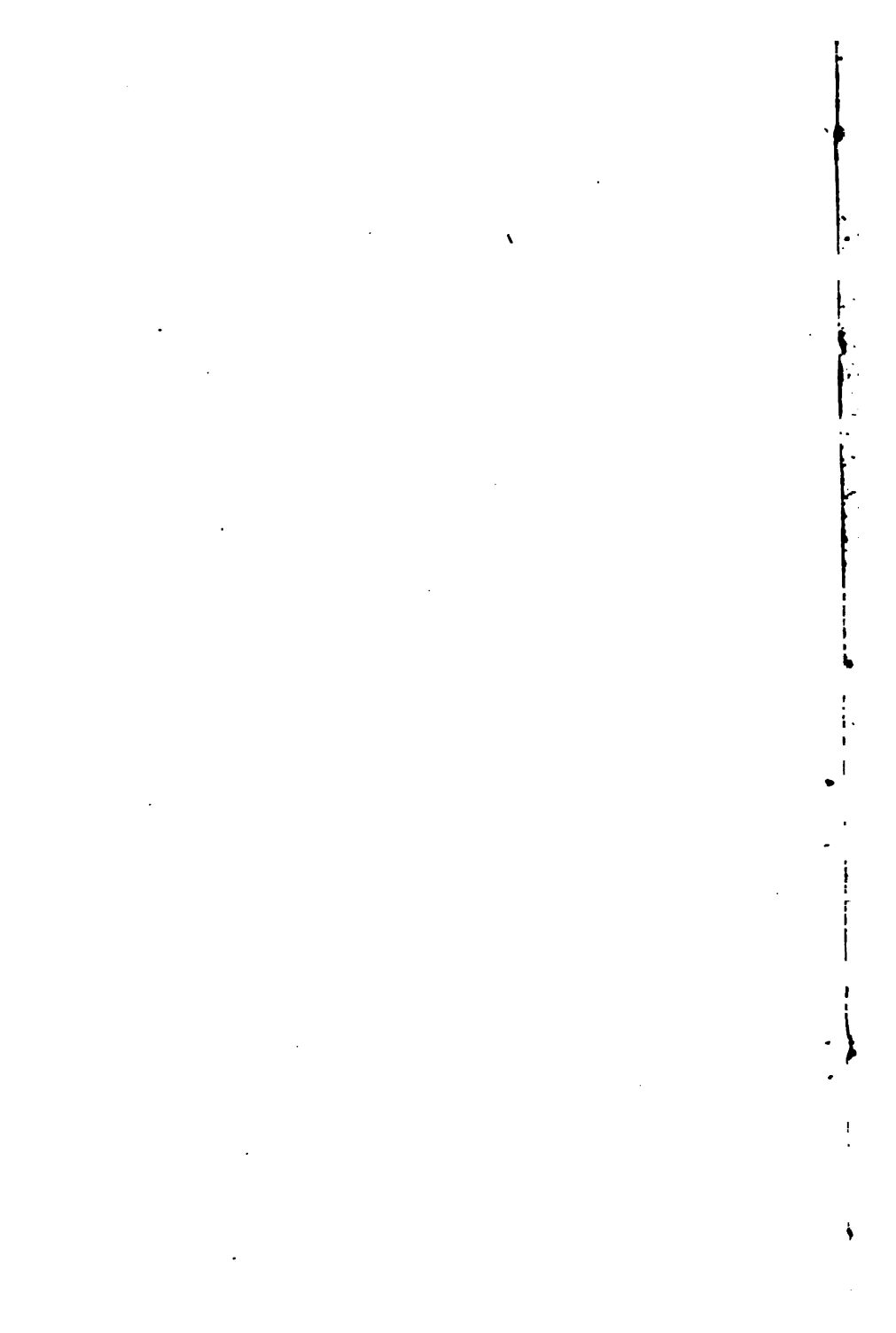
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---

MY COUNTRY! I have here thy story sung;  
The wondrous story of our Pilgrim Sires,  
Whose toils for Freedom have a triumph gained,  
A triumph which reverseless shall endure  
Till nations all in the glad psalm join  
And Barth no King revere but Him of heaven:  
And now the work I dedicate to Thee;  
A work not hasty wrought; but at the price  
Of life's most dearest hours from its young dawn  
Till frosted locks announce the moment near  
When from its warfare stern I can retire.

My first and fondest aim is to endear  
The story to thy youthful offspring all;  
That in this hour when Governments and Thrones  
Are into ruins crumbling through the world;  
And curst apostates would subvert thine own;  
Thy youth may prize the more what blessings Heaven  
Hath on their land bestowed; and, prizing, aim  
Them to perpetuate while Time endures.  
Then to the hundred millions of thy sons  
Native and too adopted, who ere long  
Shall people thy so noble vales and hills,  
And to their mighty progeny, would I  
The story's fulness bring; that the grand aim  
Which kindled to the war our virtuous Sires  
Who ne'er would compromise it nor resign,  
May be most dear to all for whom they bled.  
God grant ye may to Liberty be true!  
And Oh, my country loved! May it be found  
When Heaven's last thunders jar the trembling world  
That thou hast well thy destiny fulfilled.

Thy Voice I'd likewise be to other climes  
 Where'er Oppression holds his darksome reign;  
 Till by thy deeds inspired Hope shall arise  
 And say in every land that victory  
 Is theirs who faithful shall to Freedom prove!  
 Teaching earth's petty lordlings that the night  
 Is past, and Freedom's happy morn arrived.  
 Earnest of this already they've obtained:  
 And let the story go till all shall hear;—  
 ALL who now groan beneath the iron sway  
 That dares usurp Heaven's chartered gift to man;  
 But who uprising, shall by deeds declare  
 That we too have our rights! Rights ne'er to be  
 By us surrendered now! Let the word ring  
 Aloud through every land till thus they move  
 In the stern might of freemen: God will aid,  
 Till are Earth's Despots all hurled from their thrones usurped.

*These words as to myself and book.*  
 Reader, if you've ne'er heard from me before,  
 Be grateful; for it ne'er has been because  
 I have not written Poems in abundance;  
 But simply that I've done what had been well  
 For many other Poets too to have done,—  
 I gave my minor offspring to the fire,  
 Instead of troubling critics to impugn them,  
 And then to write their epitaph. (And they'll  
 Determine whether it had not been well  
 So to have done with this.) Then, as respects  
 Machinery,—there's little in the book,  
 Though we are known as great inventors of it,  
 And use it much in manufacture, where  
 Hand-labor would be eased; but seldom use it  
 In head-work, save when living-tools are needed  
 By politicians eager for an office.  
 You may here see a youthful freak or two;  
 But pardon them; they're harmless if absurd,  
 And cannot now be remedied. And then  
 If you should deem there's too much fighting here,  
 Please bear in mind 'tis not the Poet's fault,  
 Whose task required not less of him but more.  
 In stating numbers, too, I've followed close  
 The example which most Generals afford  
 In their accounts of battles. But, in truth,  
 Chronology and I ne'er could agree  
 On every point; and so I've claimed my right,  
 A Poet's right (and she may claim her own  
 Now, and by whom she pleases), for I deem

Events are but the hands of Old Time's clock,  
 Which here I'de moved a little. Then again:  
 Howe'er desirable, I ne'er could burn  
 The works which me assisted (as Fame tells  
 That the old Chian did to hide these thefts  
 Which made a Wolfe assay him to devour),  
 So here I frank my obligations own  
 To Shen's Bard, and bards and writers all,  
 From old Musaeus down to Teufelsdröckh.

Should fools denounce the Poet and his song,  
 He's naught to say but that My best is done!  
 He's told the story fully, nor withheld  
 Or bad or good that needed was to show  
 Not only what our Sires endured to gain  
 Our freedom; but what may as beacons serve  
 To nations all, who'd liberty acquire:  
 And has herein aimed faithfully to use  
 For good his talent whatsoe'er it be.  
 Then, too, the spirit which his lines may breathe,—  
 'Tis nowise strange if sentimentalists  
 And puling ones should with upstanding ears  
 Here find offence. Such souls as would refuse  
 What means to bring his purposes around  
 God e'er hath chosen! Souls who would revile  
 Jehoshua and Gideon for their wars;  
 And sorrowing tell How wrong the Sun and Moon  
 To stay till Israel slaughtered all his foes!  
 And would the heavenly ambushments reform  
 Of good Jehoshaphat; and say How wrong  
 That angel who once slew th' Assyrian host,  
 Since had but Hezekiah meekness shown  
 He had disarmed their wrath and made them friends!  
 And say old Maccabæus played the fool;  
 And Washington and Cromwell, Bruce and Tell;  
 When spoke their thunderous arguments so loud  
 In Despots' ears. Souls who'd aver that HE  
 (Eloquar? Sileam? mens mea horret!)  
 Who conquering and to conquer forth shall ride  
 With Vesture dipped in blood, whose Regal Head  
 Th' insignia wears of every earthly Throne  
 (Nor to be more usurped now He appears!)  
 Who judges and makes war in righteousness;

His name THE WORD OF GOD! shall ev'n infringe  
 His precepts, when in wrath He hurls adown  
 Kings, captains, mighty men, and mighty hosts,  
 Arrayed in war against his bright array ;  
 Giving their flesh to gorge the fowls of heaven.

Ye simple ones, be wise ! nor longer thus  
 Uphold Oppression's arm : but learn that He  
 Who scatters nations that delight in war  
 Still uses warfare as he ever used ;  
 Still favors those who from a Despot's scourge  
 (Hear it, Oppressors, hear and tremble too !)  
 Find no resource but to appeal to Heaven  
 In justice of their claim, and then to arms.  
 Nor this alone ; but so will use until  
 He comes in glory to reclaim his own,  
 And says to nations all, Learn war no more !  
 This world belongs to God, and not to you ;  
 Nor doth He need your wisdom to direct ;  
 Nor doth He need your wisdom to advise ;  
 But in his own best way performs his will.  
 A horse is vain for safety, if thereto  
 Save as a mean we trust ; and those who on  
 The sword depend shall perish by the sword,  
 Whate'er their aim ; but who in warfare just  
 Depend on God, will find him ne'er to fail.  
 The Poet loathes all war not less than ye,  
 As may each scene throughout his work declare ;  
 Yet deems not that One's preference can rule  
 The claim of duty ; and in warfare such  
 As waged our Washington would to the field  
 Nor doubt th' approval of the Heavenly Powers.

The old blind man of Chios proudly boasts  
 That no one e'er shall equal him in song.  
 And *πῖνες βοῶσιν* who'll  
 Or *δακρυοει γελῶσα* hope  
 To rival ; or the witchings equalled ne'er  
 Of his hellenian numbers ? Yet a theme  
 Is mine, transcending his, as far as does  
 In soul-enkindling melody of sound

His idiom so divine all other tongues :  
 And if but sung in numbers that shall wake  
 The heart to sympathy, I'll envy ne'er  
 His monuments of fame by ages piled.

Fame ne'er has been my purpose : but I've sought  
 To aid the cause of human liberty ;  
 Nor this by aiming to amuse the hours,  
 The idle hours of Epicurus' Drones ;  
 Or Margites' innumerable progeny  
 (Old Solomon bought apes to fun his fools,  
 Wisely adjudging *Like to like* is best ;  
 And willing apes are at a discount now) ;  
 Nay ! Poesy hath grander, holier aims ;  
 Aims which, Mæonides, thy soul pursued,  
 When singing the resistless will of Jove  
 Wrought through th' opposing ire of Peleus' son ;  
 Aims, too, which here the Poet's heart hath held  
 Through all the lengthened years of his hard toil.  
 Nor love of fools' applause, nor love of fame,  
 To the soul-crushing pains could him have e'er impelled.

Then too (he speaks with deference the word,  
 Deeming that we no precedents require),  
 He's not to Albion gone, nor Italy,  
 Nor the fair fields of flowery Greece, to learn  
 How may the story of our Sires be sung.  
 'Tis not Pelidian nor Junonian ire  
 I sing, nor the grand theme of Eden's Bard—  
 The mightiest Bard of mortals ! Nor thy lay,  
 Sweet plaintive Tasso, Fancy's favored child,  
 Heir of the sorrows Earth for Genius wreathes !  
 Nor, Dante, thy dread theme ; nor thine, brave youth,  
 Who sung Pharsalian woes ! But my proud lay  
 Is Freedom's war, and triumph Heaven-bestowed,  
 A theme which might attune an angel's lyre.

Reader ! list to the Poet : for his song  
 Is of the music which the Spirit wakes,  
 When breathing o'er a heart whose strings are stretched  
 On torture's keenest rack to bursting nigh :

While with a pen dipped in the soul's own life,  
 Fast ebbing thus away the notes are traced.  
 Yet shouldst thou fail to learn the Poet's aim,  
 And shouldst thou deem the letter naught contains  
 Unless a surface-meaning; still, when comes  
 The happy hour, now on its rapid wing,  
 When Despotism (fast girding for the strife,  
 His last great strife with Freedom) sinks for aye;  
 And war's fell scourge be felt on earth no more;  
 When men their heavenly origin shall know,  
 And to the life contemplative return  
 From that which now absorbs their aims and powers;  
 Then shall the Poet's heart be fully read  
 (Sure as a Poet's prophecy shall stand),  
 And known, as here unfolded to all hearts;  
 And his high aims appreciated well;  
 Though few till then may them in full discern,  
 Save sincere souls, warmed by poetic fire,  
 And taught to sing the triumph Grace bestows.

This toil, I deem, God hath to me assigned,  
 And hence to it my powers I've wholly given.  
 If then its aim shall prosper, be the praise  
 To His great name, whose aidance I've e'er sought;  
 Who kindled the desire within my soul  
 To the endeavor; and my life sustained  
 Through the long period, whose beginning saw  
 Loved ones and loving with me; but who, ere  
 The long-protracted close, from earth have passed,  
 And my sad heart left sorrowing and forlorn.

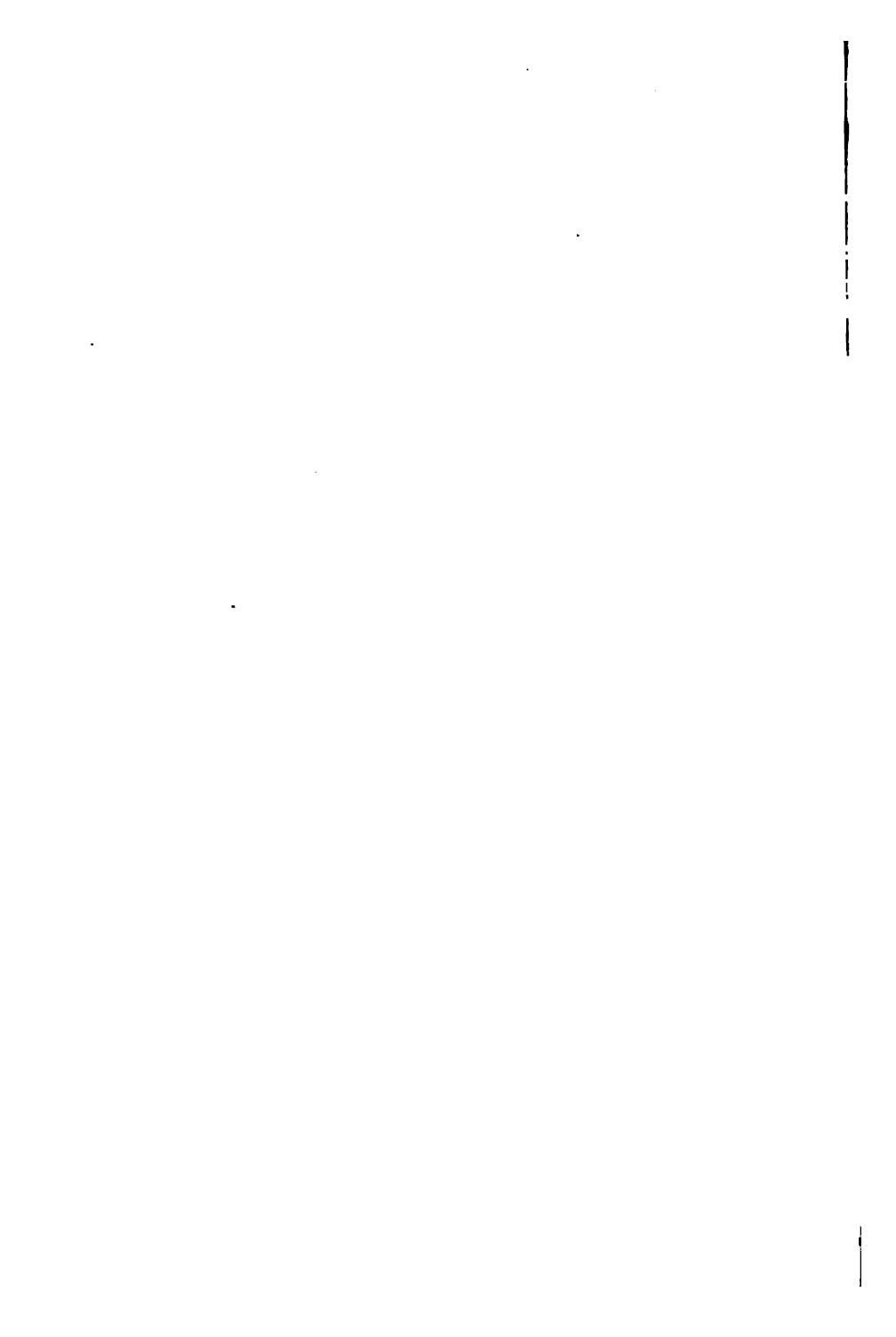
Reader, farewell! the toil is finished now,  
 Which, though with strength from Sorrow's cup performed,  
 Hath yet beguiled the woes of numerous years;  
 Woes which, perhaps, 'tis weakness here would name.  
 My earthly lot has brought but little joy:  
 My deeds, words, aims, all are misunderstood,  
 And they perchance will be so, e'en until  
 Another age will better scan my heart.  
 Foul fiends in human form my harmless path  
 Have at each pace beset: and in the guise



Assumed of friends, have sought to crush adown  
All the heart's dearest hopes; till now at length,  
Pierced by th' envenomed shafts which envy hurled  
At me with aim malicious, all I loved  
Are slumbering in the grave!—but I can wait  
Till is life's battle done, and leave my name  
To thee, my Country, and to other times.  
Yet deem not that my days could joyless be!  
With soul by faith directed to the Throne  
Whence roll th' Eternal Splendors on the gaze  
Of heaven's unnumbered Sanctitudes; and where  
Is heard His interceding Voice for those  
For whom he bore the curse,—who could despair?  
Though Earth in arms, backed by all Hell, assail!  
To sink? It ne'er can be while He survives!  
Then, though my pathway all beset hath been,  
Nor know I why! by cruel foes, it still  
Is e'er attended 'mid its every gloom  
By one kind Angel of the heavenly throng,  
Who leads me on, and brighter hopes inspires,  
As morn's fair star the promise brings of day.  
Foes cannot harm me now! for soon afar  
Beyond their malice shall my name enshrined  
Be in my Country's heart; and there remain  
Till Time shall cease to run his endless round.

R. W. L.

*Philadelphia, May 1, 1849.*



# LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH.

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## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. The condition of the earth amid the coming glories of future ages is set before the poet, who, being wrapt in the vision, and greatly delighted with the change in earth's scenes, travels over a great part of it, in order to witness the fulfilment of God's promise in relation thereto. Upon arriving at the northern part of Greece, his attention is arrested by a magnificent cenotaph, on which is a statue of Washington. While he stands contemplating it, Abdiel draws near, who had been the Guardian Angel of Columbus from the first arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, and who now, at the Poet's request describes to him the condition of the earth at large, and mentions also the effects of our war for liberty, in arousing the nations all to assert their freedom; and, also, how our efforts herein are still remembered by mankind.

THE deeds renown'd of heaven's all-ruling King  
When by Him bless'd our Sires their freedom gain'd  
Sing heavenly Muse, who canst alone inspire  
The strains that shall the soul to noblest aims  
Arouse, and point thereto the happier way.  
Yea sing, how when of liberty bereav'd  
And rights of conscience Heaven-bestow'd on man  
They left their native shores and here uprear'd  
Freedom's fair institutions at the price  
Of treasure, toil, and blood: sing too their woes  
Endur'd in them defending (when assail'd  
In after times) till, thro' the aidance grand  
Of Powers Supernal, triumph crown'd their war.  
Nor is the theme tho' late, too soon for song  
As unpoetic simpletons have dream'd:  
For th' advances of my country towards  
High eminence ere since these deeds of fame,  
Transcends th' advance of nations all, till now  
Her changes rapid stand in place of years.

Come then, thou Spirit Increate, whose aid  
I have unceasing sought; thou unto whom  
The past and future present are, assist  
My lay, so feeble else! that it may tell

The story of these toils, and, too, unfold  
 How shall the grand example of our sires  
 Be by the world in coming years esteem'd,  
 For they'll remembered be : that now may all  
 Peoples and nations emulate their fame  
 Who freed the conscience from the Prelates' fang  
 And hurl'd adown the haughty claims of Kings.  
 If by Thee led, the theme for aye renown'd  
 Be mine, the flight adventurous I attempt :  
 But ne'er without thine aid may I aspire  
 To sing the triumph God to Freedom gave.

Long suppliant thus the Poet Him besought  
 To grant the aidance high, who can enrich  
 With utterance all and knowledge ; till now seem'd  
 Ages in swift succession on to roll,  
 Ages and centuries ; until had been  
 Earth's nations all to His sweet rule reclaim'd  
 Whose kingdom thro' the universe extends.  
 While Satan chain'd in hell deceives no more,  
 And Angels gladsome visit earth redeem'd.

Then joyful as tho' wak'd in Paradise  
 I thro' the nations wander to behold  
 The promise thus fulfilled, desir'd so long  
 By holy beings all : till passing now  
 Thro' Grecian realms and nigh the Thermian Straits,  
 For aye by thee, Leonidas, renown'd !  
 A cenotaph discern I, and thereon  
 A mighty statue ; one whose contour fair  
 To me familiar seem'd in other lands.  
 And as with view intent I thereon gaze  
 Admiring, a majestic form appears  
 Slowly approaching, and whose presence fills  
 The soul with reverence and awe profound.  
 Reason there was for reverence and awe !  
 For, in the form, whose mien and bearing seem'd  
 Beyond aught human I discern full soon  
 The Guardian Angel of Columbia ;  
 And who, now near, me kindly thus bespoke :  
 Dismiss your terror ! Of your every wish  
 I am apprised ; and hence to you have given  
 The power to recognise me, and to know  
 Your country's friend thro' all her ancient toils,

As I but part the earth had travell'd o'er  
 The Angel willingly at my desire  
 Assents to tell me of its happy state,  
 And how from Kings, Popes, Prelates, Despots, all  
 And superstition foul 'twas thus redeem'd :  
 I will the story cheerfully o'ertell ;  
 But hence to yon seclusion we'll retire  
 Where you uninterrupted may attend.  
 He led the way ; till presently arriv'd  
 We at the point desir'd—an eminence  
 With verdant herbage crown'd, and, on whose south  
 Fair Sylva waving to bland Zephyr's breath  
 Casts o'er the hill her cool refreshing shades.  
 Down from this side there murmurs plaintively  
 A little brook, famous in Grecian song,  
 Where rural nymphs once bath'd, and nigh whose fount  
 His willing people Amphictëon taught ;  
 And Thracian Orpheus swept his tuneful lyre  
 With softest touch, by his lov'd muse inspired  
 And sung in strains of sweetest symphony :  
 Where, when arriv'd, my guide his theme begins :

All nations now the promis'd boon of peace  
 Possess, and gory War no more is known.  
 The deepening clangor of the martial trump  
 Is heard no more ; nor more the mighty hosts  
 Meet on the hostile field in dread array.  
 With murderous intent : but peace serene  
 And happiness encircles now the world.

This to attain long strove Philanthropy .  
 And long in vain with Tyranny she strove ;  
 And even Cromwell fail'd : (great man, and true ;  
 Yea true to earth and Heaven !) until at length  
 Columbia the mighty impulse gave,  
 When liberty and all the rights of man  
 In Revolution's struggle were declar'd.  
 In frequent thunders and confirm'd in blood,  
 And Despotism by Freedom's sons o'erthrown  
 Confounded fled and thither ne'er return'd.  
 Then 'twas the grand experiment was prov'd  
 Which brought to light the truth erst so conceal'd,  
 That men can rule themselves ; and hold from Heaven

The right to rule. This empyreal beam  
 As far-flash'd lightning thro' the universe  
 Darted, and voices jubilant arose  
 From nations still by Despots' wiles enslav'd :  
 But soon the world arising in its might  
 Its freedom sought and burst th' oppressor's chains,  
 And tyrants from the universe were driven.

In the meanwhile Divine Philanthropy  
 Her influence exerted to extend  
 The knowledge of all sciences and arts  
 Which peace promote and humanize the mind,  
 And the blest tidings by Messiah brought  
 The happiest gift to ruin'd creatures given :  
 These freed the mind, then soon the man was free.

But hard Oppression's dying struggle was :  
 For ignorance and superstition rag'd,  
 And sable-vested Night on murky wings  
 Stood hovering o'er the world by Rome sustained ;  
 Whose surpliced hierarchy all withstood  
 Th' advance of liberty and Gospel light  
 And struggled till the last to hold in bonds  
 The soul of man, created free, and bring  
 Night's reign once more o'er earth : when suddenly  
 The Holy One appear'd who overthrew  
 Proud Babylon forever, and consign'd  
 The Arch-apostate to his fiery doom :  
 While thro' high heaven loud Alleluias rung.

Yet till the hour wherein Messiah came  
 To claim his own inheritance, were made  
 Unceasing efforts by his followers here  
 Earth to recover to his happy sway  
 From the accurs'd dominion of the Foe.  
 But as the wave that sweeps upon the strand  
 Far in advance of all that yet have come,  
 As it retires the sea seems to retire,  
 E'en so these toils oft check'd seem'd now o'ercome,  
 And a reaction rais'd which once more dar'd  
 To threat the world with slavery's cramping chain,  
 Till Rome had perill'd e'en Columbia's weal :  
 But the next wave, on, further still, advances,

And the succeeding one e'en still beyond,  
Until by progress irresistible  
Yet gradual the mighty element  
Each obstacle surmounts, and still on rolls  
Till every object rugged and unsightly,  
The soil, slime, shoals, and rocks all disappear  
And by the beautiful majestic Main  
The place is occupied : Religion thus  
Her noblest efforts and unceasing made  
By pouring truth unclouded on the world ;  
And struggling for Man's heaven-descended rights ;  
E'er seeking too His aid for whose return  
The whole creation waited anxiously ;  
Until He came ; and tyranny and war  
And all their woes innumerable were past.  
Yea, ages now how many ! are elaps'd  
Since peace and happiness the boon have been  
Of all mankind, and ever since that hour  
So cheering when the earth became like heaven,  
Save that man still is mortal here ! they live  
As members of one happy family  
Till call'd by Heaven to join its happier throng.

The first great impulse which your native land  
Gave thus to slumbering nations and aroused  
Them to assert their freedom still progress'd  
With all its force until was now produc'd  
This wondrous change : For Heaven itself had wrought  
The deeds which gave you freedom ; Heaven alone  
Rais'd up your Washington and his compeers  
And victory thro' the doubtful battle gave ;  
And hence with Heaven's high aidance all its force  
Impulsive thus continued till the world  
Was likewise free. Then, as arriv'd this hour  
Israel to their lov'd Palestine return'd  
As prophets told thro' ages long ago,  
And their Messiah own'd in Him once slain  
By them, but now on whom they look'd and mourn'd.  
Now was rebuilt their lov'd Jerusalem  
And hallow'd Dome ; but the old Institutes  
And rites Mosaic they no more desire  
To celebrate, by Him no more requir'd  
Who died for Jew and Gentile. For their rites

And sacrifices they in Him discern,  
 To centre, and by Him fulfill'd to have been  
 And abrogated at His advent first ;  
 Tho' some as retrospective they revive.  
 The Sanhedrin again its place resumes ;  
 Not now as erst for cabbalistic lore  
 But to revolve Redemption's wondrous theme.

Veeshnu and Juggernaut and Seeva now  
 No longer were in India's vast extent  
 Ador'd ; nor casts supported ; nor the sex  
 Imbruted by th' oppressor. But now taught  
 The Gospel tidings all awaited there  
 Not the Avater tenth, that Brahma's form  
 Mounted as a proud warrior may descend,  
 His reign o'er gods of falsehood to proclaim ;  
 But His appearing whom th' Empyreal hosts  
 Shall follow ; Him whom heaven and earth adores ;  
 Who came to suffer once, but now to reign :  
 To whose delivering hour promis'd so long  
 The whole creation groaning had aspir'd.  
 China's vast empire likewise had beheld  
 The " One more perfect from the West " arrive,  
 To whom his fame Confucius soon resign'd ;  
 And thro' her wide domain all now adore  
 Jehovah Jesus, Saviour of the World.

The Mah'metan is likewise free : Nor more  
 The Sultan Despots could their liberties  
 Invade, as erst that hour. Their Prophet's dreams  
 Urging them on to war and carnage dire  
 Of fellow men no longer are receiv'd.  
 Great Ali Hassan, one whose every word  
 Was mark'd by Reason's stamp, and who was deem'd  
 In science scarce by Verulam excell'd  
 Wrought this their freedom by supernal grace.  
 From infancy the Koran he had learn'd,  
 Studied and practis'd ; and, by all was held  
 The Prophet's mightiest bulwark of defence :  
 And by his followers was e'er esteem'd  
 In wisdom equal to the Prophet's self.  
 By them he'd too with frequency been urg'd  
 The Christian doctrines to disprove, as they



Were to the Koran opposite ; and wide  
Throughout the world they were advancing now :  
And hence with such intent he them close scans,  
Nor scans them vainly. For altho' the path  
To life thro' Him who is the Living Way  
He scarce at first discern'd, like travellers  
Who search their path by coral beam which down  
Shoots tremblingly from star-bespangled heaven  
Thro' woods umbrageous on a summer eve,  
Yet soon his mind to reason ope' became  
Assur'd they were of God ; which fearlessly  
Announc'd he to his fond disciples all,  
Altho' for martyrdom he too prepares,  
For so all suffer'd who that faith forsook ;  
But of his numerous pupils few were found  
Who fear'd to follow in the way he led.

That Spirit-breathing Power, who, on the day  
Of Pentecost, its hallow'd influence shed  
Upon the thousands who Messiah own'd,  
Now pours the stream of heaven upon the heart  
Of all the pupils of this Virtuous Sage  
Who likewise own Him : who, then onward haste  
Where'er their Prophet's fables are believ'd  
And there Salvation thro' the Cross proclaim.  
The pall-black darkness which their hemisphere  
Enwrapp'd, was then soon dissipated all :  
And soon for Christ the Prophet was resign'd.  
Then rapidly their forms of government  
Were chang'd ; nor longer Despotism drear  
Was suffered to prevail. Free principles  
Diffuse themselves with speed throughout the land  
(As fire uplighted in a grove of pines),  
Conviction carrying and light to all  
Till in their might they rise and freedom gain.

Long by his country lov'd, and by the world  
Admir'd, did Hassan live ; and was esteem'd  
A boon to earth. And, as in gold array'd  
Fair Hesperus the love-enkindling star  
Leads on heaven's constellations, so he leads,  
His countrymen benighted, in the path  
To science and refinement. But aware

Of obligation due Columbia  
 For her example high and efforts grand  
 To give to all the freedom she'd acquir'd  
 He sung the story of her toils and war  
 Which freedom gain'd and rous'd the world to arms.  
 He touch'd his harp, the theme in numbers sprung,  
 And Freedom's soil was known as classic ground.  
 Poor Afric too was free, and now possess'd  
 Her long-lost rights ; and as a nation stood  
 Acknowledg'd by the universe of man  
 As not excell'd of any 'neath the heavens  
 In aught that can true excellence bestow.  
 No more th' accursed slave-ship ploughs her seas,  
 Nor worse than savage white men tear away  
 From broken-hearted parents, children, wives,  
 Their lov'd companions. The cruel lash no more  
 Cuts to the bone her injur'd sable sons.  
 Here flourish arts, here flourish sciences ;  
 Here flourish'd great Gamarraton, excell'd  
 In science governmental by but few  
 The world had known : and Cleodocius too  
 Who ne'er was vanquish'd on the martial plain  
 Tho' he in four-score battles pitch'd had warr'd  
 To free his country from th' oppressor's power.

Carthage its walls had rais'd ; and was ev'n then  
 In a condition happier beyond  
 Its proudest hopes when the Sidonian Queen  
 Of beauty unsurpass'd, the sceptre sway'd,  
 Nor knew the founder of the Julian line.  
 Here Argentore great in eloquence  
 Thunder'd in strains sublime, and myriads  
 Upon the matchless music of his tongue  
 Enraptur'd dwelt ; and his transporting theme  
 Jesus the Saviour of a sin-curs'd world.

To the dark fame that formerly her sons  
 Were bought by barbarous white men, and thro' life  
 Oppress'd with chains of cruel servitude ;  
 Brave Africa, too noble e'er to enslave  
 Can scarcely credence yield ; nor e'er can deem  
 That Freedom's land, the great Columbia,  
 Who taught the world its liberty to gain,  
 Had once her children cruelly thus wrong'd.

Greece had reviv'd : the Saracen no more  
Oppress'd her sons, who now again were free.  
Cecropia too far fairer than before  
Now was rebuilt, whose Areopagus  
Again was form'd ; but now no more conven'd  
Therein the worshippers of " Unknown gods,"  
But whose high love must speak of Jesus' name.  
Of him and his redemption, Grecian bards  
Sing sweeter strains and nobler than e'er sung  
Maeonides or Thamyris renown'd.

But you have many nations overpass'd  
And their condition know. Such too's the state  
Of the whole world, whereto has it attain'd  
By following in the path Columbia  
Mark'd out with blood ; and, like her, resting too  
Upon His arm who breaks th' oppressor's power.  
And hence, as thro' the nations now you pass  
You see erected cenotaphs immense  
To Revolution's heroes, who could ne'er  
Resign their liberties and deign to live.  
In Carthage Greene appears, and stands declar'd  
Next ev'n to Washington, around whose brow  
Fame has th' eternal amaranth entwin'd :  
For yon is but one cenotaph to him  
Erected of ten thousand thro' the world.  
In India Franklin shines o'er sages all,  
Clad in asbestine robes ; as Henry too  
With Jefferson, Adams, and Lafayette,  
And Hamilton on the Athenian hill.  
In Italy their statues are who sign'd  
The Declaration, when your native land  
Renounc'd allegiance to Britannian power,  
Perfected all with Praxitelian skill.  
While yonder, on Parnass where Delphi stood  
Is now upbuilt a temple more renown'd ;  
A Congress Dome where nations all convene  
Each rolling year, as one great family,  
By His command, who, at Jerusalem  
His reign is holding thro' th' eternal age ;  
(Eternal deem'd, because, till shall revolve  
A thousand years prophetic it shall last ;)  
Yet passing thro' his world redeem'd, the bliss

Of all enhances he ; and meets full oft  
 As here their representatives convene.  
 The Dome you may discern, whose conic roof  
 Towers aloft and seems to reach the skies ;  
 Altho' for mortal ken, 'tis all too far  
 Here to discern, unless in outline dim.  
 Upon each side marmorean pillars stand  
 (Fairer than Thebes or Palmyra knew),  
 Drawn from the Aegian Isle, whence Pericles  
 The Parian columns sought, and Parthenon  
 Erecting, rais'd eternal monuments  
 To his great name. Artists the work perform  
 Skill'd as Ictinus or Callicrates.  
 Upon the eaves of the vast edifice  
 Statues there are of all those virtuous chiefs,  
 Who, in the Revolution of your States  
 Held up the star-gemm'd banner, till upon  
 The mountains Freedom's glorious morning dawn'd.  
 Upon its walls are sculptur'd fair and large  
 The scenes of all your history. Here appear  
 Designs of Congress' sessions when the States  
 Declar'd for freedom. There are too discern'd  
 The bloody frays of Bunker, Trenton, Yorktown,  
 Of Eutaw, Bemis's Heights, and battles all ;  
 With the dire scene when beauteous Wyoming  
 Was sack'd and fir'd by cruel enemies  
 And her lov'd children number'd with the dead.  
 Here too the capture is in full display'd  
 Of generous André, by Columbia  
 Whose death was deeply mourn'd : and next appears  
 Freedom's immortal Chief, as, with her sons  
 At midnight's hour, amid the pelting storm  
 He cross'd the Delaware to lead them on  
 To liberty or perish in the assay.  
 And here the foe departing from your shores  
 Appears when horrid war had ceas'd his reign.  
 Altho' nine centuries its age proclaim,  
 Yet, 'tis by time untarnish'd ; and as fresh  
 Its high unfading elegance and bloom  
 As when the Artist said 'Tis now complete !

## BOOK II.

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### ARGUMENT.

The Poet having thus heard what is narrated in the preceding book, concerning the great events in his country's history, together with the manner of their commemoration by the nations, expresses to the angel a strong desire to hear him also narrate at this so distant period of time, the whole history of those events. Abdiel complies with his wish, and introduces the subject with a brief view of the oppression and sufferings of the Puritans, previous to their removal to America: and also of their sufferings and labors after their arrival; and by the blessing of God they succeeded in establishing here the principles of civil and religious freedom.

Thus spake the Angel, whom I then besought  
The Revolution's story to o'ertell;  
Kind Abdiel, will you deign to gratify  
The deep desire of my fond heart to hear  
At this so distant period, once again  
The wondrous tale? E'er since from Death's deep sleep  
(For so, methought I had in truth arisen),  
I have awoke, I everywhere behold  
Things new and strange. The world I see all chang'd  
From its once woful state to peace and joy.  
I in it dwelt when Satan empire held  
Throughout its wide domain, who was declar'd  
Its Prince and God: and also near the time  
Of this great struggle liv'd, whereof would I  
At this far hour delight to hear again.

Whereto he thus: As this event begins  
An era in the world's great history;  
And marks the time when Despotism began  
To quail before the Powers of Liberty,  
And quail beyond recovery foraye;  
I will detail what to its rise pertains  
And progress, till high triumph crown'd the toil.  
I all its scenes with deepest interest view'd;  
I saw its battles, and was ever near  
When they were fought; and ne'er was wound receiv'd,  
Nor hero fell, in Liberty's defence

But I with untold agony beheld ;  
 Calling to mind the hideous strife once wag'd  
 On heaven's fair champaign with usurping powers.  
 Oft since I've stood upon those sacred fields  
 Sacred to liberty and human rights,  
 Where battling armies met in awful fray ;  
 Where horrid din of arms and clashing steel  
 And cannon's fearful flash and deepening roar  
 Were seen and heard ; and where Columbia's sons  
 So freely bled and died ere yield to tyranny.  
 I also now full frequent tarry o'er  
 The silent spots where slumbering repose  
 The gallant men who in these battles fell :  
 And where by comrades' hands the mould is heap'd  
 O'er bosoms which once throbb'd in freedom's cause.  
 Convoys of raptur'd spirits from the skies  
 These spots frequent and guard the martyr'd dead,  
 Till shall the morn of resurrection dawn.

Upon these fields there since have monuments  
 Erected been, that to posterity  
 They might their deeds commemorate ; but ne'er  
 Could dark oblivion dim their feeblest fame.

When bold Columbus had the Western world  
 Thro' aidance of the fair Iberian Queen  
 Discover'd ; soon 'twas colonied asouth  
 By ruffians led by Cortez, and his aid  
 Pizarro, who but sought themselves to enrich  
 And slew the nations to obtain their gold ;  
 But at the north it peopled was by whom  
 Had from their homes for conscience' sake been driven  
 By Albion Kings, and Prelates' low intrigue.  
 In that far age Philosophers minute  
 Would have the world all entertain alike  
 Their own religious views ; nor yet content  
 Stood they ; but next concluding that by them  
 All knowledge possible retain'd had been  
 A ver not only man must thus believe,  
 But too prescribe how far his faith must go :  
 Nor more nor less shall he e'er entertain  
 Under the penalty of forfeit goods,  
 Imprisonment, and that till he'd obtain

Humility to think as Prelates thought,  
And surplices and corner-caps revere.  
By such enactment 'twas the Puritans,  
The sole inheritors of liberty  
In Albion Isle (then Freedom's last abode),  
Past all endurance suffer'd. Numerous were  
Beset in their own dwellings; multitudes  
Cast into loathsome dungeons; others too  
Banish'd forever from their native soil.  
Nor piety, nor patriotic zeal  
Could the fell spirit of the times restrain.

Thus were they harass'd until finally  
Ere they'd defile the conscience, 'tis resolv'd  
To leave forever their dear native land;  
To bid a last farewell to the lov'd scenes  
Of childhood and of youth; to leave their farms,  
Their dwellings, and their all this side of heaven  
For sanctuary in some stranger-land  
Where they in peace Jehovah might adore.

To Holland then proceed they; and within  
Her Seven Provinces obtain the boon  
Denied by Albion's Parliament and King—  
The boon of toleration: for De Groot  
Had not there taught in vain. But they full soon  
Discern that liberty at length proscribed  
By Britain's Throne, would vainly refuge seek  
In the Old World. Tho' friends were kind and true  
Oft Governmental trouble there arose  
And they securer shelter soon require.

And now with anxious hope their eyes they turn  
Across the sullen Ocean's angry wave  
To that new continent, far distant, far  
From their lov'd homes and Freedom's callous foes:  
Which, tho' 'twas now a howling wilderness  
Where naught but yells of beasts, and savage tribes  
Were heard, they yet prefer ev'n there to flee,  
To yielding rights charter'd to them by Heaven.  
Tho' there had man the social state ne'er known;  
And tho' a thousand leagues from any land  
Where now the precious Gospel was proclaim'd;

And tho' all who preceded in th' attempt  
 To colonize the dreary hostile waste  
 How many had assay'd it ! sadly fail'd ;  
 Naught could their hallow'd expectations chill  
 Or hesitance produce what choice to make.  
 It seem'd to rise from Ocean's solitude  
 As Heaven's predestin'd refuge for th' oppress'd ;  
 And now with heartfelt pleasure they discern  
 That suffering virtue there may find a home ;  
 And Christianity her altar raise  
 Pure, and without a Prelate to annoy ;  
 That there insulted Liberty might lay  
 Her own rever'd foundations, deep and broad ;  
 Which, from the feudal usages exempt,  
 Should all the charter'd privileges possess  
 Of their most honor'd English ancestry.

Soon then, prepared to leave, they, on the shores  
 Assemble of Delft Haven, there to speak  
 Farewell foraye to friends, and all on earth  
 By man held dear ! Their pastors now approach,  
 And with their flock kneeling upon the strand,  
 With fervent prayers themselves and offspring lov'd,  
 Their father soil and their adopted land  
 Commit to His protection and regard  
 On whom they'd cast their sorrows and their cares.  
 Scarce knowing where they went they then embark  
 To brave the perils of the boisterous deep.

Who can imagine what the trials were  
 Of such an one ! Preparing thus to leave  
 (And well-assur'd he'll ne'er again behold)  
 His own dear native land ; and on to pass  
 A far, where everything must strange appear ;  
 Nor landscape can, aught recollection sweet  
 Recall ; nor e'en a tree or flower revive  
 Aught tender sympathy, or cherish'd love,  
 Or friendships' scenes ! Upon the church-yard ne'er  
 Is he to look again where those he lov'd  
 Are resting now : nor, on their silent graves  
 To gaze ; and to his saddened heart recall  
 Sorrows and joys now past ! How rises too  
 The scenes endeared, when childhood's sunny joys



Beguil'd life's hours (not tedious then, as now),  
With happiness no longer to him known  
When childhood's faery visions are dissolv'd  
And he to life's stern battle is upcall'd.  
And how by memory is the hour return'd,  
The hour of these dear visions, as he stands  
To bid his home and country lov'd, farewell !  
To go to some far-distant, stranger-land,  
With brazen sky above it, and around  
A thousand leagues of ocean billows roll,—  
Ev'n there, from country, friends belov'd, and home,  
To go away to die ! Yet this endur'd  
They willingly, who rights of conscience sought.

But now when on the passage they had been  
Nine weeks or more, and oft by winds adverse,  
And oft by calms delay'd, and nearing were  
The coast Columbian, a tempest 'rose  
By any scarce upon the sea surpass'd  
In rage impetuous. Dire had been the heat  
Preceding ; and which had for days becalm'd  
The vessel, nor a breeze was felt to stir  
To cheer th' oppressive sultry atmosphere.  
The monsters of the deep, around the bark  
Disporting were as motionless she stands  
(Save the slight rocking from the underswell),  
Upon the bosom of the mighty main ;  
Nor varying aught for days continuous  
In latitude or longitude ; till now  
Oppress'd and spent of weariness, all life  
Within her, and all animation had  
Yielded to overpowering listlessness.  
While with the burning strength of Phœbus' rays  
The ocean as a mighty sapphire shone.

But in the distance now a sound 's discern'd  
Muttering and indistinct ; and deem'd of some  
A whale disporting with the brine afar.  
Nor yet the crew or passengers perceive  
Aught agitation in the atmosphere ;  
Till now a downy feather which had been  
By sportive seamen on the mast-head plac'd  
Is seen to flicker ; then aloft to sail

As Zephyrus it wafts with gentlest breath.  
 And then the breeze's balmy currents raise  
 And fill the bellying sails. But the noise now  
 Louder resounds, until to all 'tis known  
 A thunderstorm approaches rapidly ;  
 When soon the topsails reef they, and prepare  
 With sobered countenance to meet the gale.  
 Now to a driving wind the breeze increas'd ;  
 Then to a hurricane which blew and rag'd  
 With dire impetuosity, and through  
 The shrouds and rigging whistles shrilly ; then,  
 As 'rouse the spirits of the storm anew,  
 It raging bellows as tho' thundering 'twere  
 In accents terrific the bark's death-song.

Then looking westward whence the tempest came  
 Albeit a sky unclouded and serene  
 Thro' the whole hemisphere had previous been,  
 The heavens and atmosphere are hazy now ;  
 While a dark cloud and murky mist appears,  
 Rising aloft to heaven ; and in the form  
 Of some huge pyramid or towering mount.  
 From it dense columns oft aspiring roll  
 Darkening the heavens, while onward still it moves  
 In grandeur terrific and all sublime.  
 High as the mountain tops the foaming waves  
 Roll the frail bark and toss it to and fro ;  
 While reckless of the risk some passengers  
 On deck still view the spectacle so grand,  
 And some below seek God in earnest prayer.  
 Still the harsh rumbling of the sullen thunder  
 Louder and louder peals ; ev'n (to compare  
 Great things with small) as thro' the hard-fought field  
 Whereon are foes in thick-set battle-rank  
 Numerous, with bellowing artillery ;  
 The hideous din and darkening tumult still  
 Increasing rage, and send the horrid news  
 Of clashing armies thundering up to heaven.

In columns rolling and confus'd the clouds  
 Continue their advance ; till darkness black  
 The scene o'erspreads. The blast's rude rage and power  
 Increases still, until the foremast now

Offsnapped, is heard to fall with hideous crash.  
Then th' astounding peals, as thunders burst ;  
And frequent lightning's quick and lurid glare  
Are heard and seen : and then again resounds  
'The muttering thunder grating angrily  
As it roll'd thro' the heavens, and jarr'd the sea  
With peal reiterate ; and suddenly  
Pour down the torrent showers, while pattering hail  
Drives furiously against the shatter'd bark.

Now a huge bursting wave with sudden shock  
The larboard strikes and o'er the vessel rolls  
Sweeping away the helmsman ; who engrasps  
A mizzen shroud ere drops he in the surge  
Adown the vessel's side. But instantly  
Brave Walsingham to him a cœrd outhurls ;  
But in it now entangled, Walsingham  
Is by the helmsman dragged into the sea.  
Then by the lightning's vivid glare they're seen  
Raising their feeble hands far, far away  
Upon the distant wave, struggling in vain with death.

But now full nigh a monster huge appears  
Rising from out the waves ; whose wondrous form  
Words ne'er can tell : a monster huge and grim  
More fierce and terrible than Polypheme,  
Or the huge progeny who heaven assail'd  
In ancient days. Furious he rag'd and strove  
To stay the ship from steering on her course :  
Around him howl the spirits of the storm,  
The crabbed lightnings flash, while thunder rolls,  
And chafing billows boom,—the elements  
Seem with him leagued to drive them from their purpose  
And backward them compel to Europe's shores.  
He was the spirit of the woods and wilds  
Of North America : or so esteem'd  
From his appearance oft amongst the tribes  
(Inducing them to foulest magic rites),  
Who him Abamacho, and rightly named ;  
For he was no mere phantom. Raising his head  
High o'er the waves, till now he from the clouds  
Seems to glare down upon them ; and with visage  
Distorted by enkindling rage and fury

At his neglected wrath and efforts vain  
 Perforce to turn the vessel from her way,  
 Which on still plunges o'er the surging brine ;  
 He now with bellowing voice that loud resounds  
 Above the storm, as Aetnian thunders loud,  
 Commands ; Depart these seas ! nor dare intrude  
 Upon the wastes which but to me pertain.  
 Ha ! hear ye not ? These solitudes are mine !  
 And mine the continent whereto you'd steer.  
 Vile mortals ! will ye dare me thus defy ?  
 Me to defy, who, undisturbed have rul'd  
 Here, since his empire Chaos did resign  
 At the creation ! Durst you 'rouse my ire ?  
 Back ! or you'll feel this arm ! back, and begone !  
 Instant begone ! the blow descends should ye  
 A moment's tarriance pause ; and to the gowls  
 That haunt the caves far in these depths profound  
 I now devote you ! The refugees all sad  
 Nor knew nor to proceed nor to return.  
 But while in doubting are they, and the crew  
 All terrified wish to return, is kenn'd  
 Afar at west th' horizon all serene  
 Sudden become, as instantly appears  
 (For then my guardian charge I first assum'd  
 Aidance to yield against th' infernal powers)  
 A convoy bright from th' angelic bands  
 Who circle heaven's eternal throne with praise ;  
 With whom encloth'd in robes of beamy light,  
 Effulgent as the noontday sun, appears  
 Wickliffe ; and him, Bohemia's faithful son ;  
 And him of Prague ; and mighty Calvin's form ;  
 And him who rous'd Germania to break  
 The Papal yoke accurst,—who signal them  
 Onward to hold their way, nor have aught fear  
 That they should ever fail. The foul sprite turns  
 And sees the heavenly messengers ; nor more ;  
 But, as from heaven drops down the shooting star,  
 He terror-stricken plung'd beneath the waves.  
 The sea grew calm ; the clouds disperse ; the sun,  
 Tho' hastening down th' horizon, once again  
 O'ergilds the bark and settling waves ; while soon  
 As evening's beams are fading from the skies,  
 By the soft clouds absorb'd, the stars appear,

And Cynthia ; who, in her silvery car  
Rides forth sole empress of the bright serene ;  
While the sweet freshening breeze now fills the sails  
And wafts 'em swiftly bounding o'er the deep.

As onward now for Freedom's land they steer  
Oft they discourse of Walsingham belov'd ;  
Who to the friendless ever stood a friend,  
And whom the suffering ne'er besought in vain.  
Oft they o'ertell with weeping, how he cheer'd  
Their souls with words of consolation sweet  
When they from friends and home away were driven ;  
How for their welfare he so cheerfully  
Gave time and talents, wealth, and all he had ;  
How he his friends and home left joyfully  
To share with 'em their sorrows and their toils.  
Oft they in fancy seem'd to see him still  
Cheering the sick and sorrowing with the hope  
Of heavenly bliss when should earth's visions fade,  
And teaching patience 'midst life's numerous woes ;  
Then, when to the reality they 'woke,  
They'd weep to find lov'd Walsingham no more.

But from the round-top now the thrilling sound  
Is heard, *Land ! land ahead !* and with high joy  
And gratitude they praise His blessed name,  
Who them thus far has brought upon their way.  
And when they nearer come, and anchor cast,  
The little boat full soon is mann'd and sent  
Along the coast, some facile place to learn  
Where, landing, they might settle, and upraise  
A temple to their God : who now forth sends  
From heaven a flaming seraph to conduct  
Them (tho' himself invisible), until  
Successful they return. Yet five long days  
Ere they return elapse ; and many prayers  
For them are offered ; till returning now  
They're seen ; yet ere arrived, the wife beloved  
Of Bradford from the vessel falls, as she  
Forth looks, to see him coming ; and before  
Relief can reach her, sinks ! But by thy death,  
Thou lov'd one ! were these then so hostile shores  
Hallow'd to pilgrims' hearts ! and oft to mind

Amid their untold woes, did thy fair form  
 Appear, their angel ministrant, to cheer  
 And to sustain the o'erfraught sinking heart!

Directed by them then the Mayflower leaves  
 Her moorings; and by quickening breezes borne,  
 Arriv'd the destin'd place. Yet ere they land,  
 The offering of the grateful heart again  
 Is to Jehovah given, who thus had them  
 Enabled and in safety to arrive  
 The wished-for land. Near a projecting rock  
 They once more cast the anchor; and with hymns  
 The chiefs, ev'n they who'd been as governor  
 And officers of the new colony  
 Elected, to it move. First Bradford comes,  
 Of blessed memory; and Carver next;  
 Followed by Standish and th' remaining all;  
 Who now arrived thereon next vow to Him,  
 The searcher of all hearts, that, should he yield  
 A sanctuary here, they'll ever seek  
 His glory to promote, and weal of man;  
 The benefits of knowledge wide diffuse;  
 And in His ways their offspring all uptrain;  
 And yield to all who here shall come, the boon  
 Of civil and religious liberty.

Then on the rock they kneeling, thus invoke  
 His venerable name: Thou great *I Am!*  
 Whom heaven and holy beings all adore,  
 Thine aidance still afford; for thou hast brought  
 Us from our homes to this far-distant shore  
 In answer to our prayers! Now grant that we  
 May here upraise thine altar, and enjoy  
 In this clime distant far from friends and home  
 Those precious rights of conscience vainly sought  
 By us in other lands. O to us grant  
 That in this dreary wilderness we may  
 Thy name establish, and a race uprear  
 Which shall be thine, and in thy statutes walk;  
 And shall, while time continues, live to bless  
 Our now oppressed world. Grant it may spread  
 Far on these shores, and wide; and may become  
 A mighty nation that shall ne'er resign

The freedom which we've thro' such woes obtain'd ;  
Nor ever forge Oppression's chain accurs'd.  
Lead thou its armies with the Cloud and Fire  
To the full conquest of its rights, should they  
E'er be invaded ; and may it e'er stand  
A nation whence shall emanate the streams  
Of health and life to peoples all, until  
The chains dissolve which now the world enslave :  
And the whole earth from east to west be fill'd  
As the great channel of the mighty deep  
O'er which we now have by thine aidance come  
Is by the sea with knowledge of thy name :  
Yea, till thine own Millennial glory dawns  
And Christ our Righteousness returns to reign !

Thus supplicate they, and upon the land  
All having from the vessel soon arriv'd,  
They straight within the solitude begin  
Their dwelling to erect, as winter is  
Full rapidly approaching. To the task  
All now convene : and some with echoing strokes  
Bring to the ground the saplings tall ; while some  
Lop off the branches ; and, with labor vast  
Drag them the wearying way to spots design'd  
Where for the edifice they're fashioned soon.  
And when the building huge is now upraised,  
The work they all renew, and curiously  
O'erweave with thatch the rafters, and with slime  
Fill up the gaping crevice in the walls :  
Which scarce is done, ere the bleak boreal blasts  
Set in, and soon upon them Hyems bring  
Hoary with frost and drifting snow ; and cold  
Intenser far than e'er they'd previous known ;  
And long ere they to meet it could prepare.  
Dire is the cup of misery they drain ;  
But yet in God their trust remains unmov'd.

But nature now in some begins to fail.  
The aged Coddington press'd with the weight  
Of seventy years and ten, first leaves the scene.  
Next follows faithful Rogers ; Fuller next ;  
Warren and Winthrop, Harrison and Yale,  
Whom Bryant follows, and th' intrepid Whalley.

'Neath woes they sink like faded lilies down !  
Yet, dying, thus bespeak their sorrowing friends :  
Grieve not our death, we die for liberty ;  
And rights bestow'd of Heaven ; whose multitudes  
Sumless are on your side tho' we remove.  
Success assur'd is yours if patiently  
You wait His will who us has hither brought :  
Be then yourselves and all your cares resign'd  
To Him who for you cares ; and, has our prayer  
So often offer'd heard ; and thus his way  
His own best way in answering pursues !  
Thus they, and died. So by the early frost  
The forest foliage nipp'd, to lovelier hues  
Changes ; and when most lovely to the view  
Falling becomes corruption's loathsome prey.  
But Death is still insatiate ! Goffe and Stone  
Belov'd in life and now regretted sore  
Are his next victims : Faithful Ely next ;  
Halleck, and Edwards, Rouse, Carlyle, and Fines,  
Next likewise safely ford his narrow stream ;  
And 'neath the altar take the Martyr's place  
Till Heaven shall prove their sacred cause its own.  
Grief fills the bosoms of the Colonists ;  
Who oft with tears and prayers entreat of God  
To spare their lov'd companions ! Yet in vain :  
For of their number half had passed away  
Ere spring returns : and, lest the savage race  
Should learn the number of their dead, and thus  
Encourag'd be to assail th' remaining few  
The graves they level with the earth, nor leave  
A stone to mark them. Then by uncertainty  
Their sufferings are enhanc'd ; for they nor knew  
What woes should yet their sadder portion be ;  
Or if they here are destined to expire  
Unpitied and unknown. The savage grim  
Their settlement with threatening aspect views  
As in their sight he passes : while the howl  
Of wolves and panthers prowling 'round the same  
Oft breaks their slumbers in the midnight hour :  
And surly bear and cunning fox invade  
The store-room, and into the forest depths  
Convey their scant support. Yet they endure  
All still with patient fortitude, until



The sun returning with his genial ray  
Dissolves the frosty chain : and they once more  
Can wander forth : while Nature too assumes  
Her fair and fragrant dresses ; and the trees  
Put forth the waving foliage ; while around  
The warbling songsters sing the return of Spring.

And now the toilsome labor all resume  
Full earnestly, until completed are  
Their dwellings and Jehovah's sacred Dome ;  
From whose rude summit now the peal first sounds,  
Startling the dense Hesperian forest depths,  
Of the church-bell,—sweet sound to Pilgrims' souls !  
Then with vast labor they the forest clear  
From 'round their habitations ; and the soil  
Prepare by tillage to receive the maize.  
First by repeated strokes the trees are fell'd  
And in huge heaps upthrown ; which by the flame  
Soon are consum'd. And then with spade and hoe  
Some lead, the others following drop the grain  
And o'er it turn the soil. Thus as a band  
Fraternal they each other aidance yield  
In all their labors. To the savage race  
Full generous were they too ; nor would retain  
Their glebe without affording all unask'd  
(Besides what they in England had appaid,)  
A compensation greater than they claim'd  
When now of them the purchase was desir'd.  
They unto God and to their covenant vows  
Prove likewise true. And soon their woes begin  
To lessen ; for they're now by numbers join'd  
Who like them are from England's shores compell'd  
For conscience' sake : whom others follow soon  
More numerous still : with whom thou too didst come  
Arbella lov'd ! the sweetest flower that bloom'd  
On Albion's sea-girt Isle : Yet scarce arriv'd  
Ere to a heavenly Paradise thou wert  
By Death transplanted there to bloom foraye !  
Plymouth their colony they name and choose  
Carver their Governor, and Bradford next :  
Shawmut is settled next by numbers great,  
Govern'd by Winthrop ; next Connecticut ;  
New Hampshire next ; and next Rhode Isle ; till now

Albion (her citizens deserting thus  
 In such vast multitudes), passes direct  
 The Toleration Act ; and to the States  
 The wave of emigration ceas'd to roll.

And here, a thousand leagues far distant from  
 Civilization, from its world foreclos'd,  
 They onward toil and labor and uprear  
 Free Institutions which have since that hour  
 Bless'd not their nation only but their race.  
 But while thus toiling, dangers direr far  
 Than aught they'd yet encountered, are discern'd  
 Fast gathering 'round them : for the savage race  
 Jealous of their vast increase, meditate  
 With one fell swoop their extirpation quite.  
 Still they in God confide ; nor ever doubt  
 That He who had through previous woes so great  
 Been their support and refuge, would remain  
 Their firm support and refuge to the last.

Surrounded they discern themselves to be  
 By foes who late by treaty were their friends,  
 But alienated now through jealous hate.  
 A race were they to horrid war inured ;  
 The Pequods, Narragansetts, Pawkanees,  
 Mohekans, Massachusetts, and Pawtunkes,  
 And Nipuens,—eight myriad warriors :  
 Of whom would some the settlements approach,  
 And there conceal'd, the poison'd arrow wing,  
 Which, in the fields, and at their doors full oft  
 Would youths and ancients number with the dead.  
 But now their force concentr'd, first on come  
 The Pequods by Sassacus vengeful led,  
 And Sonkanuhoo ; and upon the towns  
 Swept as the dread tornado. Onward flee  
 With frantic speed the frighted habitants,  
 Like autumn leaves by autumn blasts propell'd :  
 But by the savage race onward pursued  
 Furious as tigers bounding towards their prey  
 Soon are o'ertaken. Of the children they  
 Crash in the tender skull ; while are reserv'd  
 The rest for torture's keener agonies ;  
 Yet while they live the horrible of death

From menaced slaughter dreadful is prolonged.  
Thus by the greedy leopard is the fawn  
Seized and disported with, ere on its blood  
And tender joints ferociously he preys.

Now Stone and Norton rise direct to arms  
And with their valiant companies forth march  
To meet the enemy. But he had heard  
Of their approach ; and ambushed lay along,  
And sends a troop who flight before them feigns :  
And whom they unsuspecting follow on  
With rapid movement and themselves inclose  
Fully therein : when suddenly the foe  
Uprising, with the murderous tomahawk  
Slaughters the whole, nor leaves one soul to tell  
The tale of their sad fate to friends forlorn.  
So onward rush the buffaloes' huge hordes  
Pursued by hunters swift, till now they near  
Some mighty precipice and would avoid  
The deathful steep : but in advance is kenned  
By them all terrified a seeming guide  
(A crafty huntsman in a garb enclotted  
Late from their fellow torn, them to delude),  
Who on before them plunges, and adown  
The steep feigns to descend. They thus beguiled  
Plunge after swift, and from the hideous height  
In one huge carnage mangled are and crushed,  
Nor none the fall or fatal snare survive.  
Next Underhill and his heroic band  
On move against the savage powers ; but soon  
Are by superior numbers captured all,  
And doomed midst direst agonies to die.  
Then Saybrook falls before their fiendish rage ;  
The flames insatiate preying on the whole.

All now is consternation and alarm  
Throughout the colonies. But Hartford soon  
With Windsor rises, and with Weathersfield,  
And swift a band convene, by Mason led,  
Who was so purposed and of bold emprise,  
Which, soon as learned the dastard foe o'ercome  
Of terror to his fastnesses retires.  
But fired with ardor Mason leads his men

Him to encounter there. Through forests dense,  
And swamps and marishes he wends his way  
From home afar and human aidance aught,  
Until the fortress is on Mystic stream  
Discerned, to which one week ago they'd come.  
Here with his troop concealed lies Mason, till  
Midnight's lone hour arrives. Cynthia meanwhile  
Rises and beauteous rides o'er waves of cloud  
In silvery majesty. The river slow  
On rolls in silent pomp: no hostile wave  
Disturbs her glossy surface as she laves  
Her flower-gemmed border. Then all softly  
They to the fort approaching, it surround,  
Nor are till then discerned: when straight the foe  
With yells outrageous and with war-whoop rush  
To arms, and in vast numbers pour along  
To mortal combat. Sonkanuhoo now  
Pierced through life's fountain by the whizzing ball  
Leaps high in air, and tumbles on the field.  
Sassacus now by Mason's flashing blade  
Falls, and with furious yell his angry ghost  
Takes for the spirit-land its dreary way.  
Swift then into the fort the foe retire;  
But, led by Mason, close the gallant band  
Pursue, and soon within the walls the strife  
Rages more furious. On the weekwams now  
The fiery brands are hurled, and full in flames  
They suddenly appear; and tossed by winds  
Rage high in huge and undulating waves,  
Crackling and sparkling (for as thus they war  
A sudden tempest rises); while far 'round  
The conflagration vast illumines the earth  
And Mystic river; and with fiery red  
Tinges the skirts of the dense rolling clouds.  
Now forth reiterate the lightnings blaze  
With splendors terrible; and high above  
Reverberating loud from pole to pole  
The jarring thunders rolled: while flashing oft  
The musketry resounds, and the drear groans  
Of wounded and of dying mingle with  
The shouts of triumph and the din of war:  
Till now in huge despair the savage race  
Burst fiercely through the foe and flames, and bear

The tale that of their warriors thirty score  
Lie with their valiant leaders low in death.

Th' intrepid Mason and his little band  
To sixty now reduced, their loved compeers  
Inter, who'd fallen in the strife, and soon  
To their far homes return ; where all enjoy  
Peace and prosperity for numerous years.  
In number and extent the colonies  
Increase ; and far along the southern coast ;  
And west into th' interior afar  
Their towns appear. While on their mission high  
The Mayhews came and Eliot to proclaim  
The Gospel to the Aborigines ;  
By Baxter sent and Howe with their compeers ;  
Nor vain their efforts were, whom myriads shall  
Bless to eternity. Virginia too  
Established late by Rawleigh's enterprise,  
Extends north, south, and west her wide domain,  
Protected by her Pocahontas fair,  
Her warden-angel ; while her valiant Smith  
And Berkley lead her gallant troops to fame.  
Manhattan too far spreads her settlement ;  
And Maryland ; and Jersey East and West ;  
While in Penn's happy state, and far asouth  
Beneath Locke's Code of Government and Laws,  
The Huguenots a long-sought refuge find,  
And the society of peaceful friends.

But in New England, dreadful to relate !  
A yet more fearful storm begins to lour.  
Phillip, with his bold Wampanoags all,  
With whom are Cheyva and fell Canonchet,  
Warlike Garangula and Monoco  
(Fiercer than the dire Myrmidonian band  
Of stern Pelides), now the war resumes ;  
And aims by one huge essay to relieve  
His country from the colonists far spread.

Yet were his efforts not approved of all ;  
For earnestly the good Canonicus,  
The white man's friend, and other chiefs as brave,  
Strove to avert the ruin ; but in vain !

Their efforts but the more incense the rage  
And prompt the measures of their fiery King.  
His warriors he convenes, a myriad's half ;  
Who come, and fiercely o'er the country sweep  
With unchain'd phrensy and impetuous war,  
A besom train ; black as the louring cloud  
Riding on whirlwinds through the thundering heavens.  
Northfield they lay in ruins : Hatfield next ;  
Towards Deerfield next they haste, but on their way  
Are met by gallant Lathrop with his band,  
Who with relief to Hatfield hastening were.  
A chosen troop he leads of noblest youth,  
The flower of Essex ; nor a braver band,  
Nor soldiers by their country more beloved  
E'er went to war : who, as along they press,  
By Philip and his warriors are discerned  
Long ere he Deerfield reaches ; and at once  
Each force prepares for strife : and Philip, while  
His horde position take in open field  
Scorning t' assume the tree 'gainst force so small,  
And sure of victory from their numbers great,  
Thus fires their souls with ardor for the war :

There are your enemies who now prepare  
In outstretched line, with bayonet all keen,  
Us to assail upon our fathers' soil,  
And leave us now no choice but death or war.  
Once we believed the Bird of Peace would sing  
For ever 'round our weekwams ; for the axe  
Which we with white men's blood so often dyed,  
My father Massasoit buried deep ;  
So deep we thought it never could be found  
To be stained more. The Tree of Peace he planted ;  
And we believed its top would reach the sun,  
And that its branches would o'ershade the land.  
We thought its roots would be made fast, and then  
Run 'neath the ground, until they reached the tribes  
Of all our warriors : and that little plants  
Of peace should upward spring in every tribe,  
Which by us nursed, should mighty trees become.  
They were extending thus through every tribe  
Till Massasoit died. The pale-face then,  
Abamacho's their father ! choked its growth

Until its branches yield us shade no more.  
They've shaken it, until its leaves are fallen,  
Then dug the red axe up and cut it down.  
See yonder in their hands its branches now  
Pointed with steel to take our lives away!  
Once we were brothers, and together slept;  
We washed the bloody bed and made it clean,  
But it is bloodier now; and we no more  
Can with 'em sleep till sleep we in the grave!  
They on us so encroach that we no more  
Can rest upon our mats: our fathers' land  
They from us take; and e'en would take it all;  
And then they wish to take our guns away,  
And thus of food deprive us and defence:  
And while they threat us with Wamsutta's fate,  
Would teach us their religion; which, they say,  
Requires that they should live with us in peace!  
And now their Governor hath sent to say  
He'll treat with me for peace: But Pometacon  
Treats not with subjects of a foreign King!  
He treats with Kings! And let their great King come!  
I'm ready! I should like to see him here.

Brothers! we now must kill them or be killed!  
I say so! and I'll seek the spirit-land  
If on this field we are not conquerors.  
My soul is burning up with raging fires  
To revenge my bleeding country: and the tears  
Flow from our eyes to see that we have now  
Scarcely a country left us! tears flow down,  
Which fire, nor pains, nor tortures e'er could bring.

Brothers! there are some warriors like the wind;  
They change, and change, and change! First they resolve  
To kill like the big Leopard every foe:  
Yet when a pale-face cries, and life implores,  
Their hearts get soft like old Canonicus.  
Brothers, be not like him! but if the foe  
Begs life as piteous as the Buffalo  
Begs we'd return her young, shut up your ears!  
For life to them is death to you and me;  
And death to our papposes and our squaws!

Eager they listen ; while repeated shouts  
 Float on the air and die amid the skies :  
 And now their kindling war-song is begun :

Little ye know, poor pale-faced men !  
 What valiant warriors are here ;  
 We'll whip you from the field again,  
 We'll make you run away like deer.  
 Come on, brothers, come, come on,  
 We'll meet them on our fathers' soil,  
 They'll from our hatchets soon recoil,  
 Soon we shall say they're gone !  
 Come on, brothers, come !  
 Soon shall we say they're gone !

We've often taught you, chalky-face,  
 That we the tomahawk could wield ;  
 We've often chased you from the field  
 And we can catch you in the chase :  
 Come on, brothers, come, come on,  
 We'll meet them on our fathers' soil,  
 They'll from our hatchets soon recoil,  
 Soon we shall say they're gone !  
 Come on, brothers, come !  
 Soon shall we say they're gone !

Come on, brothers, stretch your hand  
 And grasp the tomahawk, for know  
 Homes, squaws, papposes, us command  
 To die ere yield 'em to the foe.  
 There is the tyrant foe !  
 But see ! his tomahawks are broke ;  
 His bows are snapped, his arrows gone ;  
 His fires extinguished are :  
 He murdered Miantonimo  
 And Weetamoo fair !  
 This nerves the red-man to the stroke ;  
 Who'll stretch you soon upon the lawn ;  
 Come, brothers, strike him low !

And as they sing they plunge into the fray :  
 And by the onset furious, for a space  
 The little band is backward driven ; but straight  
 Lathrop on rushing to th' advance loud calls :



Now, now's the time to guard your homes and altars !  
And plunges in the war. Before his sword  
His foes profusely bleed ; he nobly leads  
The way 'mid perils of the doubtful charge ;  
But by the murderous battle-axe now falls,  
As some fair flower before the sweeping scythe.  
And now another and another sink  
As full-eared corn before the reaper's stroke ;  
But though sore pressed, and by the foe inhemmed,  
The troop undaunted war, and strew the glebe  
With heaps of their grim foes : till wearied down  
Retreat's now sounded. Then the Savage race,  
Whose ruffian souls delight in horrid deeds,  
Onward pursue the band ; till, soon o'ertook,  
Full swift as through the air the eagle dives  
Upon the helpless lamb, they on their prey  
All furious spring ; and rapid through the brain  
The murderous hatchet drive ; and from the head,  
The mangled head, off tear the gory scalp,  
While the shrill war-whoop speaks the prize is gained.  
Nor from pursuit and slaughter cease they, till  
Of the brave band but four alone remain  
To tell its mournful fate to sorrowing friends.

Now o'er th' ensanguined plain the Savage powers  
Triumphant stalk with song and dance obscene :  
And, glad to find some victim unexpired,  
Mock at his agonies and deathful throes ;  
The keen blade draw, and, with a hellish grin,  
Plunge it deep through his heart. But Mosely hears  
With Treat of the fierce fray (who following were  
Lathrop with aidance), and in rapid move  
Hastes to the scene of warfare ; closed, alas !  
Ere his arrival. And though victory flushed,  
As were the savages ; and though his force  
Equalled but half their own ; his troops he forms,  
And in close-column straight upon them moves.  
Dire is the fray ! In vain the savagery  
The phalanx strive to break ; in vain they rage  
At loss of triumph so within their grasp ;  
He bears down all opposing. With thundering shouts  
Philip reanimates his ranks, who rush  
To the repelling charge ; but down they sink,

Adown in death, and glut the thirsty glebe  
 With smoking gore. Death fearfully now stalks  
 Among their leaders: at whose head down sinks  
 Trajedoris pierced through the bosom deep;  
 And with his flowing blood life ebbs away.  
 Him fierce Totosan follows next; and next  
 Janemo stern, who with a deathful shriek  
 On hastens to the shades: till finally  
 'Mid carnage huge the foe now fly the field.

And now with saddened heart Mosely and Treat,  
 Their lov'd companions (Lathrop with his band  
 So faithful! but now numbered with the dead)  
 Prepare to follow to their last repose.  
 And as the martial music's mournful notes  
 Float on the air, the sad procession moves  
 Burdened with sorrow, and the recent slain,  
 Who to one spacious grave are borne along.  
 Death has (thus chant they) laid our brothers low,  
 And now we place them in earth's last sojourn,  
 So early gained, but where life's sorrows close.  
 Brothers, ye've nobly in life's battle charged;  
 And at our side full oft have victory won;  
 And oft your shouts encouraging have cheered  
 Our hearts; but now your requiem we sing.

Farewell, loved brothers! though your grave is low  
 And lonely; and we sorrow that ye here  
 Must lie afar from where your fathers sleep,  
 And where your loving kindred all abide,  
 That they and we can never to your grave  
 With frequency resort; ne'er shall ye sink  
 In dark oblivion's wave. The day will come  
 When e'en this wilderness the home shall be  
 Of whom will love your memory, and own  
 Your blood obtained them safety in the wild:  
 And who shall this a consecrated spot  
 Esteem, oft watered by their flowing tears.  
 Farewell! we now your loved remains repose  
 In the last silent bourne! But it is sad  
 To leave ye in this narrow bed so 'lone!  
 But no; ye are not here; though here may rest  
 The now chilled tenements wherein ye dwelt,

And moulder back to elemental clay ;  
But in this wood-embowering vale no more  
Reside your happy spirits ; which, perchance,  
Are hovering near as we the mould now heap  
O'er your loved forms, and seal with sod your grave.  
Longer we cannot linger ; for the sun  
Is sinking now ; but ne'er shall die our love  
As fades his ray. Loved brothers, fare ye well !  
Then, on they rapid move ; while Hesperus ;  
The loveliest of night's train with glittering beam  
Appearing, twinkles through the leaf-clad grove ;  
Till now, they on an eminence arrived,  
Pitch soon their tents, and light their fires till morn :  
And homeward then their mournful way retrace ;  
Whose sorrows dash the joy which victory gives.

But as by Fame is the disaster known,  
Dread consternation seized the colonies :  
And shrouded long in sable they deplore  
The saddest day that e'er New England saw !  
Long 'tis ere she her cheerfulness regains :  
And oft her love-inspiring maids, as time  
On rolls, think of their lovers, who that day  
Died them defending : and with copious tears  
Remember that afar from friends and home  
They lie unknown ! And, when to mind is called  
Their love with its young dreams of promised bliss,  
They weep disconsolate ; for then they feel  
They are indeed forlorn ! But while the soul  
With sympathy can soften ; while the heart  
Friendship or love regards ; or can applaud  
Such sacrifices for the public weal,  
The generous martyrs shall remembered be.

But now in aidance of the hideous fray,  
The Narragansetts are by Philip called,  
And soon nine thousand warriors convene.  
A chosen tribe he leads ; and by his chiefs  
Fast followed is with th' remaining power ;  
Who led by these grim warriors onward come,  
And in their rear Death and foul Ruin frown.

Then winged with fear the colonies in speed  
Outcall their forces to withstand the war :

First Massachusetts (erst 'twas Plymouth named),  
On sends her hardy sons, a thousand strong ;  
And next Connecticut, of hundreds eight ;  
And each adjoining colony, too, sends  
Its quota full, till thousands four conven'd.  
They, led by Winslow, Church, and their compeers,  
Now over hill and dale their march begin,  
To meet the prowling foe ; who, soon advised  
Of their approach and number, swift retires  
Unto his fastnesses, there to abide  
The concentration of his dreadful hordes  
(Who in pursuit of rapine scattered were),  
Him victory to insure. But Winslow hears  
Of such his purpose, and on thither moves.  
Yet, as encamped the colonists now lie  
On the fifth evening of their wearying march,  
Their scouts returning hastily, announce,  
The foe is us surrounding ! (though it proves  
But a detachment sent to annoy their way ;)  
Then swiftly Winslow with his bold compeers  
Uprouse their forces all and silently ;  
Who, soon updrawn, await within the lines  
Impatiently the signal for the charge.  
Now stealthily the foe arrive the camp ;  
And deeming it reposing, sudden move  
With fury fell, and rush within the lines.  
As from the mountain's brow the cragged rocks  
Are by heaven's bolt sudden precipitate,  
And whirl and plunge, mad o'er each other driven  
With furious speed, and bound along the plain ;  
So bursting from the brake the Indians rush  
With hideous war-whoop, torch, and tomahawk,  
And hurl upon the tents the flaming brands,  
Nor heed in aught the sentinels' alarm :  
But, at the well-known signal, suddenly  
The troops of Winslow rising, pour direct  
A well-aimed charge that strews the earth with slain.  
They stand appalled ! But on them still 'tis poured  
In one wide torrent of inbreaking death,  
Sweeping them numerous to the spirit-land ;  
Till suddenly they turn and rapid flee.

Now, when the morn new paints the orient skies,  
The colonists their march once more resume ;

And come to Squamscoot ere the day retires ;  
 Where reinforcements their arrival wait.  
 Here from the fastnesses six leagues they are,  
 Where, with his warriors, Philip lay encamped ;  
 And hope and joy now animate the soul.  
 But while night reigns the ground o'er mantled is  
 With Hyems' breath ; and on th' ensuing day  
 Fierce Boreas wakes his tempests. The rude blast  
 Fraught with the driving sleet harsh bellows through  
 The groaning forests ; yet can naught dismay  
 The troop, nor naught their earnest march retard.  
 Through piercing cold and the high-drifted snow  
 Their wearying path they resolute pursue ;  
 Till at th' inclosure of the savage powers  
 They're now arrived. 'Twas a capacious Fort  
 Erected on an Isle within a swamp,  
 And with strong palisades surrounded all :  
 Whereto a hedge of brush immense was thrown.  
 Above it their extended battlements  
 Eight towers upraised ; the fort o'erlooking all  
 And country 'round. Adjoining stood the wall  
 Inclosing rows of weekwams ninety square :  
 And had been planned and built by Canonchet,  
 Chief Sachem of the Narragansetts all ;  
 With whom all architectural skill expired  
 Though once familiar to the northern tribes.

Here they secure of danger lay, nor dream  
 That Winslow would forth venture them to assail  
 'Mid tempest such ; who, as he nearer comes,  
 Is by the guard discovered from the towers.  
 Then sounds the war-whoop hideous ; and the chiefs  
 Fly to the platforms, whence their tribes they hail ;  
 Who, to the palisades and inner wall  
 Fast rushing, thence inpour a galling fire  
 Upon th' advancing. Through the gateway then  
 In huge confusion forth they sally all  
 In one dark solid mass, with horrid yells,  
 And check th' invader's march ; who now the line  
 Quick forming, fierce the combat is renewed.  
 Now falls the generous Cushman, by the axe  
 Of Decanesora : He lived beloved,  
 And copious tears his memory embalm.

And now th' intrepid Waldron life 'upplies,  
 Who dying breathes his own loved Plymouth's name,  
 In prayer that Heaven would save her from the foe.  
 'Twas he whose burning words her sons first fired  
 With ardor to avenge their country's woes,  
 When Lathrop with his youthful band were slain :  
 And long the orphan and the child of want  
 Mourn in his loss a father and a friend.  
 Thus in the morn appears a blooming flower  
 With dew-drops glittering in the sun ; but now  
 Ere noon its charms the cruel scythe deface ;  
 Yet though its beauties fade and vanish all,  
 Its fragrance lives and scents the ambient air.

Pierced through the brain now wrathful Cheyva falls,  
 Rolls o'er the field, and with a hideous groan  
 Takes for the spirit-land his dreary way :  
 Next whom Decanesora sinks adown,  
 And rolls, and rages, till his angry ghost  
 Passes all mournful likewise to the shades :  
 While dread Garangula on to the front  
 Advances, and the boldest of his foes  
 Dares to th' encounter : whom now Valentine  
 To meet, forth rushes, and, in combat dire,  
 With gleaming battle-axe they close ; but soon  
 Beneath his nimbler foe deep-gashed he dies ;  
 And in his fall a widowed mother mourns  
 An only son, affectionate and kind,  
 And sole support of her age-freighted years.  
 So some fair poplar towering sublime  
 Upon the mountain's brow, and seems to soar  
 E'en to the clouds, is, sudden, 'mid the storm  
 By the quick lightning riven ; and far o'er earth  
 Its broken boughs and faded limbs are strewn.

Now dies Canondago by Mason's hand ;  
 Who by the hatchet of fell Canonchet  
 Follows an instant after. He fell and died  
 As sinks an oak beneath heaven's crashing bolt.  
 The war-worn Ritner follows ; Gardner next ;  
 The war-axe entering o'er their fading sight ;  
 And his dire progress Bradshaw now essays  
 To check, but vainly ! soon the conflict ends

As sinks he too beneath the gore-stained steel.  
 On Church the savage madly rushes next ;  
 Nor long is the fierce bloody fray ; for now  
 Church by a well-aimed stroke the dexter hand  
 Lops of his foe, whose tomahawk therewith  
 Falls to the ground. But in the left his knife  
 Now he grasps furious, and, with a bound,  
 Essays with him to close ; but through life's fount  
 Church plunged e'en to the hilt his flashing sword.  
 Then from the field the savages retire  
 Within the fortress : on whose battlements  
 Sassacides, a valiant Sagamore,  
 Mounts suddenly, and to his tribe loud calls  
 To follow and the outer gate defend ;  
 But while essaying thus the fray to renew  
 Is tumbled thence by Slade's unerring hand.

Now through the gate the colonists inrush ;  
 Yet, uno'ercome, the foe with courage still  
 Withstand, by warlike Garangula fired  
 (For Philp by a wound 's disabled sore),  
 They plunge with cheerfulness to gory death.  
 His thundering voice reanimates their souls ;  
 Kindles their rage and drives them to the charge,  
 Though faint and weary ere that voice is heard.  
 Above them all with nodding plume he's seen  
 The strife surveying, or on hastening swift  
 Where'er the most his warriors are assailed.  
 His rolling eye-balls shoot a hideous glare  
 And basilisk his foes, as thus he moves  
 Among his faithful ranks. High o'er his head  
 The gleaming battle-axe swift rises, then  
 As the keen lightning on his foe descends,  
 Whose gushing blood besmears the snow around :  
 And oft, to bring his stately form adown,  
 They pour the fiery charge ; yet pour in vain !  
 But headed now by th' intrepid Treat,  
 Connecticut's bold sons around the fort  
 Pass (nor perceived are by the savage powers),  
 Then through the portal opposite ; and now  
 Their rear assail : who yet resist, until  
 Their weekwams o'er th' inclosure all are fired,  
 And the vast fortress, too, on every side ;

Whose flames on flames aspiring roll to heaven,  
 Whirling their blazing cinders through the air,  
 And wide o'er earth sweep as the prairie fire.  
 When great Nanuntenuo the forces all  
 Concentring, forward burst they through the flames,  
 And hostile ranks, and gain their forest depths.  
 And now the puissant Philip, whose proud soul  
 (Nor mightier soul to mortal e'er befel !)  
 Alone could rally to the warfare dread  
 The hostile tribes, o'erspent with woe and pain,  
 Returns all sad to his loved ancient home  
 Nigh Pokanoket ; but nor wife nor child  
 Is longer there to greet him ! nor remains  
 Of his proud warriors a force that can  
 Longer defend their king : who, thus, alone ;  
 In want, and unbefriended ; is at length  
 Entrapped and slain ! and he whose word so late  
 Spread terror through the colonies' extent  
 Is left a headless trunk without a name !  
 Nor none are left thy hapless fate to mourn,  
 Of all who were thy kin ; while e'en thy deeds  
 Valiant, to serve thy country ; e'en thy fame ;  
 Yea, e'en that thou once lived is now for foes  
 Alone to chronicle to future times !

And then to terminate for aye the war  
 Church all unwearied follows in retreat  
 The mighty Sagamores whom Philip led ;  
 Till now had likewise perished Annawon,  
 The eloquent and valiant ; and with him  
 The great Nanuntenuo, unequalled save  
 By Philip's self. Then subtle Tuspakeen  
 And Quinnapane, Potock, and Pumham bold,  
 With Matoonas th' invincible too fall ;  
 Till all the mighty chieftains had away  
 Passed from the scene : for they too sought to impede  
 The last remaining hope that Freedom held  
 To raise her empire o'er the sons of men.

As when the raging of the storm's o'erblown,  
 And ocean's sullen fearful roar is hushed,  
 The wave-tossed mariner with joy discerns  
 The dangers o'er which late his noble bark



Threatened with foul destruction ; and his heart  
Delighted swells, as swift before the breeze  
He sees it onward glide with sails unfurled,  
Curling the settling billows, and around  
Dashing in pride the sparkling drops of spray ;  
Nor fears the caverns of the deep blue wave  
Which late to receive him yawned ; the colonists  
Thus view with joy and gratitude the past  
When peace returns once more. To God they give  
Praises reiterate and heartfelt thanks  
That He 'd preserved them 'mid such perils dire,  
When o'er their wide domain war's horrid storm  
Gathered thick darkness and shot forth its fires,  
Its furious fires, to desolate the land.  
In dreadful hordes their puissant foe had come  
With murderous tomahawk dyed in the blood  
Of parents, children, sisters, wives beloved ;  
And as the Simoom o'er the Lybian plains  
Sweeps pestilence and death, destruction bring,  
And desolation wheresoe'er they move.

Now o'er the land as spread the colonists  
Th' extensive forests fall and cities rise ;  
The soil yields forth her increase ; and throughout  
Prosperity and happiness appear.  
The beams of the long-hidden sun of peace  
Shine forth with sweeter influence o'er all,  
Enlivening smiling nature. The loved scene  
All view and all enjoy : and wander forth  
O'er fields and flowery meads ; while early gales  
And the refreshing evening breeze blows on,  
Fanning the flowers, whose odoriferous wings  
Scatter their thousand sweets : nor more is feared  
The storm-clad cloud of war will e'er return.

Such were the toils, and such the mighty woes  
That in Oppression's iron reign were deemed  
The price immense by man to be appaid,  
Ere Liberty proscribed could refuge find  
On earth, or shelter for her suffering sons.

## BOOK III.

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### ARGUMENT.

The Angel now presents to the poet a view (in vision) of the happy condition of the Colonies at the time referred to in the conclusion of the preceding Book. He then continues the narration; and describes first the French encroachments upon the soil: and next the jealousy of their increasing prosperity as entertained still by the Despotic party in England. Andros and Randolph are sent by James II. to obtain possession of the colonial charters. Result of their effort, and its effect upon the minds of the colonists. A change beneficial to the colonies occurs in the government of England: and their prosperous condition continues now for many years. But at length Despotism regains the ascendancy in the court of St. James; which endeavors again to encroach upon their rights and liberties. Passage of the Stamp Act. Effects. Congress of nine colonies. Address of Patrick Henry. Compact of the American Merchants. Change in the English Cabinet, and repeal of the Stamp Act.

No more the muse inspires to strike the lyre  
To notes commemorative of the toils  
And sufferings our sires endured to upraise  
Far in a distant and a hostile land  
A sanctuary from Oppression's hand,  
Where heaven-born Freedom should to all extend:  
Their dread internal dangers o'er. I sing  
Their mighty toils that freedom to defend  
Against the jealous inroads of the Powers  
Still laboring to uphold Oppression's reign.

As to the Spirit's utterances I list  
Intent, far o'er th' extensive plain appears  
(West of the eminence whereon we were)  
A nation 'rising suddenly in view;  
Within whose wide domain huge lakes appear,  
And darkening forests waving to the breeze;  
And villages and cities scattered o'er.  
Here mighty rivers roll their swelling tide,  
Yielding perpetual tribute to the main,  
O'er which was wafted to her happy shores,  
The produce and the wealth of every clime.  
Numerous and puissant her sons appeared,

Of peace, content, and happiness possessed ;  
While Science and Religion here obtained,  
With persecuted Liberty, a home.

Such was Columbia (now Abdiel spoke),  
When these her desolating wars had ceased ;  
And long remained she thus : increasing still  
In wealth and power ; whose peace a river was,  
Laving and freshening its smiling shores.  
United as one happy family  
Her Colonies were then ; nor could a foe  
Upon her soil intrude and not arouse  
In stern resistance all her energies.

Europea's Offspring long an envious eye  
Had cast on her prosperity (and much  
Feared the result, portentous to its Thrones),  
And France thereon encroaches ; who desired  
Her conquest ; and in aidance of the war  
Calls out the ruthless savage : which renews  
Throughout her entire prosperous Domain  
All the dire carnage and attendant woes  
Of Indian warfare. Then to aid her came  
Braddock and his intrepid band : but soon  
Ensnared in Savage toils, his army lost,  
His aidance ne'er avails to check the power  
Whom his defeat encouraged. Next Munro  
(A gallant son whom Freedom long deplored),  
Who nobly sought to restrain the Gallian force  
At Fortress William Henry, is by Webb  
Unaided left (though he relief could bring),  
And the brave garrison betrayed, is straight  
By Montcalm treacherous to slaughter given.  
But, Fortune changing, soon is Gallia's pride  
Humbled, and forced her project to resign ;  
Where, at the Lake of George, her great Dieskau  
Learned the dread power of Lyman's puissant arm,  
By Williams aided, and by Hendrick bold ;  
And lost through Folsom and M'Ginnes all  
His stores armigerous in the retreat :  
And though to retrieve the day she fortifies  
Ticonderoga, Fortune on her frowns :

Till to the arm of Wolfe and his compeers  
She yields ere long her much-loved Canadas.

In Albion, too, the Cabinet had sought  
By Art the Colonies to subjugate  
Entirely, and in all things to her sway,  
Since Vice and Power Despotic had achieved  
Their boasted victory o'er Cromwell's fame,  
And machinations now, and subtle schemes  
Conduct they long, nor e'en suspicion 'rouse  
Within the Colonists' confiding breasts;  
Who judged of England's virtue by their own,  
And deemed her high professions were sincere.

Then to the imaged nation still in view  
Pointing, the Angel thus: Behold approach  
Yon gallant vessel! She from Albion comes,  
Freighted with moral pestilence, and brings  
Andros and Randolph hither sent by James  
T' obtain those Charters of the Colonies,  
Which might his aim at rule despotic o'er  
Their consciences and liberties impede.  
I watched and saw her nearing; till at length  
The vessel moored nigh Plymouth's sacred Rock;  
While 'round the King's Commissioners, rejoiced  
The Colonists come thronging to express  
Full welcome to their families and homes.  
'Till then, says Abdiel, England's name was dear;  
They loved her honor as they loved their own;  
But now a wound ne'er to be healed was given!  
For now the villains cloaked to whom the King  
The trust had given his long-sought wish to gain,  
All covertly essay to move herein,  
Until that aim they fully had secured:  
But to avert suspicion, too, begin  
Evincing for the States a zeal high-toned,  
And for their welfare numerous things propound:  
While an epistle from the King to all  
The Colonies display they; and wherein  
'Midst doubtful promises, he high commends  
These, his Commissioners, by him empowered  
Fully with 'em on topics all to treat.

And at whose wish is summoned from the States  
 A Deputation to deliberate  
 Upon proposals offered by the King  
 To be announced to all. Then speedy came  
 The Deputies all numerous, and convene  
 In a huge grove, to whom now Andros thus :

My fellow-subjects of the Albion Throne,  
 The King with love paternal long hath known  
 Your loyalty ; and, too, hath long desired  
 To show his high approval by reward.  
 Your virtue hath itself delayed the boon.  
 He knows his Colonists would ne'er consent  
 More than would Aristides or Solon  
 T' receive from him aught of emolument,  
 Which by at once enriching you, must place  
 You 'neath such obligations as would make  
 You seem ungrateful should your duty e'er  
 Lead in your view to difference from his will.  
 He knows that more than life you freedom love :  
 Hence his intent is on you to bestow  
 Rights which the Government has long withheld,  
 And privileges beyond what erst were yours  
 (Plaudits resound). He now intends that you  
 Shall on equality in all respects  
 With Albion be ;—whate'er her sons enjoy  
 You shall enjoy ; so hath the King decreed !  
 (Cheer after cheer, and deafening plaudits rise.)  
 And thus your own high destiny you'll reach,  
 Ordained afore by Heaven's superior will ;  
 And the colossal work your sires here wrought  
 Massive in grandeur shall for ever stand,  
 To attract the wondering gaze of nations all ;  
 And bless your wide domain, and bless the world.

'Twas to prepare the way for this grand end  
 The King required of Albion's cities all  
 Their charters to exchange for others which  
 Stand all consistent with it ; charters, too,  
 Allowing higher privileges than those  
 Which heretofore the Colonies have owned,  
 And the same end t' obtain 'tis requisite  
 The States with England closer to unite,

That every State be privileged alike.  
 England can thus and easily allow  
 All the prerogatives of her free sons.

How many of your noble, generous youth  
 Here have poured forth their life, contending for  
 This soil against the Savages accurst !  
 Scarce were you able to sustain the war.  
 But now his Majesty is pledged to yield  
 His armies to assist you should that fray  
 E'er be renewed. Believe me, honored friends,  
 Should a few reg'ments of our Albion boys  
 Unite with your bold warriors in the strife,  
 They'd fright these Indians o'er Kamskatka's straits.  
 But 'tis not only in such wars as these  
 He'll aidance give : but shielded by his power,  
 What Gaul, what Dutchman, what Iberian then  
 Would speak of conquest o'er these Colonies,  
 Or forcing here the hated faith of Rome ?  
 Then, thus protected from invading powers,  
 By England's naval armament ; and, too,  
 Your frontiers guarded from the Savagery ;  
 Enjoying, too, all the prerogatives  
 Of England's sons ; you'd in prosperity  
 Transcend, and soon, each nation of the globe,  
 And be indeed the glory of all lands.

The King designs your Colonies shall stand  
 In Parliament, by their own Delegates  
 As fair and fully represented, as  
 The boroughs of old England are themselves.  
 But, then, must equal rights to all be given.  
 Nor need I say to you how requisite  
 Is this, ere such an union can occur.  
 If privileges by any State be held  
 Superior to the other States', 'tis vain  
 To speak of Union, or of Equal Rights.  
 If, then, should any of us here possess  
 Such, as to all cannot be safely given,  
 Your judgment will, my honored friends, declare,  
 What circumstances now of us require.  
 The point to illustrate :—you may observe  
 That, in the charter of Connecticut,

'Tis fully granted foreign war to make,  
 And not consult or England, or the States :  
 And war to make, too, on the Savagery.  
 Thus, too, is privileged Massachusetts' State.  
 Yet such prerogatives, what are they worth,  
 When thus we stand united ? See you not  
 The cause of one, the cause will be of all ?  
 And yet, though nothing worth, they must, if you  
 Retain them, all this great design impair :  
 For ne'er can they to each be guaranteed,  
 Unless confusion hugest is produced  
 Through the whole Government : and if on all  
 They're not conferred as fully as on some,  
 All ne'er can have the equal rights required  
 To form connexions so advantageous.

The King ne'er doubts that circumstanced as are  
 These patriotic Colonies, they'll yield  
 For their own good and for the country's good  
 A trifling privilege ; which, while it can ne'er  
 Impart to them one benison, impedes  
 The progress of this land to glory's height.  
 Yea, seize the sugared moments as they roll :  
 For now the Sybil comes, and in her hand  
 Brings the large liberal boon for those who'll buy.  
 Your tarriance will compel her to remove :  
 But with the boon lessened at each remove,  
 Still she'll return and you the price must yield.

Thus counselled he, them laboring to persuade  
 Upon his word their rights at once t' upyield ;  
 Or by the jealousy of other states  
 Excited, should they venture to refuse  
 Proposal such for public benefit,  
 Compel them to submission. But his aim  
 They scanning soon, replied by Wadsworth thus :

'Tis true, we England love ! We venerate  
 Her King, her Parliament, her Laws, her Sons.  
 We love her ! She's our fathers' native land ;  
 The lovely land where are their sepulchres.  
 Ask us to arm and aid in her defence !  
 The word shall scarce be spoken ere throughout

Our Colonies entire is every sword  
 Flashing unsheathed ; ere every life is pledged  
 'To vindicate her fame, or life upyield.  
 Ask us by contribution aid to give  
 To her whose calls we've e'er with joyance heard ;  
 And every heart rejoices that it may  
 Divide its all with our loved fathers' land.  
 Nay, while to her emolument we've given  
 Our hard-earned savings, sorrowing alone  
 That we'd no more to give ; ne'er have we asked  
 Throughout our dreadful conflicts aidance aught,  
 E'en though our frontiers all were drenched in gore.

Sir ; we ne'er deemed that England could require  
 Of us a favor that we could not yield,—  
 With pleasure yield. But when we are desired  
 T' upyield our charters to his Majesty,  
 We scruple not to aver that our resolve,  
 Firm, fixed, as is God's adamantine Throne,  
 Is, *Perish*, ere comply with such demand !  
 Still the prerogatives here specified  
 We would most willingly resign, if now  
 Charters are granted which the rest secure,  
 And proof is given that Parliament and King  
 Design as here averred. Proof we have none,  
 Aside from merest inference ; and on that  
 Are unprepared to act. But if the King  
 Be really desirous to confer  
 A boon on us and all our colonies,  
 The greatest favor that we have to ask—  
 The greatest favor England can bestow,  
 Is, suffer us inviolate to keep  
 The sacred blood-bought rights we now enjoy.

'T is here asserted that we shall possess  
 All the prerogatives of Albion's sons ;  
 And yet so recently we've been denied  
 The privilege to manufacture goods,  
 So needed in these eastern colonies.  
 Nor have we murmured : for we all agreed  
 That if by England 'twere an object deemed  
 That we'd of her procure them, we'd comply :  
 And this although 'tis known our sterile lands



Yield us but bare, precarious maintenance.  
 But mark ! though our immunities are thus  
 To be increased ; and though 'tis known of all  
 What interest in this point our people feel,  
 The subject all is carefully o'erpass'd  
 In this asserted message from the Throne.  
 " Oh, 'twas an inadvertence !" Tell us then  
 May we these manufactories uprear ?  
 No answer ! Yes, this silence does reply,  
 And with no dubious portent ! Sir, I move  
 That we this strange proposal entertain  
 Ne'er for a moment ; nor proposal aught  
 Based upon inference from doubtful terms.  
 Thus he ; and as the question is o'erview'd  
 And Randolph rose t' respond, the delegates  
 From Massachusetts and Connecticut,  
 Arising, straight departed for their homes,  
 Soon followed, too, by the Convention all.

The first suspicion thus is roused that e'er  
 The States indulg'd that England had designs  
 Against their dear-bought rights and liberties.  
 Happy for England had it ended here !  
 But Andros angered now that his design,  
 Suspicion'd was, essays perforce to attain  
 The point he fondly hop'd by fraud to secure :  
 For when Connecticut to Hartford calls  
 Her Legislature, to deliberate  
 In reference to the measure, and while they  
 The charter view'd, consulting late and long,  
 At midnight he, with troops, appears before  
 The Legislative Hall ; and, entering, thus  
 Bespeaks his rage, all impotent : Indeed !  
 And thought you so to escape ? I from the King  
 (Should you his milder overtures decline)  
 Commissioned come to repossess by force  
 The charter you refuse ! Know, sirs, ye are  
 The subjects of our King ! The miscreant base  
 Who dares resist 's a rebel ! and my sword  
 Shall pay his heart the forfeit of his crime.  
 The charter, sir, I'll have ! nor do I leave  
 This Hall until 'tis mine ! E'en as he speaks  
 The lights, as if by magic, fade away,

And o'er the Assembly hover shades of gloom :  
 While through an opened window silently  
 The charter from the table is conveyed,  
 And in a neighboring hollow oak concealed.  
 While with feigned haste the house is reillumed,  
 Thus he continues : To yon table I  
 Proceed to claim that document, and he  
 Who dares oppose will ne'er oppose again !  
 And, having said, his sword he furious drew,  
 Advancing to the table ; but discerning  
 The charter gone, he to th' assembly threats  
 Immediate death, unless 'tis straight upgiven.  
 Then Wadsworth rising thus to him returns :  
 Sir, the late sophistry which would have lulled  
 Suspicion of your intent, proved as vain  
 To gain the end you seek, as will the vaunts  
 Which now reveal the purpose of your soul.  
 Learn, then, that I responsible here stand  
 For the concealment of that instrument.  
 And now perform your worst ! That charter, sir,  
 Shall ne'er for you or England be upgiven.  
 We for our liberties have waded through  
 Oceans of blood ; and oceans more shall wade—  
 Wade cheerfully ere we shall them resign !  
 Loud plaudits follow ; while with wrathful look,  
 And muttering to himself, Andros the Hall  
 Leaves, and, slow followed by his troops, retires.

Then, with the change of Albion's regal line  
 (For now no more the Stuarts curse her throne)  
 The colonies find rest for numerous years ;  
 Save when the Franks upon their soil encroach :  
 But who're by Wolfe and Amherst thence expelled,  
 Aided by Washington and the bold troops  
 By Starke and Mercer led, and Pepperell  
 (Who Louisburg had captured from their sway) ;  
 Till Freedom deemed she had at length secured  
 A refuge from Oppression's gore-stained hand ;  
 While from the heavens looked down the happy souls  
 Of thou, Columbus, Bradford, Rawleigh, Penn,  
 And saw the consummation of your toils  
 With joy ineffable. While hell's despair  
 Told of its fears : for hope now faded fast

From all its howling legions ; as they viewed  
The beams of Freedom brightening on the world,  
And deemed that now must cease their rule o'er man,  
To be regained no more. But peace at home  
Gives Albion time the States to tempt again  
To upyield their liberties. And now the ear  
Enyo gains of Grenville ; then the heart :  
Then raving through the land she wakes distrust  
Against the Colonies ; till the Premier,  
Supported by the Parliament and King,  
No more to machinations will descend  
Their point to carry, but by force essay.  
Yet still the Colonies, unwilling all  
That any strife with their loved fatherland  
Should be upraised, for seasons long endure  
Th' unkind oppression ; and endeavor long,  
By mild remonstrance with her, to refrain  
From the dire course which ultimately must  
Produce a severance never to be healed.  
But their complaints unheeded she ; and then  
Ere long the Stamp Act passed ; and, knowing well  
The law would wholly disregarded stand  
Throughout the Colonies, unless were means  
Adopted to enforce it, she decrees  
That penalties for violations be  
Recovered in the Admiralty Courts.

Here might Earth's Tyrants, great and small, have gained  
A lesson wholesome ! but too proud to learn  
Save from th' effect, whose knowledge is dear bought,  
'Tis passed all heedless : for these measures thus  
Pursued towards the colonies, upcalled  
Their erewhile dormant energies at once  
To vigorous resistance. Then thy voice,  
Heaven-gifted Otis, through the land was heard  
First whispering Independence ; unappalled  
By threats or frowns of tyrants and their slaves :  
Till through thy labors now, the hope begins  
T' arise, though faintly in the colonies ;  
And soon to be developed by the war  
Which broke Oppression's power. And then, the Act  
Of Usurpation foul is not proscribed  
Within the Colonies alone ; but, too,

Millions denounce it in the Albion Isle.  
 Yet, by the Premier blinded, and aroused  
 To wrath by fell ENYO's shrieks, the few  
 Then seated at the Government's high helm  
 Hear not the multitude; nor will regard  
 Columbia's voice; nor th' enkindling strains  
 Of Barré; nor of Chatham heaven-inspired;  
 Entreating that th' enactment be recalled.

Meanwhile Nine States it openly withstand;  
 And a Colonial Congress next appoint  
 To name what measures requisite are deemed  
 In such emergency. The other States  
 Though by their Albion Rulers hindered from  
 A manifest resistance, elsehow were  
 Engaged in furthering the grand design.  
 And when in New York city were convened  
 The Delegates, Virginia's noble son  
 Arose among his virtuous compeers  
 To speak the story of his country's wrongs  
 And her dear rights and liberties define.  
 His eloquence e'er smooth and flowing, save  
 When indignation 'roused its thunderings,  
 His powers of reasoning strong, and arguments  
 The best that in the cause could proffered be,  
 He needed but the occasion to excel.  
 And now with thoughtful countenance he 'rose  
 Slowly, and thus pours forth his full-fraught soul,  
 With pausings oft till confidence he finds:

The gifts of Heaven by mortals ne'er are gained  
 But through incessant toil. And what is true  
 Herein of individuals, is true  
 Of nations also, who some boon would seek;  
 Or who, such boon possessing, still would hold:  
 Such is the price that excellence demands,  
 While sin and Satan hold on earth their reign.  
 This truth we have experienced. We have learned  
 The cost of freedom in its purchase first;  
 And now a Providence benign requires  
 That we should learn the price which it secures.

Europe's insatiate ambition ne'er  
 Hath suffered her tranquillity, since e'er

Our Sires have by Heaven favoring acquired  
 A refuge on these shores for Liberty.  
 Pleased was she when afar they were removed  
 With their high sentiments, by her proscribed ;  
 And doomed to infamy's profound abysm  
 By every heartless Despot on her Thrones ;  
 And hoped that in neglect here resigned  
 By her, they and their deathless principles  
 Must fail, and die, forgotten and unknown  
 By whom might still disturb her iron sway :  
 But when 'tis found that here in brave neglect  
 They still have flourished, and an empire raised  
 Whose monuments of fame already have  
 The gaze attracted of the earth's oppressed ;  
 She with her powers combined would quench in blood  
 The stars of Freedom which illumine the land  
 And guide us onward still to victory ;  
 Lest should their radiance now the world illumine  
 And 'rouse the nations 'gainst Oppression's Thrones,  
 Hence by her tyrants oft we've been assailed  
 By fraud and force ; but by the will of Him  
 Who rules o'er all, and holds the destinies  
 Of nations in his hands, thus far hath proved  
 Frustrate her every aim. But we are now  
 Threatened with storms and tempests, to the which  
 The past is as the mildest zephyr's breath.

T' evince that Freedom here no refuge holds,  
 The Albion Power now claims us as its own :  
 And aims to show we've but to acquiesce  
 In the proud claim ; which, if we gainsay aught,  
 The penalty is known.—A penalty  
 Intended by its fragrance to o'erawe  
 And terrify dissension. What success  
 May crown the essay, soon shall be discerned ;  
 Nor doubt we that its true award will come.  
 But Freedom is the birthright of our land,  
 Who waiting stands till we the lead assume  
 In efforts to secure her rights against  
 Such foul encroachments ! Still, we can afford  
 E'en here to pause, and coolly to o'erscan  
 (For naught is lost by measures mild and kind !)  
 These high pretensions of Britannia's power.

Great has her condescension to us been,  
 As late from Parliament and King we've learned  
 (A fact, though, ne'er suspected till avowed):  
 But well we know she's condescended ne'er  
 To show the right whereby tax is assessed  
 Upon these colonies. Perhaps she deems  
 Her boasted condescension, oft evinced  
 Afore in other things (to us unknown),  
 May lead us to believe she condescends,  
 When thus she taxes too; and so receive  
 It as a favor from her stooping hand.  
 But be this as it may; till she have shown,  
 By condescension, or by other means,  
 Her right to assess upon these states a tax,  
 I do, and shall, for aye, the right deny.  
 Whence hath it been obtained? From us? and when  
 Have we conceded it? We gave it ne'er,  
 Not even in our dreams! 'Tis then assumed.  
 But, Sir, the right to assume it we deny!  
 Deny to her, and all earth's regnant powers.

We claim the rights of free-born Englishmen!  
 They from the first were ours; they now are ours:  
 For we've nor forfeited, nor them resigned.  
 With her consent, our fathers hither came:  
 Purchased, at her demand, the glebe; and all  
 Expense incurrent on removal too  
 Defrayed themselves; and, at their private cost,  
 The territory cleared, and then defended  
 From savage inroads. Under the Great Seal  
 Charters were to the emigrants assigned,  
 Imparting and securing all the rights  
 Of natural-born subjects of the Throne,  
 To them and their descendants; and for aye.  
 Have we resigned these charters? Have we yielded  
 Th' immunities thus to us guaranteed?  
 If so, produce the evidence, and end  
 At once the strife. But no! 'tis false as hell!

Now, of those precious rights, not one is found  
 So undisputed and so high esteemed,  
 As, that no subject of the Albion Throne  
 Can e'er of property be dispossessed,

Unless with his consent, in person given,  
 Or by his representative. And, Sir,  
 What do we mean by taxes? Are they not  
 Grants by the representative himself,  
 Of portions of his own and others' wealth,  
 On whose behalf he's authorized to act?  
 But now we learn that representatives  
 Of Englishmen, a thousand leagues away,  
 May give and grant the property we own.  
 Such are their views of right! A company,  
 Three thousand miles from the assessed away,  
 And wholly unacquainted with their site,  
 And their resources e'en; and over which  
 Brave company, th' assessed have no control,—  
 How modest the demand! and too how safe  
 To what may yet remain of freedom here  
 Shall be the precedent, when this we yield!  
 It may be justice there; but in this land  
 To name it just is Justice to burlesque!

Nor cease we here, sir; this taxation act  
 Is more than mere infringement of our rights.  
 These colonies have each a government  
 By its own self-sustained: and in the war  
 So lately terminate with Gallia's Power  
 Wherein we made with England common cause,  
 Our own exertions greater far have been  
 Proportionate to our ability,  
 Than were her own: she who would now assess  
 Taxes on us unrepresented thus  
 To liquidate the debts she thence incurred.  
 Such is the generosity she boasts!  
 But if she debts contracted in that war  
 We too have debts contracted; debts which we  
 And unassisted must at once remit:  
 While of our valiant youth three myriads full  
 Have perished on the field. But, says the crown,  
 The war by me was waged for you alone!  
 Admit the plea: and how is thence approved  
 The right to trample us and ours adown?  
 But, sir, the plea is false! 'Tis known of all  
 She undertook so readily the war  
 Because our commerce is by her esteemed

Too profitable e'er to be upgiven  
 For the poor paltry charge of such a fray.  
 Had it been otherwise we might have warred  
 For aye without her sympathy or care.

Such are the facts : and now suppose we grant  
 This vaunted claim to tax us ; it would ne'er  
 Require a blind man's eyes to clearly scan  
 How interest may operate to sway  
 That government to make our burdens great  
 That her's proportionally small may be.  
 And what securance have we, sir, against  
 Oppression such, if once we but concede  
 The claim contested ? Will her honor save ?  
 Her honor ! Hem ! She may the answer give.  
 But I maintain and ready am to prove  
 Beyond e'en doubt, that taxes now imposed  
 On us, are higher than the tax assessed  
 On England's own inhabitants ; e'en while  
 We're from the righteous privilege debarred  
 Of being represented at her court.  
 But wherefore dwell hereon ! the present, sir,  
 Is naught but the commencement of a scheme  
 Well-planned, of such taxation meant t' extend  
 To every article of commerce, and  
 To each internal source of revenue,  
 Unless by us now vigorously withstood.  
 I say then let 's oppose it ! Yes, sir, now !  
 Now on this floor the heartless fraud oppose,  
 And, if required, oppose it in the field,  
 And prove we know her rights and know our own.

Thus he : and ere the Congress terminates  
 Its high deliberations, 'tis resolved  
 To publish to the world their grievances,  
 And, too, a Declaration of their rights.  
 Then they again petition to the King,  
 And a memorial send to Parliament.

Meanwhile the States all openly withstand  
 The execution of the Act abhorred,  
 Led on by bold Virginia's warlike sons :  
 And through the land the merchants all resolve



Unitedly they'll ne'er again import  
Nor sell as agents British goods until  
The Act by England fully is repealed.  
And, o'er the colonies, all now assured  
That war inevitable is, begin  
To furbish up their arms, and train for strife :  
Fathers and sons in martial exercise  
And military tactics practising  
In banded companies in every town,  
Are seen, and village ; while the fife's shrill notes,  
And drums, resound ; and everything th' impress  
Bears of impending warfare through the land.  
In Parliament likewise, the colonies  
By numerous gallant spirits are sustained,  
Led on by Burke and Chatham ; till the Throne  
After long laboring th' Act t' enforce  
But vainly, gives it o'er, whose Cabinet  
Retire whelmed with confusion ; and by North  
Succeeded soon, and friends, who all conclude  
Th' enactment to repeal : which the fond hope  
Awakes through England and the colonies  
That now the festering wound for aye is healed :  
Yet lest is granted to the colonies  
More than is prudent deemed ; the cabinet,  
The Act Declaratory of the Right  
Of Albion's Legislature laws to make  
Which in all cases bind the colonies,  
Retain ; who it esteeming but th' reserve  
Of wounded pride, regard it ne'er ; but hail  
With transport high the opportunity  
Of cherishing once more their former love  
For Merry England whence their fathers came.

## BOOK IV.

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### ARGUMENT.

The peace which returns upon the repeal of the Stamp Act is soon disturbed by the oppressive enactments of the ensuing Parliament. Action of the New York Legislature in consequence. Troops are now sent from England to Boston under the command of General Gage, for the purpose of intimidating the colonies. Other oppressive acts of Parliament, which induce the States to call a General Congress. Additional troops sent to Boston. Lord William Howe; Cornwallis; Burgoyne, and Sir Henry Clinton. General Gage now sends a detachment of his forces to Salem and Concord to seize upon the military stores of the Americans deposited in these places. Battle of Lexington, and obsequies of the American slain.

AND now between the States and Albion Isle  
Commerce again appears; and the expanse  
Wide covered by the canvas wafting o'er  
From shore to shore the noble vessel's freight:  
While the fell cloud which late oppressions raised,  
Far scattered by th' returning rays of peace  
No more is feared of any: and confidence  
Mutual is strengthening the ties which bind  
Each land and make their happiest interests one;  
And promises a long continuance  
Of intercourse the sweetest 'neath the skies.  
But who his earthly destiny can rule,  
Or can foretell the high designs of Heaven!  
E'en while thus Albion and the colonies  
Promoting are each other's highest weal,  
The king and cabinet are brooding o'er  
The late sustained defeat; and, whelmed with shame,  
Resolve that heaviest vengeance shall befall  
The colonies and their abettors soon  
As should aught opportunity concur.

How soon, alas! is opportunity  
Attained when vengeance seeks it, or when hate!  
Ne'er hounds of scent sagacious could o'ertrace  
The wizard heath the panting hare to find,  
As now the Cabinet ere Parliament  
The next convenes, o'ersearch the history all

Of every State since its first origin,  
 Some flaw to find, whereon to justify  
 The foul oppression designed ; and overawe  
 The party led by Barré, Burke, and Pitt  
 In Parliament ; or them to overgain.  
 And now, soon as the Parliament convenes,  
 'Tis, by the commendation of the Throne,  
 Led on by North, required to re-affirm  
 The Act Declaratory of the right  
 To tax, at Albion's will, the Colonies :  
 And then the right t' approve. He too requires  
 A law to be enacted which shall lay  
 Duties to be collected in the States,  
 Nor them consulting : which when now obtained,  
 Through opposition huge and keen debate,  
 He too of them another act obtains,  
 Demanding that the troops which England may  
 Send to the States be, free of cost, sustained  
 By any State wherein they stationed are :  
 And thus secures, and soon, his every aim.

But now, the Legislature of New York  
 Refusing to accede to such demands,  
 Them deeming but an indirect essay  
 At taxing, and without their own consent :  
 Straight is th' Assembly by the Parliament  
 Indignantly suspended, and from all  
 Its exercise of legislative powers ;  
 Which through the Colonies' extent awakes  
 Alarm and indignation : who discern  
 That, though the Crown the Stamp Act hath repealed,  
 Naught had as yet been gained, if such a power  
 Could wielded be by England for such cause.  
 Once more they then petition and complain  
 To Parliament and King, but vainly still :  
 For, deaf to all remonstrance, they proceed  
 In exercise of the Despotic rule  
 They'd thus assumed ; and Custom Houses next  
 (Them ne'er consulting) in their midst ordain,  
 And of the Customs the Commissioners  
 Appoint, dependent solely on the Crown :  
 While 'neath the table the petitions all  
 Are, of the Colonies, consigned ; to whom

The right e'en of petitioning 's denied.  
Then Massachusetts' Court immediate  
Assemble, and a circular address  
To each Colonial Legislature, urging  
A General Union in such measures as  
May terminate in a redress of all  
The wrongs inflicted by the Albion Throne.  
Whereat the King and Parliament, who ken  
That such a Union of the Colonies  
Must strength impart and confidence promote,  
Essay it to forestal, and now require  
That Massachusetts' Legislature shall  
This issued circular direct rescind ;  
Which, on refusal, straightway is dissolved.  
Next, that they Boston (lately by them named  
The Cradle of Rebellion) may o'erawe,  
Thither are sent of troops five regiments,  
Headed by Gage ; who, save his chief's attire,  
Was destitute of all that qualifies  
For martial enterprize. His victories were  
As dubious as his virtues were unknown.  
Through life a disposition he evinced  
Cruel and treacherous,—a fit instrument  
To execute the heartless purposes  
Of a Despotie Parliament and King :  
Whose ships, the troops conducting, now assume  
Positions which the town command ; and lie  
Broadside towards it, instantly to charge,  
Should to their landing aught resistance be.  
With muskets loaded and the bayonets fixed,  
They then debark. But the selectmen all  
Refusing quarters, they perforce obtain  
Possession of the State House, and implant  
Two pieces of their field artillery  
Nigh the chief entrance. Yet the measures all  
Awake emotions through the Colonies  
Of deep resentment only. Boston beholds,  
With indignation stern, the huge display  
That dares with subjugation threat her sons ;  
She sees her fathers' venerated Hall  
Of Legislature thus polluted by  
The foot of hired menials, brought to enslave ;  
While through her streets parade their lawless bands,

And at each corner guards are mounted, who  
Challenge her citizens where'er they pass :  
And by the martial music's constant din  
Slumber is driven afar : but, well-assured  
All is but to intimidate designed,  
The more determined is she to withstand.

These acts of Gage the Parliament approve ;  
Who likewise of the King a law obtain  
That all offenders in the Colonies,  
Indicted on the charge of yielding aid  
To the Colonial Governments, be brought  
For trial to the Courts in England held :  
While others all, who shall indicted be  
For aught resistance to the Crown's decrees,  
Be by the Courts of Admiralty tried,  
Unfavored by a jury of their peers.  
But this oppression foul is straightway met  
By resolutions stern of Congress, and  
Of every Colony : who mildly too  
Entreat that England would not them compel  
T' extremes, in vindication of the rights  
They'd ne'er relinquish while should life be theirs :  
To whose entreaties she in quick response  
Dissolves the Legislatures that presumed  
T' adopt such measures ; but, undaunted thus,  
Still they assemble, and their every act  
Regarded is as legal, and obeyed.  
Next Massachusetts' Legislature, 'rons'd  
Hereto by fierce disorders of the troops,  
Requests the Royal Governor to remove  
The force from Boston ; as its presence is  
With their prerogatives as people free,  
All inconsistent : (for it late essayed  
To put in force against the citizens  
Law military ; and, with force and arms,  
Several had slain !) and, on refusal, they  
Cease longer to afford the asked supplies.

Now England on the States essays t' enforce  
The goods whereon had Parliament assessed  
The duty ; but resistance meets from all.  
Her ships, tea-laden rich, arrive the port

At Boston, but the citizens forbade  
 Aught effort them t' unload ; yet it perforce  
 Attempted is ; when they the vessels board  
 And the commodity cast to the waves :  
 At which resistance Parliament in ire  
 Upcloses Boston Port ; and, too, removes  
 Its charter from the Massachusetts State,  
 Declaring it rebellious : Then to crush  
 The city 'neath the Albion arm for aye,  
 Proffers to Salem city Boston trade,  
 Who nobly spurns the proffer. While the States  
 Permitted ne'er their Massachusetts friends  
 Such sufferings to endure sans sympathy ;  
 But every effort made to mitigate  
 Their great severity : yea, e'en the day  
 Whereon the cruel injuries began,  
 They thence a day of public mourning hold.  
 While, too, in England, souls humane, aroused  
 By the unkind oppression, likewise seek  
 To mitigate the woes by Boston borne :  
 In aidance of whose poor, by London now  
 Myriads thrice five of dollars are bestowed.

But having borne Oppression's scourge so long,  
 The Colonies unitedly resolve  
 To call a General Congress : and each State  
 Appoints her delegates ; who, soon convened  
 In Penn's fair city, now with one accord  
 The patriot Peyton Randolph, tried and true,  
 Is chosen to preside. Yet ere proceeding  
 To action, Cushing, in the name of all  
 Assembled there, uprising, thus bespeaks :  
 I move that we our duties here commence,  
 With prayer to Him in whose Right arm we trust !  
 Prayer will the crisis hasten if sincere ;  
 And not against, but for the suppliant,  
 And his afflictions all to blessings turn.  
 We have to Heaven appealed to vindicate  
 Our rights and Freedom ; let us then to Him  
 Commend unitedly our hallowed cause  
 In daily supplication. If he guides  
 Our counsels, they can never lead astray ;  
 And naught's impossible for whom he guides.

True, we from every State convening here,  
In non-essentials scarcely may accord ;  
But in this act of Worship all can join.

Thus he ; yet one bethinks it difference may  
Or prejudice excite ; which to the cause  
Were inauspicious ; and prefers that all  
Should spend in silent prayer th' allotted time :  
As some were Quakers ; Anabaptists some ;  
Or Presbyterian ; Congregational ;  
And some Episcopal ; whereat uprose  
Next Samuel Adams, and thereto returns :  
Sir, we herein can join ! I'll gladly hear  
A prayer from any man of piety  
Who is, in this her need, my country's friend ;  
And trust my heart can in the prayer concur.  
I, therefore, hope, and earnestly, that we'll  
The business of each day begin with prayer.  
And save our God, whom can we now implore ,  
To aid us, and protect our country loved !  
You've heard th' intelligence so terrible  
Announced to us this moment, that our town,—  
Our noble town of Boston, by the foe  
Bombarded is and utterly destroyed !  
And that e'en now throughout the entire state  
They're sweeping desolation, death, and woe !  
No, let us waive our trifling scruples all,  
And to the blood-bought mercy-seat repair  
Unitedly, and leave our cause with Him  
Who is our Father, and will hear our prayer.

Hereon a chaplain is appointed, who  
Upon the following morn appears and reads  
The Collect for the day (where David prays,  
Plead thou my cause, O Lord, 'gainst those that strive  
With me ! fight Thou against them ! ) ; then his soul  
Pours forth extempore in fervid prayer ;  
While at the mercy-seat were kneeling down,  
Or bending low before it in the Hall,  
The members all of Congress ; praying that  
Their foes may be as chaff before the wind.  
There Washington was kneeling ; Lee and Jay ;  
With Henry ; Randolph, Rutledge ; at whose side

Bowed down with humblest reverence there stand  
New England's Puritan patriots, in belief  
That at this moment (so had Fame averred)  
An armed soldiery wide-wasting were  
Their humble dwellings ; and that Boston had  
Bombarded been and swept to ruin all.  
They for Columbia with fervor pray ;  
And Massachusetts Province ; and the town  
Of Boston : nor can any realize  
Their feelings as imploringly they turn  
(With melted hearts and eyes o'erflowed with tears)  
To Heaven that He for them would interpose.

This ended ; then the gallant Dickenson  
(Heaven's choicest virtues pillowed on his breast !)  
Feared not the dangerous eminence to ascend,  
Denounced as treason by the Albion Powers ;  
And, rising with composure all serene,  
Thus uttered forth the promptings of his soul ;  
The time it calls for action ! we've too long  
Presumed on England's honor to discern  
And right our grievances ; and hence by plaints-  
And mild solicitations, have remained  
Content t' address as suppliants her Throne ;  
Which, far from leading to th' redress we seek  
Emboldens her oppression. Let us then  
Hence lay aside the honied phrase, and terms  
Soft as the down upon the Cygnet's breast,  
And speak in tones of thunder to her King.  
We've gained what mildness will from tyrants gain ;  
And to the point we now at length are driven,  
To assert in arms our rights, or yield as slaves.  
But duty's path is plain ; nor can we here  
Mistake it. Shall we then begin the toil  
Devolving on us ? Or still wait until  
Our towns the fate of Boston all have found !  
No, sir ; I here repeat, our course is plain !  
And as the first advance to claim our own,  
I move that the deep sympathy which we  
Assembled here for Massachusetts feel,  
Under the operation of the Acts  
Of Parliament abhorred, be now expressed :  
That we the wisdom thoroughly approve,



And fortitude wherewith these measures all  
 Have been resisted ; and, too, recommend  
 To them most heartily to persevere  
 In the same course so temperate and firm ;  
 And pledge that we our full support shall yield !  
 ('Twas heard unanimous, while echoing cheers  
 And thundering plaudits rang through Congress' Dome ;  
 He then continues) : We for Justice ask !  
 We ask that King and Parliament should place  
 Our country in the state she occupied  
 At close of the late war.—'Tis all we ask !  
 This will restore our former harmony ;  
 And safety, liberty, and peace restore.  
 Of these they have bereaved us : till to us  
 Th' alternative is left to press our claim,  
 Or tamely yield to be henceforth her slaves.  
 I know not what in other minds may be,  
 But, for myself, I dare not hesitate ;  
 The language of our Orator is mine—  
 Sir, give me Liberty, or give me Death !

The King and Parliament have now so far  
 On us encroached that we no longer may  
 Without conceding that we are their slaves,  
 Their veriest slaves, endure it ! The crisis comes,  
 And though our means to meet it are but small,  
 I say, let it arrive ! If we must lose  
 Our freedom ; if we must be England's slaves ;  
 Or perish in resistance, the sooner, sir,  
 That we've the opportunity to die  
 The better for us all ! Would she'd revolve  
 The consequences well, ere she pursues  
 The measures which must speedily bring on  
 The most terrific struggle men can wage.  
 The warfare it demands is not for life,—  
 Life is to it a bauble ! The cold grave  
 Is common to Mortality. We die ;  
 Such is the will of Heaven. But, sir, 'tis ne'er  
 The will of Heaven that we should be enslaved,  
 Or see our country ruined. No, sir ; no !  
 The point contested ne'er can we upyield.  
 We know full well what it may cost to hold  
 Our stand assumed ; but we have too as well

Pondered the price of yielding. We may see  
 Earth's bosom gore-embued of foe and friend,  
 And in the strife terrific too may yield  
 The life we owe our country and our God :  
 But yet not dubious is the victory  
 If onward move we firmly to the charge :  
 Our Eagle still shall triumph, still ascend,  
 And Freedom's stars illuminate the heavens.

Thus he ; and they, determined to withstand,  
 Proclaim a Declaration of their Rights,  
 And name th' infringing Acts of Parliament :  
 And next resolve that full repeal of these  
 Is requisite, ere public harmony  
 Can be restored ; and then unanimous  
 On stoppage of commercial intercourse  
 With England if not speedily repealed.

Meanwhile the Parliament to Boston sends  
 Of other brigades three, in Howe's command ;  
 Whose title to nobility the sole  
 Of title was he held to sense or fame.  
 Born when malignant Saturn o'er the hour  
 Presided, and with Phœbus' self conjunct  
 Entered Aquarius and the world appalled  
 Lest nature then some hideous birth produce ;  
 His name was pestilence to all that 's fair :  
 A fell hyæna : while the veering winds  
 Themselves more fickle never could approve.  
 Oh ! how unlike thy gallant brother's soul  
 Who 'd at Ticonderoga lately fell,  
 In the French war ! and who had so acquired  
 By numerous virtues and exalted mind  
 And talents military, the regard  
 Of officers and army, that his fall  
 Robbed them of joy of enterprise and hope !

Next him Cornwallis in command appears ;  
 Whose military skill has equalled been  
 By few ; and ne'er by warrior excelled  
 Of all the mighty names that Albion boasts.  
 Of bearing high and of exalted soul ;  
 And daring in exploit ; a champion strong

He stood, and zealous, of his tyrant lord.  
In temper all austere, and rigorous,  
He e'er appeared ; while from his heart was naught  
More foreign than the generous sympathies  
Which pity and benevolence inspire.  
Next was Burgoyne ; a soldier's loftiest aims  
Possessed his soul humane and generous ;  
Whose popular humanity endeared  
Him to the soldiers all and officery.  
With every virtue and accomplishment  
Of human life adorned ; his failing was  
Itself of virtue's tint ; for he was prone  
T' repose implicit confidence too soon  
In those who sought his friendship. Clinton next came,  
A captain, too, of rare accomplishments ;  
Cautious as Fabius, nor of courage less ;  
Yet much too willingly his influence  
He gave in aidance of the war unjust.  
With these were other names since given to Fame :  
Pigot and Parker, Carleton, Abercrombie ;  
Tarleton, Knyphausen, Erskine, Reidesdel ;  
Leslie, O'Hara, Arbuthnot, and Percy ;  
Phillips and Frazer, Breyman, Ross, and Grant.

Now soon as had the troops to Boston come,  
Gage seized the ammunition found therein,  
With that too found in Charlestown : Parliament  
With King and cabinet sanctioning the whole ;  
While they disdain or to regard or hear  
The mild petitions still by Congress made,  
Though by th' illustrious Chatham urged with tears ;  
But more resolved to exasperate the States,  
The House of Commons and the House of Peers,  
Now by a joint address entreat the Throne  
That as rebellion manifest is found  
In Massachusetts colony throughout,  
He, measures most effectual, would employ  
For the enforcement of obedience  
To the late laws of Parliament ; whereon  
A Bill immediately is approved  
To restrain the trade of the New England States ;  
And soon another, also to restrain  
That of the Middle colonies and South ;

While soon as Gage the word hereof receives  
A force to Salem rapidly he sends  
And seizes on its stores armigerous :  
Which scarce accomplished is, ere he again,  
Pitcairn and Smith with regiments two, on sends  
To seize the stores at Concord : aiming thus  
The country to compel at once to yield  
To the oppressive measures of the throne ;  
By leaving means of her resistance none.

Early the fatal day, as morn's fair star  
Burns on the hills, the drum its rattling notes  
Awakes for the advance ; and straight begins  
The expedition,—one that should commence  
A series of events whose grand result  
The human race should feel till time expires :  
A struggle which should cease no more, until  
The brightest jewel had away been torn  
From Albion's Diadem ; nor till the world  
Should, rising, hurl Oppression's thrones adown  
And gain the freedom Heaven to man has given !  
But as they on proceed, the mountain peaks  
Enveiled in dewy shrouds appear, all sad ;  
And Nature's face, so lovely at the dawn,  
Soon is with clouds deformed, and all o'erspread  
With gloom ; and sighs she through her caves and groves ;  
Soon to be startled by the angry boom  
Of cannonry, and battle's dire acclaim.  
For now the guardian angels, who'd o'erwatched  
Britannia's interest on Columbian soil  
(And once she had an influence happy there !)  
Were all by Heaven recalled ! With many tears,  
Tears such as angels weep, when is discerned  
Their charge on ruin bent, they turn away,  
And mournfully ascended to the skies :  
To whom succeeded hosts of fiercest fiends  
From the Tartarian regions, onward led  
By Moloch and Enyo ; and attain  
The posts the warden spirits lately held ;  
And all o'erjoyed now stimulate the war.  
While with a brilliant troop of Cherubim  
Clad in celestial armor, which outshone  
The brightness of th' unclouded noonday beam,

Descends the warrior Gabriel, to o'erwatch  
The suffering interests of Columbia now ;  
Protecting her 'gainst the assaults of Hell ;  
And joined her guardian seraphs stationed there.  
And though unseen of man, they o'er the land  
Afar themselves extend ; and hope inspire  
And confidence among Columbia's sons.

Now by presumption blind, Smith and Pitcairn  
Their march continue ; till, at Lexington,  
Are seen the minute-men in exercise  
Upon the green ; whom Pitcairn, to the front  
Advancing of his troop, aloud commands,  
Down with your arms, ye rebels, and disperse !  
Or I'll disperse you soon to hell or heaven.  
Who not so readily obedience yield  
As was desired, a pistol then he fires  
Upon them, and requires his men to charge :  
Which done, thirteen are slain. The rest retire,  
And peacefully ; but still by Pitcairn urged  
(Whose eyes flash death, e'en as 'mid forest depths  
The panther's roll in fire, as near is seen  
His prey approaching), they reiterate  
The rolling charge ; while some who'd safety sought,  
In coverts, thence were dragged and slaughtered all :  
Then passing on to Concord, they the stores  
Destroy and rapid on their way return.

Meanwhile the minute-men are reinforced,  
And with their captain to the charge return  
All unappalled by fears. Come on, my boys  
(Exclaims the hero) ! Dead or living, we  
This day shall each a laurel wreath acquire !  
Here, here upon this field we must abide  
Till Death dissolve our spirits, or that flag  
Ceases to ride the wind ! Then sudden touching  
The ready springs, forth with full fury vaults  
The horrent flame and strews the ground with dead.  
But in the returning charge their leader falls,  
Davis of Acton ; and soon his fading eyes  
By Death's dark shroud are veil'd, as the swift stream  
Bursts hissing from the severed arteries.  
But numerous of the foe him following soon,

The regulars fall back ; when Pitcairn front  
Advancing, calls aloud, What ! lose the meed  
Of this triumphant day, and fly the field  
Like coward deer ! But still aback they fall :  
When, kenning how would terminate the fray,  
He sounds retreat ; and straight they scatter far  
Like clouds, when through the waste of heaven impelled  
By wild tornadoes. But the country now  
All hath in arms arisen ! and as on  
The regulars apace towards Boston press,  
The furious peasantry cast quick aside  
The plough and seize the rifle and the sword,  
And, rushing from their shrieking families,  
They, now directed by the hideous crash  
That from the battle bursts, come rapid on  
To the dread field, where heaven-born Liberty  
Demands their blood : and, closing on the rear  
Of the retreating regulars, they pour  
The charge of fierce retaliating war.  
Age, too, its years forgot ! and through its veins  
The rushing blood imparts a youthful fire ;  
And, hasting to the field, the veteran hoar  
Hurls the mad ruin through the frighted ranks,  
And war's dread din reverberates around :  
While the enraptured shouts of victory  
Swell louder still and roll along the skies,  
Driving the foe more rapid on their way.  
Now from the field the sulphurous smoke ascends,  
As some dark cloud amid the roaring storm,  
From which roll thunders and the lightning's blaze,  
While through the smoky canopy appears  
The bickering flame, and sounds the musketry.  
The Royal troops quicken their speed ; yet seek,  
As wheeling they the deadly charge return,  
The stain opprobrious of defeat t' remove.  
But Death, at every hedge and wood whereby  
They pass, now stands, and wings his thirsty darts ;  
Nor wings on them in vain ; who learn too late  
The cost required with freemen to contend.  
Now from his charger Smith, deep-wounded, falls ;  
But onward by his troops is borne ; who still  
Quicken their rapid pace. And now Pitcairn,  
Dismounting from his saddle, hastes to lose

His prominence as a fair mark, among  
His Grenadiers; who, in confusion huge,  
Urge on their panting way with speed increased,  
As the huge hordes of Buffalo, on driven  
By hunter's charge, press thundering o'er the plain,  
Which trembles 'neath their tread: while to the skies  
Aspiring roll dense clouds of dust wind-tossed:  
So rush they onward o'er each other driven;  
And though now reinforced by regiments two,  
Soon brought by Percy, onward still they flee  
Of terror winged, nor more return the charge.  
Nor cease Columbia's sons pursuing, till  
Eve threw her dusky veil o'er nature's face;  
And they o'er Charleston Neck to Bunker Hill  
Them had compelled and numerous prisoners made.

Nor bloodless was their own bright victory!  
Fifty of their companions, too, were slain;  
But by their blood the tree of Liberty  
Was nourished; and they o'er the land were mourned  
As the first martyrs in the cause of freedom.  
While, at the day appointed, far and wide,  
The country 'round assemble to attend  
At Lexington their obsequies; for here  
The preparations were. Upon the green  
A rostrum is erected; and the Sun  
Had half his journey through the skies performed,  
When from the steeped domes the deep-toned bells  
With mournful peal the stated signal gave  
To bear the martyrs to earth's last repose.

Lamented Davis first is borne along  
By his devoted comrades, and the bier  
Shrouded in sable; o'er the which is thrown  
His uniform, befouled with dust and gore.  
Him following next, in slow procession borne,  
Are his companions, too in battle slain.  
Next the fair partner and the offspring young  
Of martyred Davis, by their relatives  
Scarce are upborne along. Grief every breast  
Pervades; and from all eyes the scalding tears  
In ceaseless torrents roll, to see her thus  
Whose cup of happiness one week ago,

Seemed overflowing ; who was the delight  
 And pride of her acquaintance ; worn and faded  
 With sorrow so intense ! As oft is seen  
 The pearly dew-drop in the roseate morn,  
 Beaming and glittering in the Sun's bright ray,  
 And with the rainbow vying ; but suddenly  
 Robbed of its lustre by some darkening cloud  
 It hangs unnoticed now, or drops unseen.  
 Next slowly move the families of the slain,  
 Upborne by kindest relatives and friends.  
 And next their venerable parents come,  
 Scarce able to sustain th' infirmities  
 Of age ; but now with anguish keen oppressed  
 Scarce totter on : while down their furrowed cheeks  
 The tears roll copious. Not their loss alone,  
 But they their country weep ! We yield our sons :  
 'Tis not the loss of them we now deplore !  
 We mourn our country ! our inheritance  
 Torn from us by a foreign savage foe !  
 We mourn that age has ta'en from us the power  
 To stand upon the field where stood our sons !

Next came a little tender throng, of whom  
 The eldest scarce twelve summers yet had known ;  
 Death had their loving mothers called afore,  
 And now their sires upon the field are slain.  
 They go to see them to the grave upgiven,  
 But scarce can comprehend the scenes around.  
 With shortened pace they slowly trip along,  
 Not able yet to know how great their loss.  
 A beauteous throng, but mournful, next appear  
 (Supported, too, by sympathizing friends),  
 Sisters and lovers of the hapless youth  
 Who'd in the battle fell. Heart-broken sobs  
 Burst from each bosom ; and the crowd around  
 Deep sympathizing with 'em turn away  
 The face, and, weeping, mingle sobs with theirs.  
 Next come the brothers of the slain ; within  
 Whose eye no tear is glistening ; but upon  
 Their manly countenance and brave appears  
 Firm resolution and decision stern  
 To follow these, their martyred friends beloved,  
 To an untimely tomb, or gain the rights



For which so freely they had life resigned.  
Next come their fellow soldiers ; the muffled drum  
Rolls mournfully, and, with the breathing flute,  
The plaintive air of Roslin Castle chimes.

Now in the Square arrived, the biers in front  
Are of the platform placed ; and seated 'round  
Are friends and families of the honored dead :  
While silence deepest hovers o'er the scene  
Disturbed by naught but seldom bursts of grief.  
And now the Orator who'd chosen been  
(Warren, a name illustrious through the world !),  
Ascends the rostrum, where essays he thrice  
To utter forth his soul ; but is compelled  
As oft to yield to tears. Grief all o'erflows !  
Again they gaze at the cold-stiffened forms  
Slain by a foreign Despot's murdering sword ;  
And their blood boils : yet when they cast a glance  
At their loved patriotic Orator,  
And see him so by sympathy o'ercome  
As to impede e'en utterance, every heart  
Softens too with emotion : But at length,  
Checking his sympathies, he thus began :

And is it so, that this is real, all !—  
That we are not the sport of fantasy ?  
What mean these sable robes and streaming eyes ?  
This vast assemblage from the regions 'round ?  
And what are these I see before me placed ;  
Destined so soon the occupants to be  
Of yonder openings in the mould, whereon  
So late they happy lived ? 'Tis even so !—  
A stern reality here meets our gaze !  
Murder again has here upraised his hand  
And slain his marked-out victims ! and e'en while  
The grave is scarcely closed which opened late  
T' receive the virtuous men in Boston slain ;  
These we are called to follow to the tomb !  
These who have but their rights essayed to claim  
(Rights which to all our countrymen belong),  
Have too the meed obtained which tyrants pay  
To all who dare dislike a Tyrant's reign !

You've called me, countrymen, to utter here,  
 The sentiments which such a theme must 'wake  
 In all our hearts: But who can language find  
 To utter forth those feelings! Had these men  
 Thus fallen defending but their property,  
 Or rights which to themselves alone pertain,  
 Still 'twould our heart-strings touch; and would increase  
 The fountain of our tears to overflow;  
 For they were friends endeared: But they were slain  
 Attempting to defend our property,  
 Our rights, our liberties, no less than theirs.  
 If, then, Britannia has by force and arms  
 Assaulted them, she hath us all assailed,—  
 She has assailed our country! Yea, commenced  
 Hostilities with this whole Continent,  
 To bring it down from Freedom's height sublime.  
 'Tis then for us to say—and must be said—  
 Whether we shall our rights to her upyield  
 And willingly become her crouching slaves;  
 Or whether now th' invasion we'll withstand!  
 Withstand? Ah, who will hesitate to say,  
 We'll to the death her tyranny withstand!  
 And if we can no more, why when we fall  
 We'll th' example leave as these have done  
 To be remembered till the day returns  
 Of freedom to our now oppressed land:  
 For though we fail, Columbia still shall live,  
 To burst Oppression's chains. Should it then be,  
 By Heaven's unfathomable Will designed,  
 That they who now attempt our land to enslave  
 Shall us o'erwhelm, we'll to that Will submit!  
 But as 'tis in our power, so will it be  
 Our choice, to welcome honorable death  
 Before captivity so Hell-debased.

The crisis has arrived. But where, I ask,  
 Is the American will pause to think  
 A moment, whether he should life resign,  
 Or live a slave? Is there a wretch so vile?  
 Not here, I take it. Despot's manacles  
 Reach not the free; for they who've learned to die  
 Have learned that they can slavery avoid.

Yes, hallowed martyrs to the sacred cause  
 Of Liberty, and of your country's rights ;  
 That grave which now is open to receive you,  
 Shall, ere it close, receive us freely too,  
 Ere we an instant hesitate to tread  
 The path you've marked out for us with your blood !  
 'Tis ours till death ; or till the sacred rights  
 Which you have died defending are achieved.

The crisis has arrived : a crisis we've  
 Full long predicted ; and will us compel  
 At once to action. Freedom now will prove  
 Who are her sons, and who are bastard-born.  
 War is inevitable ! War we must :  
 And must (unless to Freedom we would prove  
 Recreant) e'en war with her to whom we've e'er  
 As to our mother-country reverent bowed :  
 To whom, by ties of consanguinity  
 We are conjoined ; and customs, speech, and laws :  
 A nation whom we've e'er as primal deemed  
 In enterprise, wealth, bravery, and in power :  
 Whose fleets on every sea triumphant sail :  
 Whose armies, conquerors are in every land :  
 E'en her must we withstand, though destitute  
 We are of armies, stores, and naval power !  
 Such is the crisis ! Do you then demand  
 What course to meet it Freedom will require ?  
 She asks alone the aidance of her sons ;  
 For by their might she can and will prevail.  
 She asks that you'll approve yourselves her sons—  
 Her true-born sons, in this her coming war.  
 Our royal bird that on some towering cliff  
 His eyrie long hath guarded, till appear  
 His unplumed eaglets ; soon as are the bounds  
 Of their frail prisons burst, directs their view  
 To the bright orient, and sun's full blaze,  
 T' approve if they degenerate are, or true.  
 Then, if abashed they shrink, with eye upsealed,  
 Nor can the blaze endure ; he forth them spurns,  
 And hurls from his proud eyrie's height adown :  
 But if with gaze unblenching, they sustain  
 Superior the piercing ray, he them  
 Proudly as his own progeny discerns.

Freedom will likewise by the fray prociinct  
 Discriminate her sons. If unappalled  
 The Power withstand we which would us enslave,  
 Proudly she'll own us ;—yea, for ever own ;  
 And by our aidance break Oppression's chain.  
 But if we craven yield, or meanly shrink,  
 She'll too her radiant arms against us turn  
 As base, and hostile to her : then, away  
 Soaring, will in some distant clime uprear,  
 A race by whom she'll hurl earth's Despots down,  
 And triumph gain which Heaven affords the brave.

The die is cast : and now 'tis in our choice  
 T' upyield our dear-bought rights, and live the slaves—  
 The spiritless, debased, and fawning slaves  
 Of England's monarch ; or withstand his power :  
 'Tis on this point our country's fate revolves :  
 Upon this choice depends it, what shall be  
 Her fate through all the rolling years of Time.  
 Shall we the ready standards then uprear,  
 And hurl defiant thunders on the foe,  
 As these our brothers have so nobly done ?  
 Such bold resistance will our might augment.  
 'Tis not Despair, but Hope will nerve the arm,  
 Though for the contest dire scarce yet prepared ;  
 For should th' assembled world by land assail us,  
 This Continent could well the fray sustain.  
 But from the point we're swerving : come what may,  
 We ne'er have learned to estimate our rights  
 By what the price of their defence may be !  
 There's no Columbian can hesitate  
 An instant how to act in such extreme :  
 There's no Columbian that would not spurn  
 The gift, if proffered life, upon the terms  
 Whereon we must receive it, should we now  
 Endure these insults of the Albion Throne !  
 And is it so ? That fellow-citizens  
 In cold-blood massacred, in the attempt  
 Magnanimous our Country's rights to shield,  
 We must endure it all ? Nor sanction e'en  
 Their noble course, lest we be traitors deemed ?  
 What ! Is he then a rebel who resents  
 Oppression such ? Is this to be a traitor ?

Brain-maddening thought! and are we then the slaves  
 Of England e'en already? Say, my friends;  
 Are you the craven vassals of her King?  
 She'll learn our answer on the battle-field!

Was it for this, ye venerable shades  
 Of our illustrious Sires! Was it for this  
 Ye left friends, home, and country, and endured  
 The toil and suffering attendant on  
 Settling a dreary hostile wilderness,  
 Rather than yield your freedom;—was it that ye  
 Might an inheritance on us entail,  
 Which by a foreign Despot could away  
 Be torn, whene'er his sordid avarice prompted?  
 Was it that we your offspring now might be  
 Thus butchered by his mercenaries vile  
 If we attempt inviolate to keep  
 The fair inheritance? No, by the blood  
 Of these our brothers, shed so nobly for us,  
 We shall your trust and unimpaired transmit;  
 Or with that blood ours shall commingled be!  
 Our offspring ne'er with clanking chain shall seek  
 Our graves, to curse our memory as the cause  
 Why they a slave's inheritance obtained,  
 Instead of freedom, ye to them bequeathed!

Sons of Columbia! what scenes this day  
 Must bring to memory on its each return!  
 Before us are beheld the reliques dear,  
 Of martyred brothers: while around are seen  
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears!  
 We, too, the lowering clouds of War behold,  
 Fast gathering o'er our homes; and soon, with all  
 Their horrors imminent on us to burst:  
 "Death's but begun the carnage?" Be it so!  
 His terrors, now as we this scene survey,  
 Are gone for ever! Oh, may it be ours  
 To die as these have died, when comes the day  
 That Liberty our lives may too require.  
 By no dishonest wounds are ye deformed!  
 Worthy of our brave ancestry ye fell,  
 And in the arms of glorious victory.  
 'Tis true, we mourn their loss! Who would not mourn

Them, knowing as we knew ? But, proud we are,  
 And may be proud, as we their life o'erview :  
 A life so fully to their country given ;  
 A life so freely at her call resigned ;  
 Though rebels deemed by Despots' cringing slaves !

Peace to your hallowed reliques, martyrs loved  
 To Liberty, and all our blood-bought rights !  
 You died ; but you died free ! No more for you  
 Oppression's chains are forged ; no dangers now  
 Disturb your calm repose ; nor foe attempts  
 To tear away the blessings you enjoy.  
 While thus from every sorrow ye're released,  
 We, your companions, still the threatenings hear  
 Of despot's anger. Toil, War, and gory Death,  
 All are before us still : But your bright fame  
 Which 'roused the Trump of Freedom through the land,  
 We'll emulate, and perish on the field,  
 Ere we one right for which ye bled resign.  
 Farewell, companions loved ; a last farewell !  
 Sleep on in glory with the mighty dead.

Thus he ; and, as he closed, the countenance  
 Of every Son of Freedom there, evinced  
 The stern resolve of quick revenge upon  
 Th' invading enemy ; while from the Fair,  
 Heart-broken sobs arise ; and pearly tears  
 Course rapid down in ceaseless copious streams.  
 Some mourn the dead ; and some the living mourn,  
 For they discern that now their dearest friends  
 Are into horrid warfare soon to haste ;  
 Yet would they ne'er the sacrifice refuse  
 If so refusing they 'll their country grieve.

The obsequies now finished, next are borne  
 The sacred reliques to their last repose.  
 Yet ere inclosed the coffins are, the crowd  
 Take one last lingering gaze. The wife beloved  
 Of generous-hearted Davis, by her sire  
 Supported, totters to the coffin side  
 To take a last adieu. 'Round his cold neck  
 Her arms she twines, nor can resign his form ;  
 And must I say farewell ! thou dearest one ;

---

Thou kind and faithful—Here her utterance stays,  
Who, swooning, sinks aside him on the ground.

Gently they 're now unto the tomb consigned,  
To rest in peace till angels 'wake their dust.

## BOOK V.

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### ARGUMENT.

The effects of the Battle of Lexington in arousing the colonies to action. Congress appoints Washington Commander-in-Chief of the American armies; other officers also appointed. Additional regiments of British troops arrive at Boston. Battle of Bunker's Hill.

THROUGH the whole continent with speediest wing  
Fame bore the news that Albion had begun  
At Lexington Columbia to compel  
To bow obsequious to her the knee,  
And to the acts of Parliament accede:  
All, as one man, arose; and west and south,  
E'en as the north, the star-gemmed banner raise;  
And 'round it rallying, speedily prepare  
With firmness to withstand the Despot's sway.  
First in the Bay State, loudly then resounds  
Echoing afar the trump of Liberty  
Calling to war. When the fierce fray outburst  
At Lexington, her Legislature stood  
At Watertown convened; and instantly  
Thus hails her hardy offspring to the field:  
To arms! to arms, compatriots! The stern voice  
Of war resounds; and the invading Powers  
Sweep through the land, and fiercely now assail  
Our freedom and our firesides; and have e'en  
In blood of our own countrymen imbrued  
Deeply their hands. By all that's sacred deemed  
In earth or heaven, we now conjure that you'll  
Assistance render to our suffering land,  
An army to upraise! All is at stake!  
The consequence assured of aught delay  
Is devastation and destruction foul  
To all our dearest interests. Rise to the war!  
Each moment's precious; and one hour if lost  
May deluge us in blood; and on the few



Who may survive the carnage, bring the entail  
 Of slavery perpetual. Rise, or lose  
 Your liberty for ever! Liberty  
 Once lost has to that people ne'er returned  
 Who has her sacred confidence betrayed. ]

And now, in answer, instant to the call,  
 Moving from every section of the State  
 Appear the armed soldiery; on led  
 By valiant officers. On, rapidly,  
 They towards the city march; and firmness high  
 In every visage shows; and the resolve  
 Invincible to conquer or to die.  
 Ward and his gallant legions take th' advance,  
 With whom his forces Preble now unites,  
 On whose proud banners LIBERTY OR DEATH!  
 Appears, loud hailed of all as on they march:  
 While through the State enlist in myriads three  
 The Minute-men, and wait the word to move.  
 On too, in fiery haste, Vermont's bold sons  
 By Allen led and Warner, come; with whom  
 The forces of New Hampshire rapid join:  
 While Putnam leads (with Knowlton) on the troops  
 Of bold Connecticut; and onward too  
 Rhode Island hastes her sons whom Greene commands.  
 Others in reg'ments follow rapidly,  
 Whom Morgan leads, and Arnold, and Pomeroy;  
 Thomas and Prescott, Heath and Stark and Knox.  
 And then when are assembled myriads three,  
 A camp in length six leagues they fortify,  
 Reaching from Mystic River on the left,  
 And on the dexter side to Roxbury  
 (Which in the centre Boston full inclosed);  
 While Ward, who by the State appointed stands  
 The chief commander, Cambridge occupies,  
 As the head quarters, with the body main,  
 Nine thousand strong; with whom four companies  
 Were of artillery joined; and every point  
 Of the high land he fortifies with care.  
 While Thomas, second in command, his post  
 Assumes with half the force, at Dorchester  
 And Roxbury. The other officery  
 The remaining posts along the line assume.

And now Montgomery, Gates, and Lee, the ranks  
Of Albion leave, with Freedom's to conjoin.  
And straight as spreads the word from Lexington  
Asquith, each colony uprose in arms.  
Manhattan all enthusiastic now  
(Though prone the Albion interest erst to shield)  
Calls on her valiant sons; who to a man  
Prepare for arduous warfare; and at length  
Seizing the arms and ammunition found  
Within the royal magazines, they next  
Convey from danger far and from the town  
All who unable are to aid the war,  
And thorough then for the defence prepare.  
Nor aught behind was Jersey; whose bold sons  
In retribution seize the royal stores  
And treasures all; while through the State entire  
The aged and the young, yea, all her sons  
Pursue the martial trainings steadily.  
So too in Penn's more peaceful colony,  
All training are to acquire the art of war,  
By the bold counsels fired of Franklin loved;  
Of Thompson, and of Mifflin: while the voice  
Of Rodney too uprouses Delaware,  
Whose warlike sons speedy in regiments form,  
And now are all preparing for the fray.  
Then as by fame the news more south is borne  
The colony of Maryland uprose  
Likewise in huge commotion; and her sons  
Seize on the royal arsenals and stores  
In aidance of the war for liberty.  
While through Virginia's proud domain is raised  
Full high the warlike spirit; which her sons  
Leads o'er the State unanimous to train  
In martial exercise and regiments form.  
Nor aught behind was Carolina North;  
Nor e'er shall be forgot till time expires,  
Her Mechlenburgh (where now the bold Brevard  
Penned the first charter of his country's freedom);  
Whose high resolves proclaimed she o'er the land,  
Announcing that the States of right were free,  
And independent of the Albion throne.  
Nor Carolina South was aught arear

In proud resistance to despotic power ;  
But in retaliation seized the stores  
And ammunition of the crown ; and formed  
Her fiery legions ready on to move  
Whene'er the word by Congress given requires.  
Nor Georgia is behind ; but now begins  
With speed Savannah strong to fortify,  
Lest should the foe sudden it seize, exposed.

And now the Colonies all thus aroused,  
More active operations soon begin ;  
Whose force on moving in New Hampshire storm  
Fort William and its martial stores obtain :  
While in Rhode Isle at Newport are secured  
Two scores of cannon and its royal stores.  
Then by Connecticut, with whom Vermont  
And Massachusetts join, is Allen sent  
And Arnold, with their valiant troops to assail  
Ticonderoga ; which to them upyields  
With all its stores armigerous immense,  
So needed now for aiding Freedom's war :  
While on the following morn Crown Point too yields  
With its supplies ; when Arnold to St. John's  
On moving captures it with all its stores ;  
Which to Ticonderoga moves he soon  
In three large vessels captured from the foe ;  
Nor deems it needful to essay the risk  
In Canada a fortress to retain.  
But in Maine's District Wadsworth holds at bay  
With gallant Burton all the Albion powers,  
Frustrating their fond hopes and frequent schemes.  
Nor this alone ; for now in every State  
The ports are open thrown to nations all,  
For commerce free. While to his huge surprise  
The enemy discern along the coast  
Swarms of Columbian vessels ; fitted soon  
By every State : which captured speedily  
Prizes in numbers great ; and vessels sent  
From Albion, freighted with full store of arms  
And ammunition : meeting thus their power  
Upon an element whereon till now  
They feared no rival from the Colonies.

Thus were they risen to the war procinct ;  
And now each State to Congress waiting turns  
(Convened anew with Hancock to preside) ;  
To learn her will. For by her movements she  
Had confidence inspired throughout ; and all  
Resolve her every measure to sustain :  
Who still undauntedly the course sublime  
Adopted by her ere the war began,  
Pursues ; and thus, disseminating hope,  
Dispels the gloom then settling o'er the world :  
E'en as when shades of night the earth o'er cast  
And dark dense clouds obscure the heavens from view,  
A glimmering ray them piercing through displays  
Where Cynthia in her silvery majesty  
Moves, and retains her empire in the skies.  
But by the fray at Lexington aroused  
To deeper earnestness, she, pondering o'er  
What course should be pursued and means employed,  
At such eventful crisis, to preserve  
The country's rights infringed so causelessly  
By Albion's Cabinet ; and all aware  
How great the interest of the present hour  
And its responsibilities, proceeds  
At once to action : whereon Sherman 'rose  
(His soul a radiant gem to honor given),  
And in conclusion of his argument  
Thus utters forth the feelings of his soul :  
Yet why should I our cruel wrongs o'ername ?  
None are so blind as they who will not see :  
And all may see what we've from England borne.  
She in her statutes scruples not to aver  
That Parliament of right can laws ordain  
Which in all cases bind us, though not one  
Who has assumed this power was by us chose  
As representative ; or subject stands  
To our control or influence. Sir, what can  
Defend our liberties against a power  
So utterly enormous ? We beheld  
That such despotic sway must us reduce  
To helpless slavery ; and, from the first,  
That we might all extremities avoid,  
As humble suppliants have the Throne besieged

Incessantly, yet ineffectual still.  
We've reasoned with the Parliament hereon ;  
And oft in mildest terms remonstrated ;  
And now are to the alternative consigned  
Of unconditional submission to  
The will of angry ministers, or them  
To resist by force and arms : and thus reduced  
We know no hesitation. Sir, the choice  
Of all our colonies is to resist !  
Who having summed the cost of such resistance  
Can naught discover half so dreadful as  
Such abject, mean, degraded slavery.  
Justice, Humanity, and Honor call  
Aloud, and us forbid e'er to resign  
The freedom we've from gallant ancestors  
Received ; and which posterity the right  
Have to receive inviolate from us.  
No, sir ! the infamy shall ne'er be ours  
Of them consigning to the wretchedness  
Which stands their portion should we recreant prove !  
Fathers, Compatriots ! can you now delay,  
When such reflections fortify the soul,  
To give this war the sanction of your aid ?—  
To say that to the utmost we'll employ  
Those powers and those resources which hath God  
On us so graciously bestowed,—those arms  
Our enemies compel us to assume ?  
Time suffers no delay : and our just cause  
An army hath assembled to maintain  
To whom I move we now a leader grant.

Thus he ; Then Adams rising thus is heard :  
My voice is for the measure ; for although  
The Legislature of the State wherein  
The war is now begun, appointed have  
A General in Chief ; it still remains  
That we should act herein, and make the war  
A common cause—common to every State ;  
It still remains that we on the behalf  
Of every State a Leader should appoint  
For the brave men who're ready to be led  
Against their country's foes. How much depends  
Upon this action ! Sir, my very soul

Is whelmed within me as I overview  
 The responsibilities attaching to this choice.  
 We need a leader,—one whose character  
 A combination rare of excellence  
 And virtues seldom found to co-exist,  
 Unites, as all may see. But in the course  
 Of Providential dealing, we've been led,  
 By following obvious duty, to assume  
 Where now we stand. God will not leave us here ;  
 Without the aidance granted heretofore ;  
 And which thus far hath brought us. Hence the hope  
 Indulge I, that the character we need  
 Has been by Providence itself uptrained  
 For this same crisis : yea, may e'en be found  
 Among our citizens. Expectance such  
 Is not presumption, sir,—'tis rational.  
 Our cause is just ; and Heaven will aid its own.

'Tis clear that he who may our choice command,  
 Should be an officer of vigor great,  
 Tempered with prudence and economy.  
 Small are our means to carry on the war,  
 And yet sufficient to insure success  
 If wisely used. Then, sir, he too should be  
 A native of our soil, if we would have  
 Our country cordial in the choice we make ;  
 For 'tis ne'er possible she could intrust  
 To one whose youth and earliest sympathies  
 Have not been ours ; whose knowledge of our laws,  
 Our government—whose education all  
 And knowledge of us were abroad obtained,  
 The management of this so sacred cause,  
 Her own involving and her children's hopes.  
 'Tis true Gylippus was not native born  
 Of Syracuse, through whom she triumph gained ;  
 But Syracuse was destitute of whom  
 Could lead her armies ; hence to Sparta she  
 Sent prudently. And if such state be ours,  
 We her example then may imitate  
 When ascertained : before, 'twere premature.  
 He, then, should be American by birth,  
 As by attachment to the cause of freedom.  
 And he experience much in war requires ;

And influence too requires ; and character  
Known and revered. The States at North and South  
Should likewise in the choice united stand ;  
And hence a knowledge of and confidence  
Must have in whom's appointed. Should there be  
A man in whom the country thus unites ;  
One worthy too of confidence so high ;  
Sir, 'tis impossible our cause should fail.

The present is, I deem it, not the hour  
To make invidious distinctions ; nor  
The hour to suffer imputations such  
To influence our deliberations in  
This so important action. Then, without  
An eye to aught but duty, we'll pursue  
The path she's plainly marked for us to tread.

Few, 'tis presumed, of us had not in mind,  
Soon as was named this topic here, some one  
Who might be deemed adapted to discharge  
The duties of this high and perilous sphere :  
May we not then consider, and, at once,  
Their fitness for it ? for most surely all  
Are to us known whom any would presume  
Here to propound. Ward, though a sterling man  
And valued officer, is yet unknown  
Out of New England : nor have we yet had  
Of his abilities sufficient proof  
To intrust him with this duty ; but if e'en  
Such proof we had, he's formally announced  
His full and firm intention to retire  
Soon from the service, as his health forbids  
Imperiously continuance in the camp.  
Thomas and Greene still less are known than he,  
While Warren, Wooster, Heath, and Sullivan,  
For the same reason cannot here be named.  
Putnam (no braver soul has ever led  
Troops to the field), though by his country known  
Both as an officer and prudent man,  
May answer well if we cannot obtain  
One, not of more experience, but whose age  
Is less, and influence greater. Schuyler, too,  
Is qualified to take supreme command

Of any army, when on equal ground  
It with its foe in number stands, and power ;  
And lacks alone what now our leader needs—  
Tact to create the resources he requires,  
When they are not at once available.  
Much might in truth be said of Lee and Gates,  
And of Montgomery, to justify  
The choice of either, if were either named  
For the momentous crisis ; nor would we  
Aught derogate from their high eminence  
In martial knowledge and experience,  
And enterprise and learning ; for to speak  
One syllable against them must impeach  
His candor or his judgment who'd presume  
Such syllable to utter. God be praised  
That they have with us made a common cause ;  
Nor should I fear to intrust the management  
Of this whole enterprise to talents such  
As have been proved their own : though prudence might  
Suggest that 'twould be risking all we have  
Into the hands of strangers, should they e'en  
All other needed qualities possess ;  
For, sir, they are not natives of our soil,  
And have but recently for us declared.  
They're in our modes of warfare all unversed ;  
Our men they know not, nor of them are known  
(And officers ill-known are ill-obeyed),  
Nor are they through the states sufficient known  
To justify our choice (and to prevent  
Objection on this ground) if thus we choose ;  
Which to our cause must inauspicious prove.  
But, sir, there is an officer to whom  
The eyes of numbers have directed been  
Full long ; nor can objection none be urged  
On any ground we've named. The man I mean  
Was reared amongst us ; in our wars has fought,  
And e'en in youth a character acquired  
For prowess high and martial enterprise  
Which ne'er has youth in England e'er attained,  
Provoking emulative jealousy  
In Albion's haughty officery themselves.  
He's known in all the States, and all revere him ;  
And all our Colonies will him intrust



Enthusiastically with the war.  
Permit me, sir, to mention Washington,  
Who represents Virginia on this floor.

Soon as thus named, he darted from the Hall  
Perplexed, for he the station ne'er desired,  
Nor e'er expected ; yet would ne'er decline  
If by his suffering country 'twere conferred.  
But Congress, lest the important step should be  
Without consideration due assumed,  
Adjourns a day ; and then unanimous  
Commissioned him the General in Chief  
Of all the forces raised, and to be raised,  
In aidance of the war for Liberty ;  
Which thus to him the President declares :  
Sir, by our country's voice unanimous  
You have appointed been to lead her arms  
In vindication of her rights assailed.  
Go, then ; and rest assured that she'll your arms  
Assist, till Heaven with victory crowns her war.  
We pledge ourselves to stand in all extremes  
Your firm supporters and unflinching, till  
Death is our portion, or our country free.  
To whom in brief thus Washington returns :  
Sir, though my heart with gratitude is filled  
For the high honor thus conferred upon me,  
I must admit the great distress I feel  
From consciousness that my abilities  
May not be equal to a trust so great  
As this appointment ; but 'tis not for me  
To shrink from duty when my country calls.  
I'll enter then on this momentous charge  
As Congress so desire ; and beg that they'll  
Accept my thanks for such distinguished proof  
Of confidence and approbation high.  
Yet knowing well the responsibilities  
Of the momentous trust, I ask that you  
And every member here will witness bear  
If aught calamity should me befall,  
That I this day, and with sincerity  
The utmost that the heart can feel, declare  
My firm conviction that to this command  
I am unequal. As to the stipend, sir,

I shall decline it. For as no reward  
 Pecuniary could have me induced  
 To accept the employment arduous, I shall be  
 E'en amply recompensed and more, if Heaven  
 Shall with success herein our efforts crown.

Thus spake Columbia's first and greatest son,  
 As now the charge so weighty he assumes ;  
 And whose untiring aim through life was e'er  
 Directed to secure her truest weal.  
 He scorned to seek the warrior's renown,  
 An empty name ! but sought himself to approve  
 His country's friend, and friend of human kind.  
 Around his name and character, till now  
 A halo of unmingled glory shines,  
 Before whose blaze earth's proudest names are lost  
 As fade night's gems at the ascending dawn ;  
 Though centuries since have all the nations ceased  
 To learn war's murderous art. His virtues all  
 Still are remembered ; and his name revered,  
 Lives in the bosom of a grateful world.  
 That name possessed a talismanic power  
 Which stirred the deepest fountains of the soul  
 Whene'er 'twas spoken ; and its mention now  
 Kindles the fervent heart with grateful praise  
 To Him who rules o'er all, that to the world  
 So great a blessing when so needed gave.

His form and mien his nobleness proclaimed,  
 Impressing e'er spontaneous respect :  
 With mind to apprehend the purpose quick  
 Of foe or friend ; of keen and flaming eye  
 Midst battle's raging, but all radiant  
 With pure benignity when peace returned :  
 With unassuming innate modesty,  
 By flattery offended, and which ne'er  
 The plaudits e'en of millions could seduce  
 To indiscretion aught ; yet with high sense  
 Of personal dignity e'er blended with  
 Just consciousness of the respect which is  
 To station due ;—such was he who assumed  
 The high defence of Freedom's sacred cause ;  
 And led her legions onward to the charge.

As some huge rock round which the billows dash,  
The frequent lightnings blaze, and thunders roll,  
Which yet unmoved remains; thus the rude shocks,  
And oft, of trying war, sustaining firm,  
He struck the sceptre from a despot's hand,  
And made the pillars reel of England's throne.

Although in field or council ne'er excelled,  
Not these alone his nobleness proclaimed:  
Ere called into the council or the camp  
His youth a magnanimity evinced  
Whose promise ne'er will after life belie.  
In filial piety excelled he; while  
From childhood's earliest years to life's last hour  
He never swerved from truth, nor would descend  
To sacrifice her claim omnipotent  
To aught expediency. With the oppressed  
And children all of suffering and want  
He shared in generous sympathy their woes,  
And ever stood the friend of virtuous need.  
His father's God and his own covenant God  
He loved sincere, and constantly adored;  
And, aiming at obedience to his will,  
Found him in every need a present aid.

By birth American, his country's rights  
He knew, and keenly felt her cruel wrongs:  
And, early seeking to attain the path  
Whereby their full redress secured might be,  
He, with unwearied zeal and high success,  
Sought that he might the Art of War acquire;  
Repelled the savage foe in battles oft;  
And saved the land when hapless Braddock fell.  
Thus qualified, when now by country called,  
He with his tribute great, of character,  
Of wealth and of experience, came; and soon  
Blessed of approving Heaven, his deeds of fame  
Redeemed Columbia from oppression's wrongs.

Then Congress other officers appoint;  
And Ward is chosen, whose unwearied toils  
For Freedom and his country, had o'erspent  
His vital energies, till scarce remains

Strength for a further struggle. With intellect  
Superior, and cultivated high,  
And of integrity unyielding e'er,  
And cleaving still to what he deemed the right  
(Wherein he rare mistook). Nor despot's smiles  
Could him seduce, nor frowns could terrify.  
Next Lee was chosen ; who to espouse the cause  
Of Freedom had the Royal forces left ;  
And now throughout the land arousing was  
In constant journeyings, the spirit stern  
Of bold defiance to Britannian rule :  
His name was equal to an army deemed.  
Schuyler was chosen next ; whose services  
In aidance of the war for liberty,  
Ne'er can o'erpraised or overvalued be.  
Putnam was next appointed ; who in war  
A torrent moved ; in peace a gentle stream.  
With vigorous mind though not by Science taught,  
And penetration deep, and judgment sound,  
He for his country every danger braved,  
And frequent led her sons to victory's arms.  
Gates next was chosen : chivalrous and brave ;  
Deep versed in classic lore ; whom deeds approved  
The friend of universal liberty :  
Of numerous virtues, yet of failings oft ;  
And ever courting popular applause,  
To him misfortune 'twas when fortunate,  
Nor could he patient hear another's praise.  
Pomeroy, of rare discernment, next was chose ;  
And next Montgomery, Freedom's martyred son,  
Whose death saved Canada to Albion's sway.  
Wooster was next appointed ; who ere long  
Was likewise called his noble life to yield,  
At Ridgfield in defence of Freedom's claim.  
Heath next was chose ; whose service through the war  
Efficient was and zealously performed ;  
Known as an active partisan and true,  
And last survivor of this patriot band.  
Spencer was chosen next ; a patriot tried ;  
And ever faithful found to Freedom's cause ;  
And Thomas next, who stood distinguished too  
For patriotism pure, and talents high  
For martial enterprise. But ah, how soon,

Thou wert removed by Death's relentless hand !  
Next Sullivan they chose ; than whom was none  
In labors more incessant through the war  
To aid his country. Stirling next was chose.  
Rare of discernment ; a bold partisan ;  
And an intrepid leader. Sincerity  
E'er marked his course through life until its close.  
Mifflin was next : an active patriot,  
And of the first who Albion's throne renounced.  
Arnold was chosen next, and Morgan next—  
Two thunderbolts of war ; and Sinclair next ;  
A valiant warrior, and by none excelled  
In arduous toils to aid his country's cause ;  
Yet Fortune still upon his efforts frowned,  
But ne'er could tear him from his country's heart.  
Lincoln was next : of rare accomplishment  
As a commander, and of high repute  
For prudence, bravery, and enterprise,  
Which ne'er misfortune tarnished. Taciturn,  
Yet e'er sincere and frank he was to all ;  
And stood with Knox (the next appointed now)  
High in the affections warm of Washington.  
Warren was next appointed—(at his name  
Abdiel o'ercome can scarce for tears proceed!)—  
Illustrious hero ! but, alas, scarce called  
To aid his suffering country ere she saw him  
Seal with his blood the charter of her freedom !  
His name appeared a Hesperus beaming through  
The darkening clouds then settling o'er the world.  
Greene next and last was chosen : justly esteemed,  
In martial prowess, enterprise, and skill,  
As next to Freedom's first and greatest son.  
Just were his thoughts and noble : from the first  
Fearless he stood, the friend of Liberty ;  
And on in duty's sacred pathway moved,  
Nor cared, while there, if hated, loved, or feared.  
And though decided, ne'er his character  
Was marked by vanity, nor would endure  
To hear his deeds forth heralded by Fame,  
Though justly titled to such eminence.  
No disappointment checked his ardent soul,  
Nor danger could affright, nor toil o'ercome.

Meanwhile to Boston other troops arrived  
(Invested closely now by Washington),  
And Gage, thus reinforced, bethinking that  
His forces are sufficient to o'ercome  
Resistance all ; and too, resolved to war  
With more efficiency, issues direct  
A proclamation, granting unto all  
Who'd swear allegiance to the Albion throne  
The Act oblivial, and pardon full  
(Save Samuel Adams and bold Hancock, who'd  
The king incensed too much for mercy's boon) ;  
Which but the States confederate arouse  
More to activity and watchfulness,  
And Gage and Boston closer to invest ;  
Who, angered sore that what he had proclaimed  
Was disregarded all and ridiculed,  
And e'en by poets turned to doggrel rhyme,  
And sung to Yankee Doodle ; he resolves  
The infamy no longer to endure,  
And inconvenience of confinement such,  
And makes all preparation to remove  
Part of his forces thence. But Washington  
This to impede, and likewise to destroy  
The shipping in the harbor, now directs  
Prescott and troop nigh Boston to approach,  
And on the Hill of Bunker fortify,  
Ere the next morning dawned ; who, as they leave  
The camp, are joined by Knowlton and Pomeroy,  
And their bold regiments ; numbering thus in all  
Hundreds thrice five : Soon too by Putnam joined,  
And Warren (who a volunteer had come),  
To take command in the expected fray ;  
And as they on to arduous duty move,  
Phœbus behind the western cliffs descends ;  
Yet, disappearing, tinges o'er the clouds  
(Wreathed in fantastic images) with gold,  
And purple, and the rainbow's witching tints.  
But in the darkness they for Bunker Hill,  
And by mistake, the Hill of Breed attain,  
Where, while the thick and darkening shades advance,  
To fill the hemisphere with midnight gloom,  
A trench they labor to upcast, which shall

From Charlestown to the Mystic stream extend.  
While opposite, in gloomy stillness lay,  
Upon the bosom of the dark swoln flood,  
The hostile ships of war ; wherein the foe  
Proud of his conscious strength, ne'er could believe  
That the despised Columbians would presume,  
In cannon reach an instant to appear.  
But when soft-breathing morn forth springs again,  
And day's swift coursers in the east appear,  
Led by the dancing hours, who, on the earth,  
Scatter the sweets of Paradise, Gage stands  
Amazed to see that while Night held its reign,  
The foe a fortress on the hill had reared,  
And breastwork thrown from Charlestown to the stream.

Then through the Albion camp the huge alarm  
Peals from war's ringing clarion ; while Gage,  
Who now the danger of his fleet discerns,  
Requires that a ne'er-ceasing, heavy charge,  
Be poured upon the works, still incomplete,  
From batteries floating in Mystic stream,  
And from Copp's heights in Boston. Peal on peal,  
The cannonry their thunderings displode,  
Hurling the mangling ball ; while mortars blaze,  
And fire-tailed bombs through the high heavens career,  
Then, bursting as they strike, death scatter round,  
Where stand Columbia's sons ; who, dauntless still,  
Are strengthening their works, nor e'er return  
Upon the enemy a single charge.  
But Gage, discerning now he thus could ne'er  
Dislodge them, who still labor to complete  
Their parapet, next barges frequent sends,  
And boats, with regulars (three thousand strong),  
By Howe and Pigot led, the works to storm ;  
Which, when discerned, Columbia's sons direct  
Forego their labors and for strife prepare.  
In the redoubt the Massachusetts troops  
Are posted, and along the unfinished trench  
Which nearest to it stands ; while on the left  
And open ground, stretching along its point,  
E'en to the water side, where time refused  
To give them leave the rampart to complete,  
'Twas with them filled in part, and with the troops,

(Connecticut's bold sons) by Knowlton led,  
 And with New Hampshire's sons led on by Starke,  
 Him who with Wolfe had victory obtained,  
 Upon the plains renowned of Abraham.

Now suddenly, with rattling peal, the drum  
 Begins its stirring notes, as straight the foe,  
 Debarking rapid, form in lengthened line,  
 And far as eye could reach, upon the heights  
 Surrounding, crowds all anxious are beheld—  
 Parents and children, sisters, wives and friends  
 Of whom were now to bleed in Freedom's cause,  
 Spectators of the all-absorbing scene ;  
 Whose fervent prayers frequent for them ascend.  
 While seated on a cloud, far, far above  
 Bunker's proud height, appear the noble shades  
 Of whom for liberty had toiled and bled  
 In former days, intent upon the scene :  
 Sternly majestic, here the shade appears,  
 Of Junius Brutus ; and the awful shade  
 Of virtuous Cato : here Leonidas,  
 And those who with him fell on yonder plain ;  
 And Platæ's heroes ; Marathon's renowned ;  
 And Hampden, Cromwell, Milton, Sydney, Pym,  
 With their compeers, still dear to earth and heaven ;  
 And those whose recent fall at Lexington,  
 Aroused the trump of Freedom through the land ;—  
 All, all were there ! and saw with joy sincere,  
 The champions of the same all-glorious cause,  
 For which they'd once so toiled, now ready, too,  
 Like them, to perish or that cause to gain.

Now, while with steady step advance the foe,  
 In all their martial pomp, with rattling drums,  
 And frequent banners floating in the air,  
 And roar of thundering artillery ;  
 Warren (who'd on the left command assumed),  
 Forth moving in advance of his brave ranks,  
 Thus for his country's sacred cause is heard ;  
 Eternal King, whom heavenly hosts obey !  
 Thou who wilt hearken to the prayer sincere  
 Of thine oppressed creatures, hear us now !  
 For we to thee appeal in justice of



The sacred cause which now we would defend,  
Grant us thine aidance in the deathful charge  
(Thine aid alone can victory insure),  
For if unaided by thee we must fail.  
'Tis not for life, but Freedom we implore ;  
We ask but to regain our country's rights ;  
The rights which thou hast to our fathers given ;  
The rights which now our foes would from us tear.  
Sustain us, Oh thou God of Righteousness !  
As now we enter on the charge which brings  
Death to our ranks, or freedom to our land.  
Thus he ; then to his gallant followers thus :  
The moment is at hand, my countrymen,  
Which calls us to engage with our once friends,  
In war for freedom and for hearths and altars !  
So be it. 'Tis not now for us to shrink,  
Though long we've labored to avert this hour.  
But here I swear before th' Almighty King  
That having in the warfare now engaged,  
I'll ne'er, while life continues, cease the strife,  
Until before our arms they shall retire  
From the whole land, and our united aim  
Shall free our country and ourselves from chains !  
The troops his utterances intently list ;  
Then with loud cheers that through the welkin ring  
Assume as one their leader's patriot vow.

The foe still come ; yet halting oft to give  
Time for the field-artillery to pour  
Their stream of death where stand Columbia's sons.  
In front the towering grenadiers advance,  
With the Welsh fusileers, whose valor stern  
Was known on Minden's plains ; while to the left  
To flank the lines where Warren holds command  
Move their light infantry ; and on the right  
To assail where Putnam leads the war, advances  
Figtot impetuous for the fiery charge ;  
While Howe in person leads the centre on  
Against the lines of Prescott and Pomeroy.  
Till now careering through the air appears  
A carcass aimed at Charlestown by Burgoyne,—  
A signal to the seamen stationed there  
To fire the town ; and terror thus t' inspire

'Midst the Columbian ranks ; and suddenly  
 Charlestown in one huge rolling blaze appears ;  
 A hideous sea of fire uptost by winds,  
 While wide o'er earth the flaming brands are borne.  
 The churches with their towering spires appear  
 High o'er the whole as pyramids of fire,  
 Then thundering plunge adown : while peal on peal  
 The roar of mortars and artillery  
 From Boston's heights and th' approaching foe ;  
 Mingling with horrid crash of tumbling walls ;  
 Of vessels on the stocks ; of mansions grand ;  
 And with the hoarse shouts of the soldiery  
 On moving still ;—the very welkin shakes ;  
 But yet unmoved the star-gemmed banner stands.

Now in the front of his slow-moving ranks  
 Appears their leader Howe, and thus is heard ;  
 O ye immortal warriors of Britannia !  
 Ye conquerors of European powers ;  
 Who have the ocean's trackless wave o'ercrest  
 Amidst its storms and boisterous perils all,  
 To crush the viperous brood of rebels here !  
 What do your eyes discern at yonder point ?  
 'Tis our rebellious slaves ! And now, my boys,  
 I give you thirty minutes for the fray  
 To strike that cursed starry banner down :  
 And let the wretched ditch they 've burrowed there  
 Entomb the vile ungrateful miscreants all,  
 Should they presume to stand your gallant charge.  
 Look at the Yankees with their sleeves upturned !  
 See too their rusty guns ! 'Tis doubtful, sirs,  
 If they have ever used them ; Ah, I see !  
 One half have placed their bullets in the pan,  
 And priming in the muzzle ; nor have they,  
 Poor harmless things ! a single bayonet  
 Half their line's length. I do the thought detest  
 Of shooting 'em ; and will each man reward  
 Who'll capture safely ten of them unharmed.  
 You easily can do it. Now, my lads,  
 March on ! March on ! and show them you're the sons  
 Of England ; and are loyal to her King :  
 Soon then you'll see them scatter o'er the hill  
 Like frightened rats from an old barn on fire.

Meanwhile among their dauntless warriors move  
 Warren and Putnam, Prescott and Pomeroy,  
 With burning words; and thus is Warren heard:  
 My gallant friends, behold yon phalanx huge  
 Slowly approaching us! What is the aim  
 It would accomplish? 'Tis our land to enslave!—  
 Their cannon's roar commands us to be slaves.  
 With fratricidal hand the sword they've drawn,  
 And onward in a common league with Hell  
 Urge the fell enterprise. You see their war,  
 With sanguine brow and glimmering bayonets  
 Scowling a tempest wrath against your land.  
 They come, th' inheritance from us to tear,  
 Purchased with blood by our great ancestors;  
 The rights and freedom they've to us bequeathed,  
 To keep in trust for ages yet unborn:  
 They come to enslave our venerable sires;  
 Our wives and mothers; and they come to bring  
 Fetters and chains to bind our helpless babes!  
 While the lone barrier now interposed  
 Between them and their aim, my countrymen,  
 Is your own bosoms. Would you leave th' entail  
 Of slavery to your offspring? Would you yield  
 The sacred trust reposed in us? If not,  
 These lines must be defended,—and by you.  
 Let them but be up-given, and what can we  
 Avail with all our efforts to withstand  
 The tide of desolation as it on  
 Hideous shall sweep and o'er our country roll?  
 At Lexington our brothers nobly stood  
 E'en to the death ere they'd consent t' upyield  
 One particle. You knew those gallant men,—  
 They've left their mantles for you; will you wear them?  
 If so, the field is ours. The foe is brave;  
 But we've their might approved and they our own,  
 Upon a field their memory ne'er can lose.  
 And now, my heroes, view yon heights and see  
 Where trembling stand your parents, children, wives;  
 Who now on you alone of all mankind  
 Depend, their sacred rights to vindicate,—  
 Their rights so trampled on. If you approve  
 Yourselves the sons of Freedom on this field,  
 Their rights will be inviolate maintained;

And coming ages bless ; but should you shrink,  
They now to freedom speak a long farewell.

He ceased ; and meanwhile Putnam thus is heard :  
Reserve your fire, my boys, until the foe  
Attain the distance marked ; then pour it in  
Upon 'em thick as hail ! and take good aim ;—  
Don't waste a single charge ; powder and ball  
Are not too plenty in our camp just now :  
Don't touch a trigger till you 've marked your man.  
With you I take my lot to stand or fall ;  
For if we cannot gain the righteous cause  
We 're now about to fight for, we have lived  
Quite long enough : I know you think as I do.

Onward in martial pomp the foe still come,  
With the hoarse cannonry and mortars' roar  
Hurling the fire-tailed bomb and mangling ball  
And grape and chain shot through Columbia's ranks ;  
Till now within the fatal distance marked,  
Quick as the lightning's gleam, from the whole line  
One hideous sheet of fire upon them burst  
As suddenly Columbia's heroes touch  
A thousand triggers. Back they fall appalled !  
While death in every dreadful form appears  
Through the whole field ; and hollow groans ascend  
From valiant soldiers weltering in their gore.  
Still peal on peal th' incessant burst of fire  
Along th' extended breastwork sweeps them down  
As sinks the heavy corn beneath the scythe.  
Whole sections fall ! Columbia's sons appear  
As fabled Mars himself 'mid slaughter dire  
Vaulting forth flame with sulphurous smoke in clouds,  
A rolling canopy ; until the field  
Is covered o'er with night. But now dismayed  
The foe quick break, and on, e'en to the boats,  
For safety rush ; where their brave officery  
Forms them anew and leads them to the charge.  
On then with battle's proud array they move ;  
The pealing clarion summoning to the war ;  
While heavy charge of cannon and platoons  
Sounds like the coming thunder's lumbering roar.  
Then o'er the hill e'en to the rampire's front,

The aged form of THAXTOR is beheld  
(A clergyman whose locks had now been bleached  
By seventy winters ; and who'd ever stood  
The faithful friend of freedom and her soil) ;  
Advancing ; and, upon th' embattled field,  
Full in the front of the approaching foe,  
He, kneeling, lifts to Heaven his soul sincere,  
While o'er him fly globes flaming through the air,  
Or bursting near ; yet still unmoved he prays  
That God would ne'er the righteous cause desert  
Of the oppressed, but by their arms now hurl  
Adown for aye upon Columbian soil  
Despotic Power ; until her sons shall all  
Possess the boon of liberty God-given.  
Then slow retires he from the field unharmed,  
E'en as the foe arrive the fatal line,  
And Prescott's voice loud sounds the word to charge :  
When suddenly once more as lightning's glimpse  
The flash is seen, as on them rapid rolls  
The whole Columbian charge, thick scattering death  
On every side ; and ranks on ranks they fall :  
E'en as when o'er the earth the typhon sweeps  
With scathing lightning ; and the harvest fair  
And standing maize uptears, and beauteous groves,  
Offsnapped and crashing, smites upon the ground.  
Yet onward move the foe scorning to yield,  
Though handled dreadfully ; for now down sink  
In death their noble officery, and 'round  
O'er the wide field the crimson sluice of life  
Spouts from the breast of loved companions slain :  
And now in wrath they essay th' redoubt to storm,  
But are again with loss severe repelled :  
When paralysed with awe, in ghastful mood  
They stand a dubious moment ; then again  
Breaking they hurry onward to the stream ;  
While shouting officers in vain attempt  
To stay their headlong progress : On they press ;  
On, and still onward, rapidly ; as rushed  
The chosen seed of Israel pursued  
By the fierce Memphian Despot, when the sea  
Cleaved by the Prophet's wand a passage gave,  
While rolling thunders o'er them shook the heavens.

As the dark flood-tide of the ocean swells,  
Whose billows, tempest lashed, in grandeur rise,  
And to the shores approach foaming and rushing,  
Then break in tumult huge and back retire ;  
But soon return, and thunder, roar, and rush,  
And lash the sounding shore ; impetuous thus  
On came the foe, but vain ! for all unmoved  
Columbia's Sons the mighty shock withstand.

But from the hill of Copp the scene by Gage  
Is witnessed now, who Clinton hurries thence  
With reinforcements large to aid the war :  
While from the camp of Washington too moves  
A reinforcement, yet can ne'er arrive ;  
Since o'er the neck at each essay to cross,  
The huge collected power of fierce broadsides  
From Albion's vessels oft sweep grape and round,  
And chain-shot bearing death to all who come.  
And now long labors Clinton to inspire  
With hope renewed, and lead to the assault  
The troops so sore repulsed ; for 'mid their ranks  
In tones of mutiny the words are spoke,  
It is in truth sheer murder, us to lead  
Against their lines while the curst rebels hold  
That parapet ! But now appeased, they fall  
In line once more and onward rapid move  
Aroused to fury ; and in deadliest fray  
Soon are engaged : and now the batteries  
Floating, and gunboats in the Mystic stream,  
Soon being brought to bear at left and right,  
Renew their charge reiterate, which sweeps  
Th' redoubt, it flanking quite, with far-spread death,  
Upon Columbia's lines ; who yet in front  
Sustain and unappalled the furious war :  
While from the field around, and Boston's heights,  
And Charlestown still in sheets of flame enveiled,  
Clouds of convolving smoke ascending soar  
And tower in sulphurous columns to the skies :  
And loud and louder still the horrid din  
And darkening tumult rage, as o'er the field  
Redoubling peal on peal the artillery  
Rebellow, and oft sheets of vaulting fire  
Blaze from the musketry in answering charge,

'Mid battles' furious shouts and wild acclaim :  
 And from the hill course down with human gore  
 A hundred streams ! Then from the heights around  
 Where stand the observers trembling, ascends  
 The prayer of agony ; Merciful God !  
 Oh stay this dreadful carnage of our race !  
 Is not Death satisfied ? Oh stay his hand ;  
 Spare thou the remnant which may yet remain !

Onward now rush the foe with maddening shouts  
 And gain at bayonets' point the rampire's front,  
 Where from his steed Howe falls, whose better foot  
 Had felt the unwelcome wound : while through the breast  
 Pitcairn too pierced, falls heavily, as he  
 Mounting the breastwork cries, the day is ours !  
 His gallant son discerns his hapless fall,  
 And to him hastes with tender sympathy  
 And all the zeal of filial piety,  
 And in his arms him to the boats conveys ;  
 Where soon his fading eyes for ever close.  
 Meanwhile along Columbia's line entire  
 (Save scattering shots at intervals and few),  
 The firing ceases ; as their brief supply  
 Of ammunition fails, and fails, e'en as  
 The foe once more in dubious hesitance  
 Appear to stand ; but now the fierce assault  
 With vigor they renew ; and, covered by  
 The cannon, ships, and floating batteries  
 Which now are brought to rake from end to end  
 The breastwork, speedy terminate the fray.

But while the foe are warring at the redoubt  
 And breastwork, their Light Infantry assail  
 Upon the left where Warren holds command ;  
 Where such reception meeting as their friends  
 Had realized along the rampire's front  
 Their column sudden turns, and down the hill  
 Wide-scattering spreads ; e'en as some wintry cloud,  
 Heavy and dark, is by the whirlwind broke  
 And scattered through the broad expanse of heaven.  
 But by the voice of Abercrombie 'roused  
 And Rawdon, they with fury soon return :  
 While still Columbia's sons by Warren cheered

Resist full firm, and stand with rocky breast  
 Against th' impetuous fury of the charge :  
 And though repeated oft (for oft they flee),  
 He stands till half his number spend their life ;  
 And then before superior bayonets  
 Moves off 'neath sheets of the quick-vaulting flame ;  
 And yet his shattered regiments from defeat  
 Fully preserved. This band the army saved.  
 Warren's quick eye discerned, that should they flinch,  
 Their friends were lost ; as then the enemy  
 Would have attained their rear ; and all egress  
 Barred, or return. But when he them beholds  
 Safe from the works retired, he leads his men,  
 On whom now bears the British sway entire,  
 Slow from the field ; yet as they onward move,  
 Each inch of ground he gallantly disputes,  
 Guarding it still with lover's jealousy ;  
 And in succession each position new  
 That of defence admitted, occupies.  
 But lo ! a shriek of sudden anguish 'wakes  
 From the Celestial Guardians of thy sons,  
 Columbia ! as now thy Warren falls !  
 A fall how sad for thee ! His dying eyes  
 He, opening, bids his country loved farewell !  
 And icy dews of death embathe his brow,  
 As soars his soul to everlasting rest.  
 Thus fair, and gemmed with dew, a poplar tall  
 And youthful, stands in flower-besprinkled vale,  
 The pride of Summer ; but by Typhon's rage  
 Its brittle trunk is snapped, and o'er the field  
 Its blossoms and its leaf-clad boughs are strown.

His character was such you well might deem  
 That Freedom had its features moulded all  
 Just to her mind ; for he his country loved  
 With real enthusiasm ; and his life  
 To toils incessant and severe, had given,  
 With health and fortune to promote her weal :  
 Prompt to obey at any hour her call  
 To any duty, he'd no sacrifice  
 Refuse, that might her sacred cause demand.  
 With soul imbued by Science deeply too,  
 He shone alike in cabinet or field,



And fitted was to govern or obey.  
 Fearless and frank ; not thoughtless e'er or rash ;  
 And calm at Danger's post, a post he e'er  
 Desired in Freedom's war ; and views profound  
 And large ; none better knew to estimate  
 Than he, the lives trusted to his command ;  
 (And well they knew and owned his power to lead !)  
 And human life's high value knew too well  
 To sacrifice in rash experiment ;  
 Yet he had learned that whensoe'er required  
 The victim to the altar must be led.

Although the faithless canvas now has lost  
 His form, and quite decayed ; although the stone  
 Is worn by time till it no more can speak  
 His patriotic deeds ; Columbia  
 Still views her proud success in Freedom's war,  
 As purchased by his death ; and e'en with tears  
 Yet mentions his great name !

Now as he sinks in death, aloft are heard  
 The sweetest notes by Cherub voices raised ;  
 Flowing along soft as the mildest touch  
 Of Dorian lyre, or the mellifluous strains  
 Of Persian reed, or soothing Lydian flute,  
 Breathed formerly along the Grecian rills  
 And classic shades ; or, as that sound more sweet  
 Nigh Bethlehem heard ; or now, when from the skies  
 Angels in choral symphony descend  
 Awhile to abide below,—o'er hill and dale  
 Sigh their sweet notes as echoed songs of heaven ;  
 E'en so th' Cherubic voices raised, they thus  
 Roll their melodious lays :

    Welcome to thy heavenly home,  
     Martyred son of Liberty !  
 Though in battle thou didst fall,  
     Thy loved country yet shall be  
 Freed from the Oppressor's thrall ;  
     Freed from chains and slavery.  
 He who is the God of Battle,  
     Hath declared it shall be done ;  
 He presides where cannon rattle ;  
     He'll it free by Washington.

Welcome to thy heavenly rest,  
 Thou who didst for Freedom die !  
 Welcome to thy seat among  
 Those who praise the Lamb on high ;  
 Raise thou, too, the joyful song,  
 Join the chorus of the sky.  
 All thy sufferings now are ended,  
 All thy sorrows, toil, and pains,  
 'Tis for thee we have descended,  
 Come, arise, where Jesus reigns !

And as they sang  
 They joyfully ascended to the skies.

Nor Warren did they waft alone to rest !  
 Columbia mourned the untimely fall  
 Of other gallant sons. Here Gardner died ;  
 With Parker, Moore, and generous McClary ;  
 And numerous of her warriors beloved,  
 Whose fame not e'en Simonides could sing.  
 Britain, too, mourned her valiant officery  
 With thrice five hundreds of her army slain.  
 Nor durst she far pursue her gallant foe,  
 Though in retreat ; nor more the strife renew  
 That season, by essays t' remove from town  
 Into th' interior as Gage designed,  
 But through the year blockaded there remains.

Boston with sorrow huge, and agony,  
 Heard that her Warren fell ! that he who had  
 In all her councils so conspicuous shone,  
 And them directed ;—who'd to Liberty  
 Pointed, and led the way, was now no more !  
 And with his death her fond expectancies  
 Of years of future glory and renown,  
 When genius so illustrious is matured ;  
 For ever dashed ! As when some lovely flower  
 Nursed by the genial summer-sun forth breathes  
 Fragrance delightful ; but is suddenly  
 Broke by the gale as fierce it sweeps along ;  
 So midst the hopes of promised years of joy,  
 When Pleasure in expectance holds her reign,  
 How oft th' insatiate monster Death appears,

To dash the cup with sorrow's bitterest lees !  
Instant all sound of festal mirth and song  
Through the whole city hushed spontaneously :  
The viol, flute, and the soft-soothing harp,  
And voice of gladness, there no more are heard :—  
She knows no joy, her Warren now is slain !

Congress the stroke too felt, and long deplored  
As pure a patriot as the world could boast ;  
And well she'd known the gallant hero's worth.  
Her tears and anguish tell his value true,  
And show how great she deems her country's loss.  
Loss great at any time ; but doubly now  
To liberty, and to her suffering cause,  
Who rarely hath so loved a son deplored.

Yet, one I know (spake I, as Abdiel closed),  
By love of purest patriotism fired ;  
Who,—But, my Muse, why this o'erflow of tears ?  
Why so o'erwhelmed as scarce to find thy way  
To guide my song ? Ah, well may tears now flow !  
He's fallen e'en while I my lay attune !  
Although ambition for the warrior's fame,  
Unhallowed, curst ambition ! ne'er o'erswayed  
His noble heart ; yet, had his country needed  
Another Warren, she'd in Wirt have found him :  
The high ambition of whose soul sincere,  
Was to behold sweet peace and happiness,  
And knowledge through her wide domain diffused.  
For this, unceasing toiled he ! to this end  
His brilliant powers were consecrated all.  
Well may'st thou falter, Muse ; well may'st thou weep,  
That he has left thee ! His dear classic toils,  
The Poet taught in childhood's early hour,  
To prize the memory of that Sacred Band  
Who purchased freedom for him ; and e'en then,  
His soul with patriotic zeal inspired.

## BOOK VI.

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ARGUMENT.

The distressed condition of America, arising from her destitution of the requisites means for carrying on the war, and likewise from the vast numbers of foreign troops which England still continues to pour upon her shores. Destruction of the towns of Falmouth (now Portland). Attempt of Lord Dunmore to rob the Americans of their Military stores in Virginia. Results. Reflex influence of the Revolution. Washington opens his next campaign, and compels the British to evacuate Boston. A squadron of the fleet thence proceeds to Charleston, South Carolina, with the intention of capturing it. Battle of Sullivan's Island. Repulse of the fleet, and its removal to Dewees Island for repairs. Episode.

But o'er Columbia dark lowering clouds
Collected now and rapidly ; while she
Nigh destitute of ammunition stands,
And arms, and war's munitions all ; nor knew
Where to obtain supplies : for she possessed
No aids by which to manufacture arms
Or ammunition ; as her father-land,
In exercise of power despotic, ne'er
To her allows to manufacture aught
For home-consumption e'en ; that she should seek
Supplies from Albion's ports, and realize
Dependence such upon the Crown as may
Secure allegiance to it. And e'en now,
In the dread hour of destitution such ;
And such portentous horrors imminent ;
This rich, this puissant foe, inpouring was,
Upon her coast by myriads, foreign troops,—
Germania's Legions, bought (as cattle are,
For slaughter) of their Prince for the dire deed
Of quenching Liberty's fair star in blood.
Nor came they willingly : for Freedom e'er
To their own land was dear, as Varus learned
When felt his thundering legions the dread power
Arminius wielded. No ! they came compelled
By ruthless tyrants who'd her thrones usurped,
And sold for paltry gold her free-born sons

To die in hostile arms arrayed against
The suffering sons of freedom far away :
For now had King and Parliament declared
Against the Colonies ; hence onward come
The invading armies. While command is given
Unto the naval officery, to move
Against all towns by sea accessible,
Which friendship ought evinced for Liberty,
As would they where rebellion was avowed.

Then under color of this dire command,
'Tis now determined Falmouth to destroy :
And Mowat with his pirate fleet anorth
Moves to perform the deed, and demonstrates
His aim by actions ne'er equivocal.
In vain the town by treaty now essay
To avert the impending ruin ; and in vain
The sex present before his visage stern
Their young and helpless offspring, and entreat
That he would spare their only shelter from
The frosts and snows of Winter's angry breath
So near at hand. No sympathy awakes
Within his heart obdured. He gives the word,
And straight the mortars huge and cannonry
Begin their fierce display ; and soon compel
The inhabitants for safety far to flee
To forests dense, or the bleak hills around.
Then by his stern command the town is fired,
Whose rapid flames aspiring roll to heaven,
Nor leave a single shelter to secure
The sick and feeble from the northern blast.

Now Dunmore, who the chief command retains
Of Albion's forces in the Old Domain,
Essays by stealth unto his fleet to remove
The military stores Columbia had
Collected there : whereon the Orator,
Full brave as eloquent, leads on the troops
Of his command e'en to the Capitol,
And him, by restitution full, compels
To recompense the theft : who issues then
A proclamation to the citizens,
Requiring each throughout the State to yield

Aidance to quell th' rebellion, and maintain
 The dignity of Albion's injured Throne.
 But failing here, he summons next the slaves,
 (O strange inhabitant of Freedom's soil !)
 Whom, when convened in numbers, thus he speaks :
 Ye gallant Africans, who've now so long
 Endured oppression at their hands, who vaunt
 Themselves the Sons of Liberty ; to you
 I bring deliverance from your cruel wrongs.
 In the King's name I grant to those who'll aid
 To quell this foul rebellion, LIBERTY !
 Wish you the freedom that your sires enjoyed ?
 I'll grant it : follow me ; you'll want for naught ;
 And shall be saved from Slavery's hateful chain.
 What say you, then, my heroes ? will you join
 With me against these rebel masters all ?
 They're rebels ; and I'll hang them every one.—
 Yes, every one ! and if I find you with 'em,
 You must be likewise hung—there's no reprieve !
 I'm sorry ; but the King will have it so.
 But if you join us now you shall be free :
 And brandy you can have, and rum, to drink,
 As much as you desire. What say you, then ?
 Would you be rich, and own great farms yourselves ?
 Would you be gentlemen, and see the King ?
 Such is the lot of those who follow me.

Some join his standard ; and, assigning arms
 To such, he leads 'em to his Yorktown camp,
 Which, though unfortified, the Fowey defends,
 With other Albion vessels stationed nigh :
 And thence his forces leading on against
 Some neighboring volunteers of Liberty,
 Is with huge loss repulsed : but as he now,
 Burning with shame and fell revenge, returns,
 He Norfolk reached (defenceless all, whose sons
 With Henry were far distant), and with heart
 Of adamant, tempered amidst hell-fire,
 Applies the torch ; which soon the town displays
 As one wide rolling sea of towering flame,
 Then as a heap of smouldering ruins all.
 But, close pursued, he's to embark compelled,
 With his whole motley force ; yet still maintains

A predatory war, along the streams,
And Chesapeake, against th' inhabitants,
Whose houses and plantations he destroys.

Nor rested o'er the land such clouds alone,
So dark and cheerless ! Others too arose
In the horizon, all portentous to
Her hopes indulged ; who oft, with grief o'ercome
And woe, exclaims, Has Heaven then given me o'er
To be the sport of Hell's malignant Powers !
What glooms are settling o'er my prospects all,—
Deeper and sadder still as on they come ;
Portending new afflictions to my sons,
And dangers undefined and imminent !
Nor brightening horizon, which revives
Fond hope of happier days, to me remains !
Thus didst thou grieve, Columbia, in this hour
So gloomy and so sad ; for now thy strife
The banishment of legal power had brought
Throughout thy realm entire ; whose sad result
Was dire misrule : nor could restraint be found
To operate to check the growth of crime,
Increasing rapidly. While prowling wolves,
In human form, thy sufferings augment ;
And ravage and destroy ; or, on pretence
Of loyalty to thee or to the Throne,
As best with opportunity accords.
Thy suffering sons a precipice behold
Dreary and dark ; and where wild ruin stares ;
O'er which their country's barque seemed doomed to plunge,
Impelled with fearful speed by currents strong,
Become now nigh resistless ; yet in God,
Their fathers' God, and their own Covenant God,
They still confide, and labor to be free.

Meanwhile was Gage by Parliament recalled ;
Who now desire a Leader for the war,
Whose high celebrity in arms might awe
The Colonies ; and, too, whose character
And noble deeds might recommend their cause.
And hence to Thee their fond expectance turns,
Great Oglethorpe ! but unto whom thou thus :
The cause I'll undertake ; and shall require

No armies to insure a speedy end
 Of the dire warfare ; if to me is given
 The privilege to assure our brethren in
 The Colonies that they shall justice find :
 Commissioned thus, the service I'll accept.
 Whereat the Cabinet, chagrined, devolve
 Upon Lord William Howe supreme command :
 And next, of Effingham they now require
 To aid the warfare ; but he, to the King
 Thereon, gives back his sword (by which so oft
 He had the warrior's proudest bays obtained),
 And thus bespeaks : Sire, I this sword received
 The sacred cause of justice to maintain,
 Not of oppression ! Ne'er, brave Effingham,
 Shall cease thy name to live in freemen's hearts.
 Nor thine, brave Rockingham, nor, Camden, thine ;
 Nor Shelburne, Richmond, Buckingham ; who durst
 To be sincere in virtue's cause, and speak
 E'en in the ears of heartless Royalty,
 Your high approval of Columbia's stand,
 When none could be sincere and favor find.

But now the next campaign by Washington
 (Who with his camp at Cambridge still abides)
 Is opened ; and with tact, which tells his foes
 How vain their hopes of speedy triumph are :
 For now, as Hyems with his hoary train
 Is nigh departing, Washington resolves
 To make the essay to compel the foe
 From Boston and its port ; and now detached,
 While evening's shadows slow the land o'erspread,
 Five regiments to the Heights of Dorchester,
 And all prepared to fortify thereon
 A point which should the town and port command :
 And as Night shows her coming reign, on move
 The darkened ranks in column close ; till now,
 By Cynthia's full orb cheered, they soon attain
 The wish'd heights ; around whose base, dense fogs
 And hovering the city-all conceal.

First from the camp the covering party moves,
 Of thrice three hundred ; following in whose rear
 Move cars four hundred, with th' utensils all

Required for the intrenching ; followed by,
Of men, five hundred thrice told o'er, led on
By Thomas ; following whom, a train of cars
On moves, with fascines loaded ; and with hay
In bundles pressed of each nine hundred weight.
And now as on they're moving, Washington
'Wakes, at a point diverse, the foes' alarm,
By sudden roar of cannonry ; who stand
In waiting for a night assault till morn.
While soon as at the neck of Dorchester
Arrived, the well-screwed hay, the party place
In lengthened line along the Boston side,
The troops to shelter from a raking fire,
In passing or repassing. Then, albeit
The ground in depth two feet or more is froze,
They ere the dawn two fortresses complete,
And have their lengthened breastwork finished nigh.

But now as silvery Cynthia resigns
Her rule in heaven, and blushing morn appears,
The enemy discern upon the heights
The works full nigh completed : and amazed
They stand a season, doubting what should prove
The end of this bold measure ; yet assured
That if they Thomas thence could not compel,
Boston must be evacuated soon.
Nor could they cease revolving Bunker's scenes
And the huge loss endured so lately there ;
Well knowing that a repetition must
E ensue, should they attempt the heights to storm.
Yet while the emergency they ponder o'er
A cannonade tremendous is commenced
From Boston's heights and shipping in her ports
Pouring on Dorchester the fiery stream :
While cannon-shot rebounding o'er the hill,
Or rolling through the ranks of freedom's sons,
Unheeded pass ; who, while the morning stays,
Are in expectance momentarily
Of the essay to take the heights by storm ;
For now the royal forces are discerned
In motion, and appear embarking for
The shores of Dorchester. While all around
The hills and elevations covered are

And densely with the dark and gathering throngs,
 Who crowd to witness horrid deeds of war.
 While Washington amid his ranks is seen
 Joyful, as he perceives them ready now
 And for the strife impatient. Yet to the youth
 (Their first campaign!) this is a scene of awe;
 Who stand with deep emotion pictured in
 Their countenance a moment, then soon paled
 As sudden thoughts of parents and of home
 In memory rise and throbs the laboring heart;
 But all now list the voice of Washington:

Let them ascend; they'll find this hill approved
 A second Bunker to their serried ranks.
 Yes, Bunker! thy proud summit shall remind
 The unborn ages of Columbia's sons,
 Of freedom's worth; and shall of freedom's power
 Remind her foes whene'er they would assail.
 The odds which are against us fearful seem:
 But while God leads our way th' impossible
 Is easy to accomplish: and without Him
 The possible impracticable stands.
 If then unto our God and country true
 He'll lead us still, and we may laugh to scorn
 The wiles and machinations of the foe.
 What have they yet with all their power availed?
 Naught that encourage can their hopes forlorn,
 Though now we weakest are, and scarce prepared
 For the encounter with their war's array.
 But while we strengthening are, they're losing power;
 And this they know: and soon they've too to learn
 This country shall from the dense clouds emerge
 Which now her sky enveil. You shall discern
 And soon, as prologue to the scene desired,
 Yon mighty armament remove afar
 From whom so long their tyranny's oppressed.
 These works must victory give; a prelude bright
 Of what awaits our arms throughout the land.

Our arduous toils shall yet the principles
 Disseminate of freedom through the world
 Which now is us beholding. This it is
 The tyrant startles in his dreams of power;—

This rouses up the slumbering energies
Of the down-trodden nations. Here we've sought
To nurture Liberty ; and hence this war,—
This murderous war by European Powers.
Be calm and firm, my heroes : Triumph now
In Freedom's war emancipates the world.

But ere the foe them to assail attempt
The day now closes ; yet within the trench
Columbia's warriors await the morn
All patiently ; and at whose earliest dawn
Their cannonry resound in answering peal
From the now finished works ; and Howe, aware
How much his fleet and army are exposed,
Is soon of the necessity convinced
Of Boston leaving : who, a flag of truce
On sends immediate to Washington,
Acquainting him of the resolve to leave
Boston direct, and leave it standing, should
The assailing army, sans annoyance aught,
Permit him to retire ; which, if refused,
He'll fire the town a safe retreat to gain.
Then, at an early hour, his troops commence
Their embarkation : and soon under sail
Moves the whole armada far wafting from
Those shores the dreadful scourge of war, so long
Its curse unutterable. And as now
It from the harbor moves, does Washington
His army's major part with speed on send
To New York city (where he follows soon),
It to secure against the enemy.
For all now apprehend that thither Howe
His mighty armament will straight convey.
And meanwhile into Boston, Washington
Moves with four regiments ; and with joy is hailed
By whom imprisoned were therein so long.

But now a squadron of the armament
By Parker led (who'd recently arrived
From Cork with vessels four), to Charleston hastes
Of Carolina South ; conveying there
Cornwallis with seven regiments to proceed
Against the Carolinas ; yet had he
Scarcely upon the coast arrived, ere too

Clinton at Cape of Fear arrives, to lead
 The war 'gainst Charleston, and by land approach ;
 Who soon Long Island reach : while Parker moves
 His squadron through the narrow frith atween
 Long Island and the Isle of Sullivan,
 The harbor to attain. Yet Washington
 Foreseeing such invasion, had despatched
 Lee to command the Southern war ; who, soon
 Arrived, is met by Rutledge, Middleton,
 Moultrie, and Pinckney ; Marion, Davie,
 And Lynch, with all their virtuous compeers ;
 Who, operations to maintain the war
 Vigorous had made. For, with a garrison
 Six thousand strong, Charleston by Lee is held ;
 While Moultrie, too, upthrows a fortress strong
 (Now strongly garrisoned) upon the Isle
 Of Sullivan, the channel to command.

Yet scarcely are they for the strife prepared
 Ere the invading squadron is discerned
 Moving in order towards the narrow frith.
 First comes the Bristol, next the Experiment,
 The Active, Acteon, and Syren next ;
 Then Solebay, Friendship, Sphinx, and Thunder-bomb,
 Followed by vessels twelve of lesser force.
 Far off were they descried, proudly approaching
 Sullivan's Island ; where, abreast its fort,
 Their anchors with spring-cables are down dropped,
 E'en as their dark-mouthed cannon flashing roar
 From the whole line against the parapet ;
 While from the batteries of cannonry
 And mortars on Long Island (late constructed
 By Clinton) opens too the hideous charge.

But ne'er had gallant Moultrie, who commands
 The fortress on the Isle of Sullivan,
 An idle gazer stood ; but when from far
 Sees he the squadron coming, the long-roll
 Commands he to be beat ; when every man
 Instant is at his post ; whom Moultrie thus
 Prepares for the approaching deathful fray :

The hour's arrived, ye gallant countrymen
 Of Washington, and of the intrepid soul

Who fell so recently at Bunker's Hill,
Repelling the mad inroads of the foe ;
When we for Liberty must too contend,
And for our hearths and altars. That same foe
Upon us now is planning a descent ;
You see their armament approaching bold ;
Yea, forming there the line of battle now,
To drive us from our country and our homes ;
Or us to vilest slavery to compel.
If they this fortress pass, then liberty
Is in the South o'ercome, and Charleston gone.
These are not words of course ; their truth you see !
And though each man worthy of life and freedom
Would still us aidance yield, what could it then
Against that powerful armada avail
Should we this point abandon ? Never, friends !
If Charleston's saved, she must by us be saved ;
She must be saved by us while here we stand !
Shall we then stand, and, answering gun for gun,
Pour the red stream of vengeance on the foe ?
Heaven will the measure approbate ! or shall
We turn and flee like deer before the hounds ?

Ah ! should we shrink, how soon yon enemy,
Even as the fire with desolation sweeps
The arid field, would this fair State o'erwhelm
With desolation, blood, and carnage foul !
Or as that typhon dread, which lately swept
Impetuous along the Ashley stream,
Roaring and thundering, and its channel bared,
And hurled in horrid plight to ruin swift
The lengthened train of shipping ; so would they
Rapid destruction sweep throughout their course.
You saw, as down the Wappo it fierce drove,
Hurling along flocks, dwellings, men, before it,
And from its path tearing each tree and shrub,
And the rich fleet then lying in the Road
To ruin sweeping ; yea, our town itself
Threatening to drive as chaff before the wind ;
And would, had Providence not interposed
To turn aside its fury. And in this
You have a likeness faint of what yon foe
Will soon effect should we this point forsake

And to their tender mercies leave our land !
 Plunder's their aim, and slavery our doom,
 The moment when this fortress we resign.
 While, then, 'tis practicable to withstand,
 Who'd advocate submission or retreat ?
 Shame on the coward, who his native land
 Regards not more than life, and would not bleed
 For her at duty's call ! Such are not ye !
 Should they o'erpower us, and by Heaven's permit
 Ravage the country, and our towns destroy ;
 They know us not who think such things can be,
 And we remain spectators of the scene.

Soldiers ! the eyes of Europe's nations all
 Are on our country now ; and every State
 Beholds us with an interest intense
 To mark our movements here. Then if we here
 Perform our duty, 'twill an impulse give
 To freedom's cause not soon to be o'ercome.
 You now the opportunity have gained
 So glorious, and by you desired so long,
 To emulate the example, famed for aye,
 Of our revered progenitors, who us
 Bequeathed a blood-bought freedom ; and of those
 Who late at Lexington and Bunker Hill
 The Tyrant taught that freemen know their power.
 I give the signal ! Now, my gallant boys,
 Think of your fathers and posterity !

Even as he speaks their matches touch the grain
 Of quick explosion ; and full suddenly
 The deep-mouthed cannonry rebelling pour
 From the whole length a thundering broadside,
 Which to its deep foundations jarred the fort,
 And hurl the crashing bolts even through and through
 Britannia's stately vessels. Peal on peal
 From ships to fortress and from fort to ships
 The streams of death rebelling resound,
 Horrific as the lightning's rapid glare
 Followed by heaven's artillery's loudest roar
 In midnight's sleeping hour ; while high above
 The shells careering from the mortars fly,
 And clouds of sulphurous smoke aspiring roll

Darkening the day. With all the fire of youth
The garrison the courage cool unites
Of veterans. But the mad flying bolts
Tear from the Bristol now the cable-springs,
When 'round swings she right stern upon the fort ;
Where, sorely raked, soon of her gallant crew
Full six-score slumber 'neath the dark-blue wave.
And next disabled is the Experiment,
Whose Captain likewise falls ; and full four-score
Of her brave crew him follow to the shades.
And now bold Campbell dies ; and Morris next ;
But the remaining, still undaunted, stand,
And with unintermitted thunder-bursts
Make their dark vessels stream with hostile fire.

Now, by a fiery bolt which cuts away
Its staff, Columbia's banner starred is kened
To fall upon the beach : and in dismay
Charleston upyields her every hope as lost,
Deeming that to the enemy her sons
At length had struck. But Jasper to the beach
Amid the hottest fury of the fray
Forth leaps, and on the rampire plants the flag :
While from the battery's length the shout resounds
(Above the thunders) *Liberty or death !*
And now, while warring gallantly, here falls
The bold M'Donald, through the shoulder pierced
By a huge cannon bolt, and shattered dire ;
And, as the shades of death thick settling are
Over his falling sight, he thus his friends,
His sorrowing friends, bespeaks : Companions brave !
I die ; but shall the cause of liberty
With me expire ? Forbid it, loving friends !
Forbid—but bursts his heart, and to his rest
The angel guide he follows with a smile.
But as the maddening drum-roll, which to fight
Urges the hostile powers, his burning words
Cheer up and animate Columbia's sons ;
While loud and louder still with deafening crash
Their roaring thunders bellow from the strand.
So from the horizon, as the day sinks down,
The sun's mild beam spreads o'er the umbrageous hills,
Gilding the pines ; and, with a rich attire

Of purple splendor dresses every cloud,
 And animates all nature with a glance,
 As he in glory bids the world farewell.
 But, shivered by the charge, the Acteon,
 With all her cables cut, is to the shore
 Now wafted by the winds and tide ; where soon
 (As when Vesuvius pours forth its fires
 With hideous rumblings) sudden she explodes,
 Whose jar terrific shakes the sea and strand.
 And now the Sphinx, all shattered, swift indrinks
 The unwelcome wave ; and, with her gallant crew,
 Sinks ere assisted. Now the Thunder-bomb
 Disabled is, till she no longer can
 Give aidance to the war : but coming Night
 The carnage stays ; and, 'neath her grateful shade,
 The foe their path retrace ; and, ere the dawn,
 For safety had retreated to the main,
 With all who'd on Long Island late debarked.

Now when the Hours the gates of light unfold,
 And Morn, forth blushing, beautifies the east,
 Joy reigns at Charleston ; for the foe had left
 Her coast and waters. She had every hope
 Of aught relief resigned, when from afar
 Their coming she discerned ; for naught had she
 Against their powerful armada to oppose,
 Unless, what she e'en doubted, if employed,
 Could prove successful : hence her gratitude
 At this so joyful hour, unable was
 Sufficient of high honors to bestow
 On Moultrie, Marion, and their gallant band.
 Nor was the sex (fair friends of liberty !)
 In aught behind in patriotism high,
 As showed the honors they conferred. Say, Muse !
 Who were the leaders of these patriots fair ?
 They had no leaders ! All were foremost then,
 And gave their influence pure to liberty.
 I name but an example : Elliot
 (Whose loveliness bedecked fair freedom's cause
 As Venus bright the eastern hemisphere,
 All cheering with the hope of coming day),
 A patriot fair, presents to the command
 Of Moultrie two bright silken standards, wrought

By her own hand, and them bespeaking thus :
Your service in defence of liberty
And of your native land, brave countrymen,
Entitle you to honors high, as all
Admit full cheerfully ; and even strive
Who shall be foremost with their gratitude.
You'll then permit a lady to present
This pair of standards to your regiment.
Accept them, soldiers ; nor can we e'er doubt
That, heaven-protected, you will by them stand
So long as they o'er freedom's soil can wave !
Nor were they tarnished ; nor were standards e'er
With nobler intrepidity sustained.
Upon Savannah's lines, ere long, when war
There raged with slaughter dire, one planted stood
By Bush, who by the enemy was slain
An instant after : nor thus daunted, Hume,
Too, planted his, and instant, too, was slain.
Gray then intrepidly to their support
On hastes ; and, too, his mortal wound receives ;
With whom the standards fell. Then Jasper swift
Uplifting planted them ; but in the essay
His death-wound, too, receives : and seeing now
The foe advancing, he the flags upraised,
And onward rapidly to his compeers
Bears them, and, sinking to the earth, expires.

But now the fleet to Dewees Island move
There to refit ; whence to the mainland oft
Despatched they parties for supplies ; secure
Of aidance and co-operation of
The Tories, in that region numerous.
While, from his camp at Charleston, Lee as oft
Parties detached, the foe to intercept
On such excursions ; in which warrings oft
Would brothers, relatives, yea bosom friends
(Now sadly alienated by the war)
In combat bloodiest each other meet.
Nor were the suffering and woe sustained
In the keen struggle for the southern power
Confined but to the armies : the country o'er
Felt all the dread effects of civil war
In its most savage form : for equally

The habitants divided were atween
 The powers belligerent ; and gradual had
 Their injuries reciprocal aroused
 Wrath mutual 'gainst each other ; neighbors oft
 Their neighbors murdering ; friends their bosom friends ;
 Yea, children ev'n of the same family
 Their hands imbruing in each other's blood ;
 (As tells the hideous fray at Ramsaour's Mills !)
 Till o'er the country desolation reigns,
 And rapine, felony, and massacre.

But from a movement in the camp of Lee
 Which Clinton comprehends not, he direct
 Detached, to gain intelligence, a band
 Under command of Eveleigh ; a youth
 Whose heart with chords of valor true was strung.
 His prowess was inferior to few
 In the King's service ; and in war's rude art
 Scarce was excelled by Cæsar : for he knew
 The science perfectly, and, service oft
 In Europe and America had seen.
 He too in learning, science, and the arts
 Conspicuous shone : a classic orator ;
 Polite ; with soul humane and generous ;
 And fraught with pure and noble principles :
 With person too as fair as though 'twere ne'er
 To death devoted or by sin befouled.
 On with his troop of cavalry he comes
 Seeking for Scophol and his traitorous crew,
 Thence distant but four leagues ; and who, he knew,
 Could the intelligence so wished afford.

But suddenly emerging from a wood
 Before him is a company discerned,
 Well mounted, and of troops Columbian,
 In number nearly equal. 'Twas a force
 That morning sent by Rutlege to observe
 The movements of the hostile fleet ; and led
 By Singleton ; in prowess and in age
 Equal to Eveleigh ; nor fell he aught
 Behind his gallant foe in principles
 Humane and generous. And though excelled

By him in knowledge of the art of war
And in experience ; he him surpassed
In natural tact and daring enterprise.

Soon as by each the other is discerned,
All eager for the battle, mutually
They hastily advance, until the pause
Is made the line to form : and, soon updrawn
Waiting the signal to begin the fray,
They eager stand ; when suddenly advanced
Between the hostile forces Singleton,
And thus the opposite commander hailed :
You are my enemy, and I am yours !
Our troops in number nearly equal seem ;
And from the stern determination they
Have mutually to gain the strife or die,
Naught but extermination can ensue.
We may such consequence avoid, and spare
The blood of these brave men, if you, in fight
Single, me dare encounter,—these the terms :
Whoso is slain or yields, his men shall be
Prisoners unto his rival, and shall yield
Their arms immediate when the fray is o'er.
Whereto thus Eveleigh, whose generous soul
Appreciates his foe's humanity ;
The terms accept I——let the sword decide !

Immediate then the troops, their ranks inbend
Their chiefs encircling ; who, as friends, salute :
Then, turning, slowly part, till to the end
They of their ranks had rode ; when, wheeling swift,
Deep thrust the rowel in their charger's flank,
And on, wild plunging now the falchions draw
Whose gleams far shooting threatened mutual death.
Yet closing, they no wound inflict : then off
Again careering, till, with sudden wheel,
They turn and close, and Singleton is now
By his more practised enemy unhorsed :
When, lest undue advantage he'd assume,
The gallant Eveleigh dismounts, to place
Himself on full equality ; and meets
Singleton foot to foot : whereon the strife
Continues till the sword of Singleton

Offsnaps, who instantly upon him closed
 And Eveleigh made prisoner ; when his troop
 By his command surrendered, and on move
 To the encampment of their warlike foe.

Their souls with noblest sentiments thus fraught,
 Connected too with likeness personal
 Atween the youthful warriors, produced
 An intimacy close ; increasing soon
 To ripened friendship : and, as Singleton
 On furlough, for a season home returns,
 Soon after, he of Lee the privilege gains
 Of his friend's company ; and from the camp
 Move they together. But now travelling
 Without attendant aught, or guard ; though armed
 Fully, and mounted well ; they sudden are
 Encountered by a numerqus Tory band
 (For through a district traitorous lay the route),
 Who forward rush to make them prisoners.
 But Singleton determining he'd ne'er
 With life become a captive to the men
 Whom he for their disloyalty abhorred ;
 And Eveleigh resolving too he'd ne'er
 Survive his friend, who, as a brother loved,
 Regarded him ; with self-possession they
 Intrepidly the traitorous crew assail ;
 First having signals made as if to guide
 Troops in their rear to follow speedy on ;
 When instantly the crew disperse and flee.

Now to the place of destination soon
 Arrive they ; and, the resemblance strong discerned,
 'Tis ascertained by Singleton's grandsire
 In queries oft, that Eveleigh was ev'n
 His grandson—his loved daughter's child, who had
 Long since to England with her husband gone,
 Where soon beneath Death's cruel stroke she fell.

Then, as so happily the days on roll
 Oft would he at the family's desire
 Fair England's scenes portray, and tell of wars,
 And wounds and hardships dire which he had known
 In other climes. And oft, as he'd retell

The tale so animating, 'twould renew
The sympathy and love of all ; nor e'en
Could Angelina's self (the sister fair
Of youthful Singleton) it list unmoved ;
Nor from her heart uproot what soon she feels,
A growing interest in the valiant youth ;
Whose woes lamentable, and sufferings, toils,
And hair-breadth 'scapes encountered oft, and oft
Narrated, would beguile her of her tears ;
Yea, e'en in secret too, reflecting o'er
How one thus youthful had such woes endured.
She was as sweet a flower as ever bloomed
Upon Columbian soil, soil suited well
Such to produce above all other lands ;
(But by mere fancy ne'er be led astray ;—
On richest soils will deadliest poisons grow ;
And heaven alone a Satan could have reared !)
With form from beauty's mould, and soul as pure
As is the mirror of the orient beam
Which sparkles from the leaf as morn appears,
And yet she, as her portion, ne'er preferred
To shine amid gay fashion's senseless round,
Though none could better gain th' admiring praise
Of all its votaries had she so sought.
But this she valued not : and aimed alone
Her grandsire's and her mother's cares to soothe ;
(A widowed mother !) nor could the false glare
Of earth-born pleasure e'er her steps allure
From their loved side. She strove her mind to store
With knowledge useful ; and her heart to improve
By charity, and intercourse with heaven.

Nor Eveleigh himself unmoved had seen
Her form so exquisite, as moves she from
The little arbor hastily to greet
Her brother as on furlough he returns.
And oft, as days so swift and sweetly glide,
He seeks the same loved arbor ; which, full nigh
The dwelling stood ; and, on a little hill,
A lovely flower-besprinkled hill, 'round which
A brook dividing at the northern end
Its stream, and meeting at the southern, purled
With gentlest murmuring o'er its gravelly bed.

Here winding o'er a dwarfish locust tree
 Which each returning spring-tide covers o'er
 With fragrant flowers, two spiry-creeping vines
 Their branches interwove fantastical,
 And trailing to the ground on every side,
 Shielding from Phœbus' rays ; where Angeline
 Spent many an hour in meditation sweet.
 'Twas here, one evening as whispering winds
 Fan pleasantly the sighing groves, he strays
 Alone, 'neath silvery moonlight's witching gleam,
 To sing his love, or sigh it to the breeze
 Upon the plaintive flute ; when, as the sounds
 In rapturous music float upon the air
 (Nor deems he any hear), she near has drawn
 To listen to the song so sweetly tuned
 By his harmonious voice ; and lo ! she learns
 Herself the subject of the song he sings.
 Then seeking stealthily away to hie
 She is by him discerned : who now the cause,
 Suspecting, to her comes ; and by the hand
 Softly her leads, returning ; and, the truth
 Already known, avows to her ; who pleased
 Listens with feigned surprise ; and, ere she would,
 Love's roseate blushes her fond heart betray.

But now the time's arrived, when he away
 Must haste ; though with assurance to return
 Soon as war closed : yet 'tis but briefest space
 Ere Angeline conviction sadly feels
 That she her brother and her Eveleigh
 Shall see on earth no more. Nor knew she why !
 Yet felt assured 'twas so. Her angel guide
 Had on her soul impressed it ; that to heaven
 Her thoughts might fully turn ; for soon was heaven
 To be her blest abode ! And, as around
 Their evening repast the family
 (But two short weeks since Eveleigh had gone)
 Assemble, and upon the war discourse,
 She yields to tears ; whom the grandsire bespeaks
 In liveliest mood, Out with your tears, my babe !
 Your Eveleigh is safe : and if against
 The country warring, soon the war will end
 And he'll return a Duke, and be a Whig,

As my sweet Angeline ! Faint smiling she
The hallowed volume reaches him ; who then
A portion reading, leads to Mercy's throne
Their supplications fervent, as his wont
Was, ere the family to rest retire.

Large was the farm of aged Singleton,
And numerous the slaves who tilled his soil,
Whose dwellings stand far 'round the eminence
Whereon the mansion was ; nor stood aught house
Save these for miles around. But Angeline
At midnight, as the sickly moon ascends
Slowly the horizon, is upstartled from
Uneasy slumbers, by the smothered sound
And indistinct, of voices : Yet of harm
All unsuspecting ; and unwilling too
To 'rouse her mother ; she the window opes
Gently, and leans out listening : But the sounds
Now cease ; and naught discerns she, save the trees
With lengthened shadows smiling in the beams
Of Cynthia : Yet, in withdrawing now,
Discerns a sudden gleam full nigh, amid
The foliage of an ancient willow tree
Whose branches trailed adown upon the ground ;
And, as the breeze the branches gently waves,
She sees a bayonet,—and then direct
A servant hastening with swiftest speed
On towards the house ; who, her observing, cries,
Close up the window ! shut it, shut it, for
The enemy is coming, and have —— Ere
He could the word announce a musket charge
Laid him in deathful anguish on the ground.
Backward she instant draws : yet in the essay
Another flash is seen, and her fair breast
Receives the fiery contents of a gun.
Darkness comes o'er her, and insensible
Lies she a season, till the freshening breeze
Revives her, as it through the window breathes :
When, seeking to the bed wherein she'd left
Her mother loved, all horror-struck, she finds
'Tis empty ; while below is heard the tramp
Of men ; with huge uproar, and female shrieks ;
With horrid imprecations and dire mirth ;

Appalling her with terror. Yet, amid
The din and hideous tumult, she the voice,
Sweet in its accent as the bird at eve
Calling with fond anxiety her young
To shelter in the nest, from which so late
They had attempted flight, hears of her nurse,
Her speaking from a window nigh, O haste,
Haste to the loft, Oh Angeline ! quick, haste !
Repeats the faithful servant. Angeline,
From loss of blood and terror, scarce the door
Can find : yet finding now, she's but to pass
The entry ; but o'er-crossing it discerns
Stretched out in death the cold and bloody corse
And mangled, of her grandsire so beloved !
With horror chilled anew, she lingers scarce
An instant ; yet an instant 'tis too long :
For now a door is opened suddenly
In the extended hall's far end, wherein
She standing is ; and forth the officer,
Commander of the band of murderers, rushed ;
And her discerning, straight with words unchaste
Nigh to her draws ; who kneeling, supplicates
Vainly for mercy ; for, in rudest grasp,
He, seizing, raised her from the floor : when fright,
And agony, and apprehension dire,
Burst her swoln heart, and at his touch she died,
E'en as some lily fair, in spring-tide bloom
Smote by a poisonous reptile fades and dies !
While, with a cry of horror, he the form
Stiffening in death forth from him throws ; and thence
Hastes rapid with his savage troop away.

But there was one who'd seen the barbarous deed,
And heard its author named (a servant he
Aged, and husband of the faithful nurse
Of Angeline) ; who, as the murderous crew
Decamp, forth ventures from his place concealed,
Relief to afford ; and to him calls the nurse
Aidance to yield in carrying to the loft
Their much lov'd charge. Yet ere is this performed
Volumes of smoke, which from the mansion burst,
Announce the hellish deed to be complete.
Then, while the form of her loved foster child

The faithful nurse supports, he softly
Forth ventures to observe the movements of
The enemy ; who're now by him discerned,
Loaded with booty, winding o'er the hill.
Straight then the servants with their precious freight,
Cold now, but yet in death how beautiful !
Descending, cross the brook : and in the bower
Where Angeline so oft and happily
Her hours had spent, it place ; until the flames
Should rouse the neighbors. Lovely Angeline !
How little thought'st thou once that this sweet spot,
Sacred to infancy, to youth, and joy ;
To hours of happiness inferior
To none by mortals known this side of heaven,
So soon should be thy shrine ! E'en thus the joys
Of youth's enraptured dream glide swift away,
And sorrows keen oft settle whence they 'rose !
The purling limpid stream that oft had soothed
Her soul to meditation's happiest frame,
As near the arbor gurgling it divides
And murmurs plaintive by ; now mournful seemed
Her sainted spirit's requiem to sing.
Upon thy grave, a spot how hallowed since !
The loveliest of sweet Flora's progeny
Now bloom ; and each bright morning bend adown,
And, weeping, pour oft drops of crystal tears.

Now, while the fleet refits at Dewees Isle,
Clinton on marches toward the Old Domain
With his huge army ; where, at Yorktown, he
Designed the coming of the fleet to await,
His armament to New York to convey :
But in their march they through the region pass
Nigh where the aged Singleton resides :
And through their course entire from South to North
Parties they send to scour the country o'er,
Who oft the like disasters perpetrate,
On such as friendly were to Freedom's cause.
But soon as Eveleigh, who, now exchanged,
To Clinton had returned, was well assured
That troops were recently detached full near
The district where his Angeline resides ;
Permission he of Clinton straight desires

There with his troop to hasten ; nor explain
The reason, nor does Clinton it require :
For he, full well aware, his army owned
No officer, more loyal to his king
Than Eveleigh, to him the leave affords :
Who with his troop at once on moves ; for he
Had o'er his spirit lately felt a cloud
Gloomy to settle fast, which chilled his heart,
And saddened all his joys ; nor could the soul
Pierce it ; but hopes and fears altern prevail
Like the wax taper's doubtful glimmering
When o'er it dying the unsteady flame
Rises, then sinking, seems of night o'erwhelmed.
And now the troop, like chariots winged with fire
Which the stern Tishbite to his rest conveyed,
Fly, whom oft Eveleigh outstrips, till when
Within one league the gaol, no more can he
Delay, but signalling them on to come,
Away with his lieutenant Hill he bounds,
Their speed outstripping e'en the fire-tailed star
Darting at eve through gold-bespangled heaven.
And now they from the woods emerge in view
Of Angelina's bower (yet was her corse,
Her mother's and her grandsire's thence removed,
And to the tomb by neighbors kind conveyed
But three short days ago) ; and now the brook
O'ercrossing they the hill ascend, when he
His every nerve unstrung : Merciful God !
I don't the dwelling see ! Then putting spurs
They instantly upon the spot are brought,
Where naught but black and smouldering ruins tell
Where it had stood. The weeping willow too,
And the shade trees surrounding, all had shared
The lovely mansion's fate : as the rude breath
Of autumn blights the summer's charms, and strips
The sorrowing trees, whose faded robes are strewn
O'er the brown heath, or scattered by the winds.
And the fair garden, which, though desolate,
Seemed yet to own the taste of Angelina,
Was trampled down ; and crushed were its sweet flowers,
Oft by her tended,—the sweet columbine,
Snow-drop, carnation, jonquil, jessamine :
While too the fragrant bower, which stood within

The garden's centre, and had shaded been
By the luxuriant multiflora rose,
Was levelled with the ground ; though the pale flowers
Still rear their heads, and scent the morning air.

With temples bathed in horror's chilling dew
Leans Eveleigh a dreadful moment on
The saddle's pommel ; and, with rolling eye,
That shows the soul in speechless agony,
Surveys the ruin sad : Till now at length
He whispers scarcely audible to Hill :
No, no ! 'twas ne'er by accident !—
No ; not by accident ! Which said, he sees
With rapid step on-splashing o'er the stream
The husband of the nurse of Angeline ;
And from the horse bounds instant Eveleigh
Scarce by his trembling limbs sustained, and thus :
Where's the family ? speak ! where's Angeline ?
To whom, all bathed in tears, he scarce returns :
Ask the cold grave ! Then with heart-breaking grief
And eyes still streaming anguish, him o'ertells
The whole, and names the author of the deed.

But from that moment Eveleigh no more
Inveighs against the murderous crew accurst ;
Nor longer weakness feels : but calm he stands
As ocean undisturbed by Zephyr's breath :
And, all too noble for revenge, proceeds
Straight to the officer, and him the deed,
The hell-shamed deed from first to last o'ertells ;
Who no defence attempted : whence he hastes
To Clinton, his commission to upyield ;
Forsaking too the cause, which can allow
Barbarities so hideous and uncalled.
He then returning to his native land,
From active life retires ; though not on earth
Could happiness attain ; and now prepares
For that pure world where dwells his Angeline,
Freed from alarms and danger ; and prepares
By following her loved steps. Yet though he finds
Religion is the star-directing light
Through the dark wilderness which here he trod,
The mournful fate of his sweet Angeline

Forbids all joy ; and wears away his heart,
Till life's warm current soon has ceased to flow.

So some proud sycamore with towering head
Spreads forth its verdant branches ; whose bright leaves
The breath of the inspiring breeze inhale ;
While through its boughs the spring-time songsters chant
Their charming melody : till in its pride
It falls beneath the woodman's frequent stroke ;
Lovely, although in ruin. But again
Thy pale and manly features, Eveleigh !
And the fair form of thine own Angeline,
Shall bloom in all their loveliness, when raised,
By the loud welcome blast that wakes the dead,
To live immortal : as the withered flower
Scorched by the noon-tide beam, revives its tints
At evening's balmy touch and lives again.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Effects of Moultrie's victory. Congress resolves to invade Canada; for which purpose Washington sends Montgomery and Arnold, who proceed with their forces by different routes. Arnold's march through the wilderness of Maine: arrives at Point Levy, opposite Quebec; but is hindered from crossing the St. Lawrence by high winds, which continue, till Carleton, the governor of Canada, had recovered from the surprise into which he and all the surrounding country were thrown by the sudden and unaccountable apparition of the hostile forces; and had succeeded in putting the city in a thorough state of defence. Arnold, on crossing the river, being unable to take the city by assault, retires to Point-aux-Trembles to await the arrival of Montgomery; and upon whose arrival the city is attacked. Death of Montgomery, and failure of the enterprise. Arnold continues the blockade; Death of General Thomas, who had been sent to succeed Montgomery. Congress concludes finally to prosecute the invasion no longer; and Arnold returns home. Discussions in Congress. The subject of Independence introduced by R. H. Lee. A committee appointed to bring in a report touching the whole matter. Movement of the southern toiles. The committee finally report a Declaration, absolving the States from all connexion with the English throne.

THE news of Moultrie's victory vitalized
The nation; and high confidence diffused
And joy throughout: though still embarrassments
Numerous, and too from numerous causes raised,
Continued as of erst; for still her hopes
Of warring with success against the power,
The mighty power of Albion, were not high
(So destitute was she of means to war!),
Though steady still and strengthening: and resolved
Fully she stands never to yield her cause.
But numbers now, who once had openly
Themselves avowed the friends of liberty,
Desert to Albion's standard, wheresoe'er
Her force exceeded Freedom's. Tryon, too,
A serpent hypocrite! intriguing gained
Others from Freedom's ranks amidst the gloom
Enshrouding still the land. But Congress now,
All influenced by the hope that Canada
So late from Gallia by Wolfe acquired
(And from that source invasion dreading too),
Would with Columbia make a common stand
Against the power of Albion, soon resolves

Its conquest to attempt : and Washington
 (Ere with his troops from Boston he'd withdrawn)
 Directed is the enterprise to plan :
 Who, undelaying, straight to them commends
 Montgomery, a soul sublime and brave ;
 With the impetuous Arnold, who, in war,
 Was in an element that nature seemed,
 And smiled to see the vultures 'round his car ;
 To the Executive : who them direct
 Send with their puissant legions to the fray.

Montgomery on leads his force along
 The lakes, and now swift moves towards St. John's ;
 A fort with strong defence of parapets,
 Ditches, and palisades, with cannonry
 Well manned at every point accessible
 (Since late by Arnold it had captured been) ;
 But, on investing, 'tis discerned his power
 Unable is to carry by assault.
 Yet dreading aught delay, he covertly
 Moves on by night beyond it, and assails,
 And captures Chamblee fortress ; whose huge guns
 He turns upon St. John's : and soon its works
 Sinking beneath the mighty cannonade,
 It yields surrendering. Then to Montreal
 He moves ; which too the Conqueror receives ;
 Who thence to Quebec hastens, there to join
 With Arnold, who through Maine's vast wilderness
 Had towards that city urged his toilsome way.

Tell me, O Muse, how he this passage dire
 Effects through the drear wilderness ; a way
 Not to be paralleled even by the march
 Of Annibal o'er Alpine's dreary waste.

From Cambridge he, first to Newburyport
 Advancing, thence for Kennebec embarks
 With his whole force. Then passing Gardiner
 And Pittstown, rendezvoused at Western ; where
 With toils, and sufferings, and dangers dread
 Before them, they the dreary march begin ;
 All burdened with their ammunition, arms,
 Provision ; winter clothing, war's whole stores :

To pass through regions desolate ; where man
Before them scarce had trode, nor aught appeared
Of human habitation : and to force
For miles continuous 'gainst the currents swift
Their batteaux ; or, with all their contents, them
Carrying around oft rapids, cataracts,
And o'er cragged precipices, through morasses,
And underwood full nigh impervious,
Until arrived at Canada's frontiers.

From Western now his force their march begin
In four divisions. Morgan first on moves
With his famed rifle-phalanx, followed by
Greene with his force on the ensuing day :
Then with three companies came Bigelow,
Followed by Meigs with four ; while Enos with
Three other companies brings up the rear.
Their leader, till the troops are all embarked,
Remains : then hastening and by canoe,
In three days at the Falls of Norridgewock
Reached Morgan ; where, with labor vast, the boats
Upbearing, they for half a league convey
Upon their shoulders o'er the rocky banks.
Then passing 'round the Carratunic Falls
They now at the Great Carrying Place arrive ;
Where, from such toil o'erspent, their number is
Lessened nigh thirteen score. Then here they learn
That the provisions of the army are
So injured by the leakage of the boats
'That twice two weeks' supply alone remained.
Yet is the hope by Arnold entertained
That ere one half the period should transpire,
They'll Chaudiere river reach : but soon perceives,
On the advance, his obstacles increase
In magnitude and number ; which require
His efforts all and energies to o'ercome.
To the Dead River from the Kennebec,
O'er the Great Carrying Place, the troops convey
The baggage, ammunition, and batteaux,
And the provisions, o'er a wearying way,
Rugged, ascending, and precipitous ;
Through lakes, creeks, marishes, and cragg'd ravines,
Till finally Dead River's banks are gained.

Yet scarce are they attained, ere Eurus brings
 Through numerous days unceasing storms of rain,
 From which nor tents nor aught can shelter yield ;
 But men and baggage all are thorough drenched :
 Till now the rains increasing, suddenly
 A freshet 'rises, rapidly high raised
 By mountain torrents ; and, with angry rush,
 Sweeps through the camp, o'erturning the batteaux,
 Which, with their freight, are down the current borne ;
 Them leaving scarce one week of sustenance.

But Arnold, still superior to distress
 And to misfortune, thus to Enos (who
 Nine leagues away still led the rear) enjoins :
 Select the ablest of your gallant band
 (The remaining will to Norridgewock return)
 And your provisions all to us convey.
 Move on at once ; for o'er the enterprise
 Disaster spreads a gloom : We shall proceed
 Still without tarrance ; whom you'll soon o'ertake.
 But Enos, who with peril far could boast,
 But nigh, no deer could to a covert bound
 More rapidly than he until secure ;
 Soon as the full disaster he'd discerned,
 Turns with his troops and straight to Cambridge moves.
 Then rapidly, Arnold, with threescore men,
 Hastes to the habitants along Chaudiere,
 Provisions seeking for his suffering band :
 For now the rain changing to snow enhanced
 Their sufferings from hunger and fatigue
 Beyond almost endurance. While upon
 The stream wherein they're still compelled to wade,
 Dragging the batteaux, ice is thickly formed :
 And scarcely till the Highlands they attain
 (The eastern waters separating from
 Those of St. Lawrence river), could they urge
 Their dreary way all hungry and forlorn.
 On the Dead river they'd already passed
 Seventeen falls ; and also, near its source
 A chain of lakes choked up with fallen trees :
 Yet now they must their baggage and batteaux
 Over the Highlands two full leagues convey.
 This, when they it accomplish, them conducts

By a small crooked stream, a tedious way
To Lake Megantic, the great fountain head
Of Chaudiere River. But ere then the troops
Were perishing of hunger ; and had ate
Their dogs, shoes, moccasins, and cartridge-belts ;
And were on roots of trees subsisting now.
Arnold meanwhile had with his little band
Passed on through perils huge and woes untold ;
Nor e'er discouraged : till supplies full large
Obtaining of provisions, he a troop
Of Indians and Canadians swift sends,
Who to his suffering troops relief convey.
Then, at the settlements arriving soon,
They're by the inhabitants kindly received,
• And freely is their every need supplied.

Arnold meantime adown the Chaudiere moves,
The people to conciliate ; and prepare
Directly for the conquest of Quebec ;
His troop on following full speedily,
Till reached, by marches forced, is Levy Point,
At the St. Lawrence, opposite the town.
Yet, hindered by high winds, could ne'er o'erpass
The river, till the needed time is gained
By Carleton (who the garrison commands)
To recover from the panic huge, upraised
Throughout the city all and country round,
To see a force from forests such emerge,
Where scarce could savages subsistence find.
But Arnold with his band o'ercrossing now
The river, at the Cove of Wolfe convene :
Whence, onward leading them, he next ascends
The mighty steep, whereby his army Wolfe
Conducted to the field where Death had crowned
His victory o'er the haughty Gallian Powers.
And up the cragged steep onward they move
Where dripping fountains pour their tears upon
The wintry cedars, and which thence derive
A life exuberant (and where the screams,
Frequent and loud, of eaglets, and the young
Of pelicans and cormorants are heard,
While summer's breezes fan St. Lawrence' stream) ;

Till up the height, so dizzy, all arrived,
He on the Plains of Abraham encamped.

Here stand they on the spot where their desires
Had tended eagerly since e'er they'd left
The camp of Washington : but having braved
Such perils terrible and dire extremes
With fortitude scarce equalled ; and although
The scheme with judgment consummate was planned,
And means employed were adequate in full
To its completion ; they now sorrowing find
Chances unfav'able and unforeseen
Have it defeated, till scarce hope remains
Of aught success. In their detention at
Point Levy, Carleton had the garrison
With large supplies of soldiery increased,
Till now his numbers equal thrice their own :
While, by a sudden heavy shower of rain,
As Arnold in night's hour the height ascends
Of Abraham, their whole supply is spoiled
Of powder ; which to him no choice affords
Save with his forces speedy to retire
To Point-aux-Trembles ; and the arrival of
Montgomery await ; who, triumph-flushed,
Was moving towards Quebec with him to join.

Yet, when arrived, their entire force all told
Numbered of warriors but nine hundred strong ;
From Arnold's losses and the troops consumed
In garrisons of forts and Montreal.
Still they their march against Quebec resume,
Though it by Carleton had, in this delay,
Been fortified and garrisoned more strong,
And stands for vigorous defence prepared.
Its gallant Governor through the war entire
An honor to his King and Albion stood ;
A soldier learn'd, humane, and brave was he ;
Cautious, discreet, and nobly generous ;
Who viewed his foes as brethren, and would mourn
The wounds his valor was compelled to give.
Yet does Montgomery resolve to attain
Its conquest, or, attempting it, to fall.

Relying on the courage of his men,
And on his own and fortune, and aroused
To efforts greatest, by the expectance high
Formed through America of his success :
The siege he straight commences ; and within
Five hundred paces of the city opes
A six-gun battery, the garrison
To amuse ; while he the plan formed previously
The city to surprise, begins : and Brown
And Livingstone with columns two he sends
To feign assault upon the upper town ;
While to the lower town his efforts all
Directs he. And to Arnold granting straight
A moiety of the troops which yet remain
To lead by the way St. Roque, he now on moves
Along the margin of St. Lawrence's stream
And 'round the base of Diamond Cape to join
With him again at the town's eastern end.
They, ere the streaks of day the Orient lined,
Their march begin ; while from the heavens adown
Pour storms of rain and snow, with mingled hail.
Arnold, around the suburb of St. Roque
And nigh a battery picketed, swift leads
His troops unseen, who it assault and take ;
Then onward to a second battery
Move, and more rapidly, amid the charge
Of grape and chain-shot ; when he wounded falls,
And from the field is borne. But Morgan now
Leads on the charge, and forward still they press,
Until the foe fly from the barrier.

Meanwhile Montgomery his rapid way
Is urging, yet unable is to avail
Himself of the impression on the town
By Arnold's movements made ; for soon he finds
That on his path, deep covering it, the stream
Had masses huge of ice upthrown, which him
Compels an unknown tedious route to assume.
But, pressing on amid the pelting storm,
He from the Pot-Ash Battery drives the guard,
And, in a narrow defile rushing, gains
The Block House ; where, while he in front assists
To clear his column's pathway, and adown

Cutting the pickets them away removes,
 A soldier bold had to the battery
 Returned, and to a gun the match applies ;—
 A gun fortuitously to the spot
 Pointed, with grape-shot loaded, and which bears
 Death to Montgomery and his gallant aids,
 And death, too, bears to the whole enterprise.
 The gallant warrior on the field expires
 Where Wolfe so late he aids Quebec to gain !
 And from the ground precipitately now
 The troops retire ; leaving the garrison
 With its full power to bear on Arnold's band :
 For Greene with Morgan still on lead the charge
 (Unknowing that Montgomery had fallen),
 And mounting instantly, the barricade
 Swift is deserted, and the garrison
 As prisoners yield. Then to the next redoubt
 Onward they move, amid a fell discharge
 Pouring therefrom and numerous windows high :
 And though nine-tenths had of their arms become
 Unfitted for the service by the storm,
 They plant their ladders and the strife maintain,
 Till night's thick curtain rising shows the morn,
 And that they are surrounded. Then, assured
 Montgomery had failed, they now essay
 The huge attempt, e'en through the opposing hosts
 Their way to cut back to their camp, when is
 Their force compelled as prisoners to yield.

Columbia much her warriors deplored
 Who fell in this fierce fray. M'Pherson, with
 Cheeseman (Montgomery's aids), with Humphries too,
 Cooper and Hendricks here their life resigned ;
 But most her loved Montgomery she mourned.
 Carleton, too, mourned as though a brother fell,
 When his sad fate he learned : for much his worth
 And genius high and valor he admired.

Though still in youth, his reputation stood
 Most high, and justly, through the land, whose cause
 He had espoused so nobly. Judgment strong
 And skill consummate as a leader marked
 His every enterprise in freedom's war,

And proved him qualified to take command
At any post that Freedom might assign,
Whose bold and active partisan he stood ;
While to her cause his all he'd freely given.
From principle engaged, he Erin left
And the enjoyment of a fortune grand,
With eminent domestic happiness,
To share the perils and fatigues of war,
Which had been instituted to defend
A people strangers to him ; yet to whom
For Freedom's sake he felt a brother's love :
And who to him now fondly looked, as one
All qualified their honored Chief to aid
In the fierce struggle for their rights blood-bought.
As by its splendor 'mid the stars of heaven
The flaming comet draws the wondering gaze
Of the whole earth, then suddenly retires ;
So in his path of glory he away
Passed suddenly and left the world in tears.

Now Arnold, thus of counsellors bereaved
(For Thomas, late by Congress onward sent
To lead the war, had on his travel died),
His army, more than half reduced, remains
Before the city still ; and the blockade
Continues, till shall Congress reinforce
His troops with levies new : nor Carleton durst,
Nor durst Maclean, proud Albion's boldest son,
Now well aware of Arnold's warlike soul,
To venture with their forces to relieve
The city ; but prefer the keen distress
Of famine to endure, till shall the power
Of the returning Spring the icy chains
Dissolve of the St. Lawrence, and permit
Supplies of men, and rations needed more,
Then waiting in the Gulf the town to relieve.
But the attempt of conquering Canada
Columbia eventually resigns,
From tokens which at east and south portend
Some huge invasion of her own domain
At every point, from Scotia's warlike sons
And the Germanic legions (onward led
By British valor), Freedom to o'ercome :

And with the small remains of his bold band
Arnold returns to aid at home her cause.

Meanwhile once more had Congress resurveyed
Their country's wrongs and sufferings so great
From England's tyranny, and for what cause
By her inflicted; well remembering, too,
Their own desire for peace and harmony
Atween the nations, so full evidenced
By their petitions numerous to the Throne,
And proper efforts, all that man could use;
Then how the King and Parliament respond
To their endeavors all, and ponder o'er
What means may yet for the redress remain
Of all their grievances endured so long;
Until at length now Richard Henry Lee
Presents the Great Resolve which shall the States
Now and for ever from allegiance all
To England's Throne absolve; and thus is heard:

I know not, sir, if e'er, among the contests
Which love of freedom or the love of power
Hath raised, there 's been deliberation aught
Upcalled which can in interest compare,
Or in importance, with the one which now
Asks our attention; whether we regard
The future destiny alone of this
Our free and virtuous nation; or alone
That of our enemies (for though they've here
The tyrant played, they still our brethren are);
Or, finally, whether we but regard
The destiny of other nations all,
Whose eyes on us with steady gaze are bent,
And who await the result to ascertain
Of this our war: for if success shall crown
Our struggle, they from it anticipate
More freedom for themselves; and if defeat
Awaits our arms, a bondage more severe.
Thus stands the subject in its grand results:
For now the query, sir, is not, If we
Our territorial empire may increase:
A query 'tis that makes subordinate
All others which can to this world pertain:—

Shall we secure, or shall we lose for aye
That liberty we've from revered sires
Inherited ? That which they long pursued
Over tempestuous seas, until through toil
And sacrifice, and gory war, they here
Have it established in our native soil !
A freedom, sir, not founded on the will
Of a capricious multitude (the sole
Assurance of the boasted liberty
Of Greece and Rome !), but freedom based upon
Statutes immutable and guardian laws :
Not freedom which the exclusive privilege stands
Of a patrician order, but shall e'er
The property of all alike remain.

The enterprise by us so well begun
Needs but this step to render it complete,
And to secure our birth-right and for aye.
Why, then, should longer tarrance mark our course ?
Can longer union with the Albion throne
Consist with that sweet peace and liberty
Which ever were our happiness and boast ?
If not, let's now those fatal ties dissolve ;
And, conquering the good we've long enjoyed,
An Independence absolute attain.
Has not America already reached
That violent extreme which leaves beyond
Naught, whereupon she now can England meet
Save 'mid the carnage of the battle field ?
And what, indeed, has not our nation done
To re-establish harmony and peace ?
Where is the land that has not heard how dire
Have our oppressions been from Albion's hand ?
Where is the land that has not heard our groans ?
And yet how kind to her have been our prayers
Seeking redress ! Her ear alone was closed
To our complaints reiterate ; her heart
Alone felt not for us the sympathy
Which every nation on the earth has shown.
But we've well proved how unavailing are
Forbearance or resistance at our hand :
And since our prayers and blood, so lately shed,
Are unavailing too, there can remain

For us, as freemen, but this step alone,
Proclaim your Independence of the Throne !

Ne'er think, sir, that we've other option now ;
 The time will come when this same severance,
 As England's self admits, must sure occur.
 And if it must, who does not now discern
 That its occurrence speedily is best
 For our oppressed land ? Who does not see
 That not to seize the present hour to gain
 The point is folly's climax ?—the present hour,
 When Albion tyranny each soul has filled
 With indignation ; and each heart inspired
 With courage ; blended every mind in one ;
 And to our hands the arms of vengeance given ?

Then, sir, how long must we a thousand leagues
 Traverse of stormy ocean to receive
 From haughty lords and insolent the laws
 Which are to regulate our home affairs ?
 Does it become a nation, rich and great
 In its resources, thus abroad to seek
 The rulers of its own economy ?
 How can a Cabinet of strangers judge
 With aught discernment of our interests,
 When they nor know (and when, in truth, to know,
 Little imports them) what for us is good
 And what is otherwise ? How such can judge
 We've had experience : and the injustice past
 Of British domination may well warn
 Against the future ; should they e'er again
 Seize in their harpyian talons our loved land.
 They have to us the alternative now given
 Of Independence (gained, 'tis true, through fields
 Of blood and carnage) or of slavery :
 And who in such a choice would hesitate
 Deserves the fetters of a base-born slave—
 Deserves to live and die a cringing slave !
 From that perfidious ministry no pledge
 Is found secure, no promise sacred deemed.
 With faith more false than Punic, will they e'er
 The promises they've late so freely made
 Preserve unbroken (were we now so weak

As to confide therein) should e'er arise
 Occasion aught to make their selfish aims
 Wish them to violate? But, sir, assume
 That they offences past may bury all
 In dark oblivion's wave; and will perform
 All that they promise now: Is it presumed
 That they or we our strifes will e'er forget?
 After dissensions such, and combats fierce
 And bloody and protracted? Can we hope
 Our reconciliation durable will be?
 And that no cause for fresh dispute will rise
 'Midst hourly animosity? Who dreams
 Of such results, and in his waking hours
 May speak his dream to those who act from dreams—
 Sir, in all verity these nations are
 In interest and affection alienate,
 And alienate by wounds of deadliest hate.
 Then, one is conscious of her ancient strength;
 The other of the strength so lately proved:
 The one with arbitrary sway would rule;
 The other ne'er will liberty resign.
 What peace, what concord, sir, can we await
 In circumstances such? Columbia's sons
 May still be to the English faithful friends;
 But subjects never while the earth remains.
Subject? No, never! By the eternal King
 I owe allegiance none to England's Throne!

Let us, then, rise at once and onward move,
 Till we from this dire labyrinth return.
 What is our now position? We've assumed
 The sovereign power, and still we fear to own it.
 We openly a Monarch disobey;
 And still ourselves his faithful subjects own.
 We're waging war against a people whom
 We still aver that duty and desire
 Require us to defend in all extremes.
 And what from inconsistencies so great
 And numerous has resulted? Paralysed
 By hesitation are our measures all;
 The path we should pursue is still unknown;
 Our deeds proclaim us rebels, when but viewed
 In light of our professions unrepealed;

Our Generals respected are by none ;
 For our own words still to the world announce
 That they are warring 'gainst their rightful King ;
 Our troops have neither confidence nor zeal :
 And while we feeble are at home no state
 Abroad regards us ; nor can aught afford
 Of aidance to rebellious, fickle men :
 So stands the matter now, and so must stand
 As long as we position such retain.
 But soon as Independence we proclaim,
 And openly our firm resolve avow
 To gain our freedom at whatever cost,
 Measures more manly and decided will
 Directly be adopted. Every soul
 Will, by the greatness of the enterprise,
 At once be 'roused and fired ; and all shall aim
 To attain a high and glorious destiny !

Why then, sir, should we longer hesitate ?
 Why still deliberate ? No ! let this day
 Give birth to a republic. Let her 'rise—
 To devastate and conquer ? No ! but 'rise
 To re-establish here the reign of peace,—
 The reign of law and order. Europe all
 With interest beholds us. She requires
 A living illustration at our hands
 Of liberty, which may in contrast fair
 The citizens' felicity evince
 With despotism which desolates her shores.
 She asks us an asylum to prepare
 Which shall a solace to the unhappy yield,
 And to the persecuted a repose :
 She us entreats to cultivate a soil,
 A soil propitious, where the generous plant
 Which sprang and grew in England first, but now
 Is blighted by a poisonous tyranny,
 May yet revive and flourish ; sheltering 'neath
 Its healthful and interminable shade
 All the unfortunate of Adam's race.
 If we this day are but to duty true
 The Legislators of our country loved
 Shall be by all futurity enrolled
 With Numa, and Lycurgus, and Solon ;

The Hampdens, Tells, and Williams of Nassau,
And all whose memory is and e'er will be
Dear to the virtuous of the race of man.

Thus he : yet Congress still deliberates
The step which taken ne'er retraced can be ;
A query fraught with consequence to them
So huge ; and too with good or evil fraught
To their loved country while shall time endure :
Till now, in form more tangible to bring
Before the house its numerous bearings all,
She Adams, Jefferson, and Livingston,
Sherman and Franklin nominates thereon,
To shape the theme for issue full and fair :
And then the point postponing, them affords
Full time to ponder o'er the great concern.

But when throughout the Colonies had Fame
Announced that Congress seriously begun
Such theme to agitate, afar at South
The enemies of liberty convene
And secretly consult to frustrate best
The great design, and still the States retain
In due allegiance to the Albion Throne.
They then the foes of freedom through the South
Convene in one huge meeting, speedy called
(Though styling it a meeting of the friends,
The Southern friends of liberty and right),
Such object to attain : who, when convened,
Affect high reverence for the delegates
In Congress now assembled from the States ;
As though desiring that the country might
Obtain its every wish by Congress sought.
And next they representatives appoint
From the Convention ; whom they, too, instruct
To break the ranks and frustrate the designs
Of those who Independence would assert ;
And, finally, with semblance of desire
That now the States should Independence gain ;
Pretending, too, that facts of interest high
Pertaining to the matter—facts that would
Facilitate such aim, had late transpired ;
They now of Congress modestly request

That she'll the representatives receive
 In consultation only, while the House
 Should still debate upon the theme so grand.
 Congress, e'er willing candidly to list
 To whatsoe'er the foes of liberty
 Could urge against the measure, that the claims
 Of Independence thus might freely be
 Examined by the aidance of its foes,
 From whose opposing it must brighter shine ;
 Accede to the desire : when on they come
 Hasting like torrents down the mountain side.

Muse ! speak their names and characters ! First came
 Polononou, the European traveller
 (Though feigning now Columbia's native son),
 Vast in dimensions, corpulent and tall ;
 With crimson-colored cheeks, and face as full
 As night's round silvery orb. Sound, and ne'er sense,
 Was the criterion whereby he judged
 Of argument ; for, were the words but huge
 And sounding, which the argument expressed,
 That argument to him conclusive stands.
 Anser next came, of aspect arrogant,
 And of profoundest ignorance possessed ;
 And yet his ignorance to his pride compared,
 Is as the rush-light to the noon-day beams ;
 For he believed that none could e'er have known
 The wisdom his researches had acquired ;
 And thought his views the standard were of truth.
 Skotos on follows ; who, whene'er uprisen
 In aught debate, expectance mute would wait
 As famed discourse of wily argument
 Learned and profound, and eloquent as e'er
 Could Tully's lips within the forum pour ;—
 Would sure believe the question must be solved,
 And its perplexities vanish all ;
 So vastly wise and learn'd would he appear
 (To all who 'd ne'er him seen or heard before),
 In the commencement of his bold harangue :
 But ah, how disappointed ! Did he speak
 On governmental science ? 'twas without
 Aught comprehending : nor in debate could he
 E'er seize upon the alone important aim

To be examined: nor would seem to know
What to his cause was most advantageous;
Yet he 'd with noise and arrogance harangue.
Others assembled, too, whose characters
Were different, though with purposes the same.

And now the day arrives when Jefferson
With his compeers, appointed to such end,
Present the report to Congress; which, o'erread,
Each one on the high question straight upcalls
His energies to favor or oppose.

BOOK VIII.



ARGUMENT.

Debates in Congress on the question whether the Declaration of Independence shall be adopted. Speeches of Gyro, Franklin, Skotos, Misner, Orgilon, Polononou, Verschlingen, Richard Henry Lee, Haddabar, Anser, Ebrus, Ponaros, Kodasy, and John Adams.

ALL now in expectation mute await,
As though were each unwilling to begin
The grand discussion, which a nation's fate
Must fix for ages, and, perchance, for aye :
Till Gyro (too from the convention sent)
Uprising, a re-reading asks ; then thus :

Our first great rule is, to consult the weal
Of whom we represent : The question then,—
A question surely which this point concerns,
Is, Shall we now these Colonies proclaim
As free, and independent of the Throne ?
If there be reason, sure it may be done ;
Or, if their good, who send us here, require :
But if by neither we are called to assume
A step so unexpected, and which may
For us and for our country prove for aye
Disasterous ; sure, sir, we were but fools
To entertain such project even an hour.
We'll test the question, then, by argument.

Taxes and acts tyrannous on the part
Of King and Parliament are, then, assumed
As the sure ground to justify the deed.
But will they justify ? I gaze to find
Such reasons offered here ; here, where 'tis known
Of every member that Old England's sons
Are taxed at home as we are :—England, sir,
The freest nation of the far-spread earth.

Oh, let us have no more such reasoning here,
Lest we become the sport of all the world!

But then the King has faults! admit he has:
Brilliant as is yon glorious orb of day,
What eye may not its spotted disc discern?
The King's but man; and who in mortal finds
Perfection, marries spotlessness with sin.
Has he mistook his duty? he'll return
If you'll evince it. Who can more require
Of human kind? The holiest of our race
Are still but men, frail men, and peccable.
And shall we then, 'cause they're of woman born,
Pronounce them profligates and despots all?
Ah no! such argument would home apply,
And would be felt unjust. And yet, because
Our virtuous King has into errors fallen,
Few and of slight importance—errors which
From human frailty spring—you would him style
Procrustes, and throw off his easy reign!

Here we have proof how oft calamities
Imagined only and suspicions false
Affect the mind with wretchedness more dire
Than it by real misfortune could become.
I pity those who in adversity
Become impatient of the ills which e'er
Sweep over us at fickle Fortune's frown:
For more than usual fortitude's required
With patience to sustain the whelming force
Of the huge billows which misfortune brings,
Breaking with breach on breach upon the soul:
Yet from my inmost soul I him despise
Who with life's blessings all ne'er knows content.
For ingrates such I know no sympathy.
Yet such, I fear, our present aims must prove,
Is but the character we now sustain.
For, let who will the assertion contravene,
I dare assert this land is happy now,
And prosperous beneath our monarch's reign.
You may a portion of our people find
Who seek some airy good, and still lament
Th' imaginary inequality

- Between themselves and England's native sons :
 But only sheerest ignorance could lead
 To such results unhappy. Who, sir, can
 Without deep, heartfelt anguish view the scene
- Which opens now in prospect to our land ?
 My very heart seems bursting while I hear
 My honor'd fellow-citizens propound
 A separation from our father soil !
 What by such fatal step can we attain
 But ruin, misery, and infamy ?
 Sever'd from England, can these Colonies
 Themselves sustain a moment ? Never, sirs !
 They must become the prey of other Powers ;
 Or of internal anarchy, more dire,
 In its results upon us, than has fear
 Conceived, or fable ever feigned, of all
 Hell's miscreated despots that have cursed
 Earth in their maddest frenzy ! If we then
 Venture on separation, soon with tears,
 Tears of keen bitterness and sore disgrace,
 Must we undo what now we durst perform ;
 As others who've as earnestly pursued
 Some ignis fatuus, which led to bogs
 Of disappointment dark, have sorrowing found.
 We're planting thorns which shall transpierce our souls
 When in death's awful hour we resurvey
 Our life, and bid our offspring loved farewell.
 I cannot hesitate : I must oppose
 This entire measure ; and shall still withstand,
 At every hazard, while life's breath remains.

Thus he : then rising solemnly, as though
 Scarce able to sustain the weight incurred
 Of dread responsibility hereon,
 Franklin thus utters forth his views matured :
 The war exists with England : hence for us
 It now remains to yield to her demands,
 Or give the war the aidance it requires :
 No medium path for us can now be found.
 And who the first alternative approves ?
 Is any here prepared to yield the cause
 Of freedom, and his country's sacred rights ?
 If any, speak ! and let the country hear.

But how shall we the Albion sway abjure ?
 Or how afford that aidance to the war
 It now requires, should we refuse to approve
 The Declaration, which dissolves all ties
 With England's sovereignty, and tells the world
 These States are Sovereign, Independent, Free ?
 We've this to choose or slavery, and soon.

'Tis vanity to say these Colonies
 Are happy 'neath the Albion monarch's rule,
 Or can therewith be satisfied. They feel
 That 'tis oppression, and they will be free—
 They will be free, maugre the Powers of hell.
 This Declaration breaks the tyrant's chain,
 And gives the liberty our land requires.
 Nor can I ev'n imagine what, with truth,
 Can be against it urged. Does any think
 Such step the breach will widen, which atween
 The States and England is already made ?
 This would to him be apprehension strange
 Who'll facts, not forms, consider. Is it true
 That we have armies raised, and battles fought
 With British troops ? and have a navy raised ?
 That we've permitted all our Colonies
 To fit out vessels armed, for capture of
 The ships of England ? Is it true that we've
 Proclaimed both King and Parliament our foes ?
 That we've in shivers torn their acts of trade
 When we permitted commerce (subject to
 The regulations by this Congress made)
 With people of all countries ? those alone
 Excepting, who are subject to the crown.
 And have such acts a language ? If they have
 (And where 's the infatuate who'll it deny ?),
 They speak us in an independent state.

But then (say timid souls) should not our cause
 Succeed, such Declaration shall for aye
 From us avert the mercy of the crown.
 Nay, sirs, that ne'er can be ! Such mercy as
 We've from the Throne experienced heretofore
 Shall still be our allotment, rest assured,
 While e'er the crown her sceptre o'er us sways.

The *mercy* of the crown ! When we shall stoop
 To ask such benison, let them refuse,
 And we'll of cruelty acquit the crown.
 But from the point this leads us : Shall we yield
 To England now, or carry on the war ?
 This is the question here. If war we wage,
 What ground of failure have we more to dread,
 When we adopt this instrument, than we
 May dread without adopting it ? How vain
 Such foolish reasoning and such traitorous fears !
 But wherefore dread that we at last shall fail ?
 Our cause is just, and Heaven is pledged to aid us.
 Great enterprises are, by little minds,
 Impracticable deemed : but the brave know
 And valiant, that *to dare is, too, to conquer*.
 Yes, sir, the secret of success is DARE !
 Give thus the assurance to our countrymen
 That after they have struggled through the war
 Freedom is theirs ; yes, let them be assured
 That to this end our efforts now shall aim,
 Until is Independence full secured :
 They then will trials undergo and toil
 Full patiently, and ne'er the prize give o'er
 Till is the glorious consummation theirs.
 But if, in view of all they sacrifice
 In this dire struggle, we no recompense
 Nor happy aim before them place, ere long
 Their hard unceasing toils dishearten will,
 And sufferings their fortitude o'ercome.
 Why expectation is the buoy of life :
 And who to virtue's self would still adhere
 If you its meed remove ? Not Brutus' self ;
 Nor any heir of frailty and sin.

As through the howling storm the mariner,
 Though tossed by chafing billows, sees afar
 The lighthouse glimmering, which directs his way
 To the desired haven ; so I see,
 Though distant far and though around our bark
 The breakers roar, the light which is uprisen
 And will us guide, till we the port attain.
 Old as I am, I still expect to see
 Order here rise, even from confusion dire.

Take but this step, and we shall then bequeath
 To unborn ages of our country's sons
 The fair inheritance of liberty,
 To be no more by tyrants e'er infringed.
 The world will also see and imitate
 The example, and throw off Oppression's chains
 To be enslaved no more. Seize then the day,
 The day which gone returns to us no more.

The reasons which would influence to refrain
 From meeting here the obligations high
 Of our position soon will vain appear,
 When we from other worlds the scene survey
 Wherein we're actors now. Earth's fame shall die ;
 While sun and stars, and all their rolling orbs,
 Shall in their spheres expire, and nature's self
 Sink to decay, and time with all its scenes
 Vanish, as fade night's visions ere the morn :
 Yet shall the soul survive ; and every deed
 Of this frail life shall memory retain.
 Such is your doom and mine ; but when my soul
 Shall wing to worlds unknown its way sublime,
 Ne'er shall it, self-accusing, me remind
 That I on earth feared to maintain the cause
 Of Freedom, or to break the oppressor's power.

He ceased ; whom following Skotos thus is heard :
 Our friends are too impatient, sir : impatience
 The mind distracts ; the temper sours ; the body
 Sorely emaciates ; as we may see
 To be the fact with our illustrious Franklin,
 And many others here. It counteracts
 The best concerted schemes that Prudence's self
 Can dictate, and her operations e'er
 Renders all ineffectual. So far
 From hastening the happiness desired,
 It even anticipates, yea oft creates
 The very miseries we'd aim to shun.
 Though in your sapient conclave I'm the least,
 I venture, sir, to raise my voice against
 The useless hasty measures to bring on
 This matter to a crisis. Why such haste ?

We shall from Parliament soon hear again,
 And then, perchance, this vaunted step may be
 Sorely repented as all premature,
 And closing up the only door of peace.
 If England shall the Acts of Parliament
 Repeal, which raised the war (as sure she may
 When fame reports that we resolving are
 The question of secession), how shall we
 Undo this action? How appear before
 Our loyal fellow citizens? Will they
 Longer sustain the war? Nay! If the Crown
 Rescind those laws Ajax requires no more.
 I then repeat it, Patience, patience, friends!
 And be ye not too eager. Eager tempers
 Affected are immoderately e'er
 With every whim that takes them: then full soon
 As they grow warm they cool again, and sink
 Into a shameful, sluggish lethargy.

So he; and next thereafter thus arose
 Misner (him who'd with Congress toiled amid
 Its darkest hours, yet ere its final act
 Hereon was summoned suddenly away):
 Who would desire the Academic groves
 Wherein to hear philosophy explained
 In Plato's heavenly accents ev'n, since here
 The charming sounds of a philosophy
 Unknown to Plato or the Stagyrte
 Are heard so easily? We thank our friends
 Who lecture on impatience and so well
 Define an eager temper: and our lack
 Demands not either, that we look away
 From them, to know what eager tempers are not
 When truth or liberty aught aidance need.
 Or should we gaze as far to ascertain
 The definition they to patience give;
 We'll find it but insensibility
 In other terms. To be insensible
 Of the alternatives of weal or woe,
 Is to be something more or less than man.
 And as the modesty of these meek friends,—
 These unpaid teachers of philosophy,
 Would surely scarce permit them to assume

The first of these, we'll cheerful cede the last ;
And so their lectures may appreciate.

But is there then no difference between
Unfeelingness and patience ? Is there none
Between impatience 'neath the afflictions oft
And sore calamities of human life
By a paternal providence imposed,
And an expressive sense of cruel wrongs,
As ours are there expressed ? " Too hasty ! " sir !
" England repeal the Acts of Parliament ! "
" The King is kind and England merciful ! "
If to deride our miseries and woes,
Taxes impose enormous as unheard,
Close up our ports, and leave us all exposed
Within to hungry harpies, and without
To Indians, whose dire wrath she has inflamed
Against us, with their scalping-knife and fire,
Then to our groans for ever close her ears—
If this be mercy, England 's merciful !
" We are *not* slaves ? " True, sir, in very deed
And name we are not ; but we hold our rights
By sufferance of Parliament and King ;
And he 's a slave whose rights by sufferance stand.
Then, sir, the wrongs essayed us ne'er have been
Endured, unless by slaves ; if power was had
To choose or them or death. View Greece and Rome !
With wrongs far less than we've from England borne,
Resources, too, far less than we command,
They burst their chains, threw off the servile yoke,
And liberty, the heaven-sent boon, attained.
Yet, while I'd ne'er too high solicitude
Or haste evince in this our just pursuit,
I would a stoic apathy avoid,
Or want of sensibility amid
Our country's hideous wrongs. Beneath such wrongs
To be indifferent or passive proves
A spirit, not of virtuous fortitude,
But of base grovelling cowardice, which shows
Its owner fit material for a slave.

Ere could he close, Orgilon thus was heard :
Sir, hear me, I'll be brief ; and to the men

Who'll wade through war and blood to eminence—
 The eminence of treason, let me say,
 If your ambition must of needs require
 Victims to satiate its full desires,
 Take them! yea, slay them! 'twould be noble, sir,
 To this dire inquisition. Slay them, sir,
 But don't calumniate! Wade on through blood,
 But spare the honor when you take the life!

Thus he; and next Polonou arose
 Slowly, with wondrous pomp and majesty,
 Who held the man most learned that uttered words
 The longest and most difficult. He stands
 As though in thought a moment, while his eyes
 Roll round the hall and on the assembly leer.
 Then passing slowly o'er his countenance
 His kerchief white, his words thus thundering come:
 Friends! countrymen! what sounds are these that strike
 My auditory nerve, and echo through
 These halls and circumambient atmosphere?
 How dire this insectation of the King!
 The insensateness and multivagance
 Of motives here preferred for such a course,
 And those, too, given for us to schismatize,
 Are most apparent. Well assured am I
 That the conglutination of these States
 With their maternal empire is too viscous
 And too substantial to be riven asunder
 By all these reasons, were they even to be
 Conglomerated in one ponderous ball
 And all their force propelled accordingly.

But sir, Prolocutor, I'd fain desire
 To ascertain what benefits are hoped
 To accrue, should we now ev'n extravasate
 This portion of her colonies. Assured
 I am 'twould be centuplicated soon,
 Maugre the skill that then would this retard.
 And thus we must, sir, even pretermit
 The incipient stages of this bold resolve.
 I venture to prenunciate that such
 Will consequent on our prescinding be.
 To me it seem this altisonant aim

Is but syncategorematical ;
 And e'er I obligate myself to aid
 An act of immoralness so dire,
 May ev'n the corabrachials of these arms
 Be all invalidated ; may I be
 Pandiculated while vitality
 Survives, or be even leucophlegmatized.

If with perpetuality I were
 A mere Slavonian, I'd disdain to seek
 Enfranchisement by measures so devoid
 Of all significance in rightful ends.
 Nor does it in a high degree require
 Discrimination to dichotomise
 The arguments which our Compatriots
 Have for a course so stranded here preferred.
 To me they appear quite catechrestical
 And much too advectitious. I mistake,
 And greatly, sir, if they full easily
 Cannot be aniented. Though I feel
 My sphenopterygopalatinus
 Itself biparting nigh with anguish keen,
 At such amashed devectionated views ;
 Yet as I see Phœbus appropinquates
 The horizon, and the heavens stelliferous
 Soon must appear, I will no more impede
 With perscrutation of argument
 You, my compeers ! Thus he ; and as he slow
 His seat resumes he looks around on all
 With wondrous self-complacency, in hope
 To see them or confounded or convinced
 By what he'd offered ; thinking, too, to find
 All present freely own his claim to be
 The most profoundly learned of mankind,
 Whose views true wisdom calls them to approve.

All silent now awaited, as had naught
 Against the Declaration offered been,
 Calling for further argument, till thus
 Verschlingen from the South the point resumes :

The plan of Independence there conceived
 Looks well in distance, but will ne'er endure

Closer inspection : for, when to the test
 'Tis brought of praotice, 'twill be then discerned
 That it, like thousands of such phantasies,
 Ne'er will sustain the trial. The experiment
 Whether such freedom as you seek can stand,
 Or would the States' felicity promote,
 Has hitherto on trial ever failed ;
 Though the advantage for the test excelled
 The means we have to make it. Need I name
 To the assembled wisdom of this land
 Instances which familiar are to all ?

But wherefore this attempt ? I have not heard
 One answer to the query which to fact
 Is not in contravention. Meet us here !
 If you the facts disprove we yield the palm.
 I from the first had noticed when our soil
 Received the small seditious germ. It seemed
 A grain of mustard seed. But now we see
 A giant plant, whereon the foulest birds
 That fly the air have settled ; while its root
 Conceals the vilest reptiles that have e'er
 O'ercrawled the earth, or poisoned with their bane
 Man's source of life. And yet if now, instead
 Of cherishing, we rise and hew it down,
 We still may save the land it overshades ;
 But otherwise a stronger arm than ours
 Will fell it, and its fall will thousands crush.

I know how most unwelcome is the truth
 To many here ; and yet it must be told.
 'Tis unavailing England to resist ;
 I boldly say, 'tis unavailing all.
 Exhaustless her resources are ; her troops
 Excel in discipline ; whose officery
 Experienced are, and from youth's dawn to age
 Inured to war's rude combat, and this day
 Are conquerors of the world. And what have we
 That can with such compete ? Our forces are
 But raw militia or a lawless mob,
 A mere sedition, and undisciplined
 To govern or obey. Our officers—
 But Albion's army will with whirlwind swoop

Hurl all the rabble into nothingness.
 You'll see her grasp this hydra-headed fiend
 Named Independence—truly ! and consign
 It to perdition, whence it hath arisen.
 She'll speedily convince you of her power !
 Members may smile, but what do facts aver ?
 Our sea-coast now is unprotected all ;
 Our trade, our navigation, fisheries,
 And towns maritimal, can instantly
 Be from us torn, as we've no naval power.
 Is this disputed ? Then our settlements
 Already are to Canada a prey
 And to the Savages, whom our attempts
 To subjugate have but inflamed the more.

Still, were our cause but just, whoe'er might shrink
 In such extreme, I should not ; be the power
 Against us what it may : but there 's the rub.
 The reasons offered for resistance here
 Are not well founded, if we say the best
 That can of them be said ; for Parliament
 Had right to pass the Stamp Act, that the States
 Should of the nation's burdens hold a share !
 Acts similar had previously been passed,
 No one the right e'er questioning : we've paid,
 Agreeably to Act of Parliament,
 Postage and duties regulating trade,
 And even a regal revenue to raise.
 Then we, even in the tea-tax, gainers are
 By the new regulation ; 'twas designed
 Not for a revenue, but to prevent
 The crime of smuggling, now so frequent here.

The Act Declaratory of the right
 To tax us, which commotion such upraised,
 Ne'er can us injure while unexercised ;
 Especially as we've protested oft,
 And all our Colonies have oft resolved
 That no such right exists, and England, too,
 Now owns it a dead letter. But observe
 What provocation we've that country given !
 Although the tripençe duty to be paid
 By the East India Company when the tea

For auction sale was landed (and by such
 Arrangement we on every pound obtained
 Ninepence advantage), nor were we compelled
 To purchase, yet the Boston populace
 (The town approving !) board the tea-ships all,
 Open the boxes, and the cargo cast
 Into the waves, while rebel merchants there
 Were every day importing teas which stood
 Subject to the same duty. Sir, the Act
 Not with our people's welfare interfered,
 But with the smuggler's purse ; and hence the noise.
 Boston Port Bill, which o'er the land hath 'roused
 Such huge commotion, too, was just and right ;
 An act retaliatory of the Throne
 Compelled in self-defence. 'Tis known of all
 The Body Meeting (by the town herein
 Fully sustained !) resolved the tea shall ne'er
 The duty pay, and that by force and arms
 They'd the resolve sustain at hazards all,
 If requisite, which left the King no choice
 But thus enact or lay aside the Crown.
 True, all these acts and others may be made
 To bear construction foreign to their aim,
 As from yon paper may appear to all :
 But in this matter let the truth be known,
 'Tis all we need to silence calumny.

And now this doctrine new we have advanced,
 That, as we are not known in Parliament,
 We are from Acts of Parliament relieved.
 But if the Colonies not subject are
 To Albion's monarchy, then she and they
 Are powers distinct—a doctrine vain and wild.
 Can independent powers thus co-exist ?
 The bare idea 's folly. Are we then
 The governors of England (we must be
 Or governors or governed) ? who will say it ?
 If we are not, then, sir, these Colonies
 Have but the right to regulate their own
 Internal police, and, by consequence,
 Are subjected to the entire control
 Of the state-power supreme. Had any man,
 A single score of years ago, denied

That we, as colonies, subjected are
 To Parliament and King, he'd been esteemed
 A fool or traitor. In our government
 This principle has ever stood the same.
 A person born in England and removed
 To Guernsey, Jersey, or to Innisfail,
 Whence members ne'er in Parliament appear,
 Would in the same predicament be found
 As emigrants are to these Colonies,
 Still holding rights of subjects native-born.

Otis, the oracle of those who press
 This measure, grants that Parliament has power
 To enact for public good ; and, in his view,
 Obedience to it is our duty clear.
 Then the first charters of these Colonies
 Exempted them from taxes "*for a time* ;"
 Implying, sure, an all-undoubted right
 To tax them afterwards. Why Franklin here
 Himself but lately owned that George the Third
 Had equitable right and natural
 To lay a toll on merchandise conveyed
 Through the American seas ; and now for more
 Than half a century hath Parliament
 The late contested privilege exercised
 Of legislation and taxation here.

Upon this view, sir, can I else believe
 Than that ambition and curst avarice
 In some who are our leaders is the cause—
 The head and front of all these troubles dire ?
 They style themselves "the people," and whene'er
 The traitorous measures pressed by them are foiled
 They loud exclaim, "The people are oppressed !"
 Oh countrymen ! and will you then sustain
 The hand which to your lips the cup hath raised
 Of Java's Upas ? That foul lying sprite
 Which to destruction swift deluded Ahab,
 Succeeded scarce as these base calumnies
 And more pernicious counsels have with you,
 The infatuated people of these States !
 Though loud these men now prate with swelling words
 Of independence and equality,

Mark you! the time 's at hand when language such
 No longer will be heard ; you'll know them then :
 You'll learn that, like the rattlesnake, their eyes
 Attract and fascinate but to devour.
 Since they've us guided, what, alas! has not
 Our country suffered, till with sore disgrace,
 And loss and ruin, we're familiar grown !
 War came with sanguine brow, and far and wide
 Has o'er us swept ; nor of our misery
 See we an end, nor naught can now impede
 The furious progress of our downward fate,
 For every moment urges us still towards
 The foaming Maclstroom, yawning us to whelm !

He ended ; nor impatiently was heard
 By whom the opportunity desired
 To learn what the Convention could allege
 Against the Declaration. Then uprose,
 Graceful, in answer, Richard Henry Lee :
 You I address, who have so gallantly
 Sustained your country in its hour of need ;
 Who're ready still to perish ere upyield
 Her cherished trust : your hearts esteem full dear
 The sacred principles asserted in
 'That instrument ; and yet with me you'll say,
 That, if that Declaration cannot stand
 A truthful scrutiny, we ready are
 To anticipate Verschlingen's every wish
 And cast it off for ever! Hear me, then ;
 I ask your patience but a season brief.

No juggler with his cups and balls can play
 More pranks than has our southern countryman
 With the nine parts of speech. His arguments
 Like faeries are ; you hear their songs and noise,
 But grasp them and you find of substance none.
 What he hath said, averring that the Crown
 Has power to compel us to her sway,
 And hence that wisdom calls us now to yield,
 To notice, sir, would but an insult prove
 To every son of freedom on this floor ;
 I pass it all to test the facts he boasts.

Where may we the authority discern
Of Parliament over these Colonies,
Whereof he vaunts so loud? Sir, I aver,
Yes, fearlessly aver, there 's no such power,
Nor ever has been. Is it by the law
Of nature, or of nations, that such right
Is exercised? They durst not meet us there
To justify the claim. Well, is it then
By common law—that law which ne'er beyond
The seas extends? Is it by statute law,
Which ne'er existed ere the settlement
Of these our Colonies? Where shall we base
This claim enormous? Were we under ties
Religious, moral, or political,
To own them a supreme executive?
To press these queries would be trifling here:
I then again affirm there's no such law.

With want of frankness, all unlooked for here,
He'd fain the aggressions screen of Parliament
Upon the Colonies. Is the tea-tax
Our only grievance? Are we not debarred
The privilege to pay our governors,
Our judges, and our other officers,
Who're thus from our control removed entire?
Is not the trial by jury, too, denied,
That sacred birth-right of all Englishmen?
And is it not by Parliament enjoined
That we to England be for trial sent,
Should we e'er happen to incense her ire?
Is there not o'er us placed a government
Sanguine and martial, and whereby full oft
She 's to its deep foundations sought to raze
Our valued constitution? Hath not she
Plundered our seas and coasts and burnt our towns,
Murdered our citizens, or them constrained
Against their brethren and their native land
Arms to assume, when captured on the seas?
And then, amid these dire oppressions all,
As though to cap the climax of her crime
She dared to us the sacred right deny
Of supplicating for redress of wrongs.
To dwell upon such acts were idle as

The place of their nativity, and even
With tears they often thought and often talked
Of the white-clifted Isle where once they dwelt,
And where their fathers' sepulchres are found.
Dying, they unto us bequeathed the same
Most tender sentiments. We cherished them
With more than filial care. Old England's name
To us was ever dear : and when her ships
Arrived our shores it filled our hearts with joy.
We to her sons as to loved brothers haste,
And yield our habitations for their home.
Had our affection met with aught return
Of reciprocity, ne'er in this hall
Had been the name of Independence heard.
But how hath she requited all our love
And filial reverence ? The saddened tale
Has just been told ! No choice to us remains—
No choice but warfare or become her slaves !

In lands of pagan darkness, even the slave
Some kind asylum had where he might flee,
Whene'er oppression raised her blood-stained hand.
But here, in our own land, what refuge, sir,
Have we from whom oppress us ? What appeal
'Neath all the wrongs we suffer ? Athens even,
Dark and benighted as she was, and Rome,
Yea, even degraded Egypt, for the slave
Had sanctuaries from a tyrant's power.
But in this Christian land, when rights from us
Are torn away and we are trampled down,
There 's refuge none even for her free-born sons !
If, when oppressed, we to the laws appeal,
Those laws are in the hands of those who now
Are seeking to enslave us, and are made
By those who have us aught redress declined.
Shall we to her humanity appeal
Who once could fondly boast of us as sons ?
Alas ! the interests of those who hold
The reins of government in Albion Isle
Are now against us. Shall we to the King
Make our appeal ? His ear is also closed,
And England ne'er will hearken to our groans !
Her name imperial and character

Once beamed with clear effulgence on the world,
 Which basked delighted in the cheering ray.
 But now the vision's faded, and that name
 Henceforth upon her banner will be writ
 In human gore. Sir, we shall onward move,
 And wait the verdict of posterity.

Thus he : and now the Tories there convened,
 Assured that they no answer plausible
 Could render to the argument, resolve
 To place first on entreaty, then abuse,
 Their sole reliance and their final hope,
 Haddabar now arose, a royalist
 Of learning great and of capacious mind ;
 By nature fitted for an orator
 He was, with graceful mien and dignified
 And countenance of high amenity,
 And in whose utterances there e'er appeared
 A tenderness and deep solemnity ;
 Who thus his labored argument portrays :
 How frequently we find that he who wishes
 Charybdis to avoid on Scylla falls !
 We've labored long Charybdis to avoid,—
 We now are toiling, nor can yet discern
 The dreaded Scylla, though our country's bark
 Bounds towards it, both by winds and waves compelled.
 By this resistance to Britannian power
 We've now full nigh her sufferance o'ercome ;
 Though freely I concede her measures all
 Towards our loved country ne'er can be approved,
 But on some points are by injustice stained.
 This we concede (though ne'er did she design
 In aught us to oppress !) : but then are we
 Immaculate of fault herein ? Have we
 To her no provocation given, which may
 Extenuate, if not excuse her deeds ?
 Who doubts that we, by actions all unkind,
 Have brought these woes upon us, or, at least,
 Increased what we deplore ? Then, when we'd learn
 How we these dangers imminent shall shun,
 We hear amazed that we'll redress obtain
 By plunging headlong into deeper woes !

'Tis even asserted England ne'er will yield
 Fair terms of reconciliation, and that war
 Continue must, since war is now begun.
 This motive hitherto our course hath shaped
 Against all reason, and the sad result
 Our ruin'd country tells and slaughtered friends!
 These difficulties are imagined all,
 And 'tis untrue that England has refused
 Fair terms of settlement: she ne'er refused,
 But oft such terms propounded. But the tax—
 The tax annoys us! Sir, it is not true
 That England's sons one privilege enjoy
 At home transcending ours. Nay, sir, their tax,
 We know, and burdens greater are than e'er
 Have been upon these Colonies assessed.
 There 's no such foe to peace as jealousy,
 Whene'er encouraged, and suspicion will
 Promote contention endless, when indulged;
 While like the sun will heaven-born charity
 Each object brighten that it shines upon.

We've used unlawful measures to o'ercome
 The difficulties which our path surround,
 And now with loss and ruin are assailed.
 It will not do! we have rebelled against
 The best of Sovereigns, and should now return
 Through penitence to duty. More than this
 He might require, but more will ne'er demand.
 This war is most inglorious. Howsoe'er
 We may profess to regard it, he regards
 It as all unprovoked, and feels as he
 Who, when some kindly office he 'd performed
 For one professing friendship, hath received
 From that same friend a dagger in his breast.
 The case I shall not argue, but aver
 The tax on tea itself was kindly meant,
 And was in kindness to the Colonies,
 Who greatly by the act advantaged were.
 No wound is baser, none so keenly felt
 As when a friend betrays you, or but fails
 To evince his friendship for you in the hour
 Your need requires his aidance, and the more
 If, by your kindness oft repeated, he

Hath learned his obligations. How, then, stands
The case with us and England? Hath not she
Oft favored us and greatly? Yes, indeed!
But now forgot are these innumerable boons,
As though to us delivered in a dream;
And, as though she our enemy had been
Cruel and unrelenting, we have made
Returns which Gratitude must blush to hear.
The clear unblemished character which e'er
Is by ourselves affected, full involves
Not only that integrity which ne'er
Would offer insult, but a heart that can
O'erlook an injury when undesigned,
And one that can remember boons conferred.

But think yourself, sir, can we more perform
To gain this point than is already done?
Nor yet is even the least impression made,
Or single aim of all you've sought obtained.
What prospect have we that the war will end
With honor to ourselves? The bravery
Of all our soldiers, all our officery,
With the resources of our genius, funds,
Have under contribution all been laid,
Yea are exhausted, and with what result?
Our General everywhere is overthrown;
Whole hosts of enemies are pouring in
To aid the war; whose ships on towards the land
Innumerable sweep, and crowd upon the coast
Like clouds which roll through heaven and bear the storm.
And, sir, wherein or how will this Resolve
Aidance afford us? Will it make our foes
Less numerous, or our own force increase?
If not, wherein, by such a daring step,
Shall we our cause advantage? I discern
Full easily how evil may ensue,
But cannot learn what good can hence arise.
Our armies now by sickness and defeat
Are nigh destroyed, and are, even at this hour,
Before the foe retreating shamefully;
Our martial character is by the world
Contemned, and is the butt of every jest.
Yet are we told, and gravely, that these woes

Soon will be remedied when is obtained
 Our independence! As if but to say
 And to attain were one. Intoxicate
 With these ambitious and unfounded hopes,
 Baseless as were the dreams of Alnaschar,
 You close the mind to reason's dictates all.
 But may we not by memory's aid discern
 (For Canada is scarce forgotten now!)
 That confidence can ne'er the measure be
 Of proud expectance. Hence the notions wild
 Of Greece and Rome in their republic days
 Some here have too obtained, who long to aspire
 To the grand eminence whereon they stood,
 And hope they shall attain it in the end.
 Such thoughts may captivate the vulgar herd,
 But ne'er this House should influence; thoughts like these
 Can only through misapprehension 'rise
 Of the estate whereto we would aspire.
 And, sir, were you but really aware
 Of the sore inconvenience which attends
 The eminence whereat such aims aspire,
 You'd feel that it which emulation draws
 Rather deserves our pity. Greece and Rome
 We see through painted mediums, which display
 A beauty adventitious; and could we
 But ope the glittering shrines which them enveil,
 'T would show their dazzling glory all to be
 Naught but o'ergilded wretchedness and woe.

The theme hath, too, been dwelt upon that we
 For England formerly had high regard,
 And loved her truly. This may be believed;
 Yea, is by some. But, were that love sincere,
 Could we now hate her so relentlessly,
 And treat her thus upon pretence so small?
 To tell of true esteem which shall remain
 Only while we may profit thence derive,
 Or which, upon some fancied injury,
 Thus turns to wormwood, is surpassing strange!
 True friendship's sentiments flow from the heart,
 Nor can even by adversity be froze;
 As water from the fountain still will flow,
 All uncongealed, 'midst winter's frosts and cold.

We every day may learn how true it stands,
That human nature will, in all affairs,
Run straight into extremes. No people e'er,
A few short years ago, more loyal seemed
Than these same colonies; who then could boast
That ne'er a land a better ruler had,
Nor ruler better could the heart deserve
And service of his people. But the scene
How varied now! how changed! The King remains
Faithful as from the first; the change is found
Not there, but in ourselves. Then, that we might
Afford, for inconsistency so great,
Some plausible pretence, we him accuse
Of acts tyrannical, and next resolve
No tyrant shall command upon our soil:
Here 's party-spirit's bitter fruit, which, like
The jaundiced eye, will every image soil
To it presented. This has treason raised
Throughout the land against the best of kings.
Nor this completes the tragedy! We next
Must separate even from our fatherland!
My God! can this be real? Is it so?
What! break away from our loved fatherland?
Were the dread scheme accomplished, what must be
The prospect of our country? Even now
She stands without an ally or a friend
In the wide world. What, then, shall be her fate,
When we the last remaining cable loose
Which now prevents her drifting rapidly
On rocks and quicksands dire? My inmost soul
Sickens with horror at the hideous scene!
Doomed by the rage of long-continued war
To blood and carnage till our once fair land
Impoverished is and all unpeopled o'er,
And left in hopeless impotence to pine;
And, lastly, forced to yield whatever terms
Our enemies victorious may demand,
Flushed with success and 'roused to fiercest ire:
In such drear circumstance shall we remain
An awful beacon, to evince to man
What meed will Vengeance to such deeds repay.
Like some huge oak riven by lightning fires,
Its once fair waving foliage blighted all

And through the forest scattered, so full soon
 Shall our once fair and brightening prospects be :
 Without a friend to soothe our grievous woes,
 Or sympathizing eye to shed a tear
 O'er the sad ruin ! Then, before the time
 Of our repentance is for ever gone,
 I do, by all that is in earth or heaven
 Deemed sacred, and by dread eternity,
 Entreat you here to pause, nor further move !

He ceased ; and Anser following next arose,
 Who from good premises or bad could lead
 Whate'er conclusion might his wish require,
 And thought his views original, nor deemed
 The late urged argument presented had
 Full strength against the severance designed,
 And with vast self-complacency begins :
 Great crimes imply great qualities in those
 Who perpetrate them. If our Sovereign, then,
 Be guilty of the crimes herein alleged,
 He is not weak and vain ; for either he
 Did not these crimes commit, or, if by him
 They were committed, he 's a genius great.
 Thus their own facts their reasoning contravenes.
 Then, if his mind be great, as must the facts
 Freely by them conceded clear infer,
 He 's surely innocent ; for a great mind
 Would ne'er descend to perpetrate such deeds ;
Ergo he never did commit the crimes.

But, sir, once more. Whate'er their lot may be,
 Wise men with their condition are content.
 All will concede the maxim. If so, then
 What is the inference ? These friends of ours
 Who push this measure are unwise, or wise :
 Let them choose either. If unwise they be
 (As sure they must be, for they're not content
 With their condition !), why should we regard
 The arguments they offer ? But should they
 Assume that they are wise, it then appears
 That all this noise about our King is but
Vox et praterea nihil ! and, if so,
 Should we regard it ? Thus, if fools or wise,

There is no weight in all they offer here.
But if we are oppressed, may it not be
All requisite for our own country's good ?
A bridge's arch is loose and ill-defined
When first erected, but repose thereon
A heavy pressure, and the arch becomes
Thenceforth compact and strong for uses all.
Thus even the wisest politicians deem
England's huge debt a blessing to the land.
" *All men are equal ?*" sir, it is a lie !
A lie that peopled hell with angel forms
Flung down from heaven, and will the same result
Accomplish here on earth ! Show me of men
Two who are equal, or in mind or body ;
Or show me two of beasts, or fish, or birds,
Nay, in two sand-grains, show equality.
Sir, it exists not ; for the merest atom
Of difference must equality destroy.
Away, then, with your folly ! Would you seek,
At such expense of toil, and wealth, and blood,
What ne'er existed, save in madmen's brains ?

Is there need, then, for further argument ?
Yet give me leave one other to propound :
As first the moon around the earth revolves
In its own orbit, then the earth in hers
Around the sun ; then planets, suns, and stars
Roll grandly onward in their spheres immense,
Revolving round some unknown centre vast,
Which thus the sun and all the starry host
In their appointed orbits safe restrains,
By its vast influence upon the whole ;
So with our glorious government : our King
The centre is ; England the sun ; our States
Are stars which govern systems of their own ;
While each within its sphere is safe restrained
By him the happy centre of the whole.
And wish we a superior government
To that which heaven's wise Ruler now hath o'er
These orbs on wheeling through immensity ?
Would you supernal wisdom then excel ?
Presumptuous man, where will thy wishes end !
Let but John Bull and Brether Jonathan

United stand, they'll stand against the world :
 But I can see, behind where Severance
 Stands grinning, Ruin glare upon us all.
 O strive no longer in this cruel fray,
 But let us all to duty's path return !

He thus ; and quick Ebrius next arose,
 Whose looks a furious hurricane portend :
 I see ! Detraction's spirit is abroad !
 Detraction, that foul hell-begotten fiend,
 Nurtured by selfishness and vanity,
 And by ill-nature pampered and caressed !
 Sir, in that Declaration charges stand
 Preferred against our Sovereign which I dare
 Pronounce gratuitous ! What wholesome laws
 Has he refused to sanction ? Sir, reflect
 That such reproaches, proofless as they are,
 Affect the character of none but those
 Who give them utterance. And where 's the harms
 That he 's this country done ! 'Tis even so !
 He who but once the limits of the truth
 Is willing to transcend thenceforth becomes
 As impudent as false, and, as appears,
 Would lie the leopard of its very hide.

A man may anything assume, as we
 Have of the fact conclusive evidence
 In yon detracting paper. Proof, sir, proof !
 'Tis this that we demand. But were it true,
 All true that he hath wronged us, are you now
 Seeking a just redress ? If he has done
 Aught injury, he sure will make amends
 Soon as you deign to show it. But to assert
 That now we must be Independent States,
 And then with falsehood basely to begin
 To load our gracious King with charges foul,—
 'Tis most preposterous ! Agree to this ?
 I'd rather on this spot agree to yield
 My body to the Inquisition's fires,
 Or suffer there and die 'midst all the woes
 Hell's ingenuity could e'er contrive ;
 I'd rather ride the whirlwind, or even mount
 The red-winged lightning, leaping from the throne

Of the Eternal, than such lies subscribe !
And then to hear men thus to falsehood given
Proclaiming, in their florid long harangues,
Their likeness to the Grecian States and Rome
In their republics' days,—'tis sickening !
I'd rather hear the whine of screeching owls,
Or blubbering, babbling frog from morn to eve,
Than list such folly ! Raging thus he closed.

Ponaros next arose, who knew full well
Likewise to contradict and to supply,
With pitiful citation and sophism,
The place of argument. Yet subtle, too,
He hopes to arouse the passions of the friends
Of freedom, and thus incapacitate
For cooler action, and their great design
Wholly thus frustrate, or by such abuse
Compel them to eject the delegates
Of the Convention, which he hopes must make
Their cause full popular (and such was, too,
Ebrius' cherished hope), and thus begins :

Plutarch well says, To lie 's the vice of fools !
That his revered authority will be
By all of us received, I ne'er can doubt ;
Nor that the converse of his maxim 's true,
That none but fools are liars. Base, indeed,
Must be the mind that can to lies descend,
To gain even purposes not elsehow gained.
Can we our ears believe ? Is hell broke loose
And stalking o'er the land, that we now see
In this august assembly Perjury,
With flinty heart and iron visage, dare
Affirm that all alleged against the King
In that vile paper 's true ? Oh Calumny
Blush, for your deeds transcend what hell desires !
'Tis, too, averred that we are England's slaves.
Lies oft are too astounding to allow
Of contradiction even. To say the sun
Shines here at midnight, is no lie, if this
May be believed. To such as it aver
I say, Remember Plutarch ! *Plutarch*, sir !

To all our arguments we nothing hear
But "Independence! we'll have nothing now
But Independence!" Ah, my countrymen,
This scheme abandon! lay such hope aside!
You have the dread effects already known
Of it pursuing, and have yet scarce learned
The earnest ev'n of what is still to come.
Ambition is a vile delirium
And worst of all distempers. When success
Crowns its endeavors, how insufferable,
How craving, and how restless it remains!
But when by disappointment overtook,
What dire revenge it breeds! what passions fierce,
Till life becomes a burden! But for us
Where is the termination of our woes,
If this we seek and disappointed are?
Mild are the woes Haddabar has portrayed
To what in stern reality we'll find.
They who aspire too high are sure to fall,
And when they fall, fall hard; as loftiest trees
Are most within the power and suffer most
From furious hurricanes and lightnings' blast.
Yes, countrymen, you yet may live to feel
All these preposterous measures in result,
And learn their aim who planned them. True, they seem
All very patriotic, all sincere,
If from profession judge we; as the fish
Judges the baited hook to him is given
For nourishment. But are we thus to judge,
As fools and simpletons who ne'er have learned
A snow-white glove may hide a spotted hand?
You'll soon discover that these vaunting men,
When they have shuffled off allegiance due
To England's Throne, will to themselves assume
Supremacy. They speak of Rome and Greece,
But they'll not Rome's Decemvirs' story tell,
Nor tell that thrice ten tyrants were for one
Exchanged by Athens, when in hot pursuit
Of such chimeras of a sickly brain.

He ends; and Rodney slow arose and thus:
Do they then rest the case? Have they indeed
Exhausted their artillery of noise,
And all their warlike storage? Tell me, then,

Companions tried in freedom's holy war
Against foul usurpation—ye who ne'er
Have in the darkest hour of trial quailed—
Does need require to waste or words or time,
In vindication of our noble aims,
Although our motives thus are all assailed ?
Yet I a word may offer, lest mistake
Attach to our refusal to respond.

To notice all the paltry quibbles which
Have been propounded to impede our aim,
Would much exhaust your patience. Yet must I,
In passing, not omit the one whereon
So great a stress is laid, to prove that we
Are seeking what exists not. Wherein, sir,
Do we affirm equality of men ?
Is it in mind, or feature, or in form ?
He who 's thus dreamed may sleep and dream again.
Nay, sir, we claim equality in right,
Right to pursue our happiness and freedom,
Right to ourselves, sir ; right to worship God
As may our conscience dictate, and the right
To choose our representatives and rulers.
Such is, sir, the equality we claim,
And in these rights mankind are equal all.

I likewise could of foul detraction tell,
Nor would the labor difficult be found
To evince that they who have so oft referred
Thereto should silence keep, and on the rule
To practise ne'er the deeds we would condemn.
These men an industry as high have shown
In ascertaining and to us ascribing
Evil intent in our exalted aim,
As they're in seeking plausible pretence
To justify their course, so moon-inspired.
Yet 'tis high happiness to find that all
The Congress from the thirteen Colonies
Approve the Declaration. Every word
Against it has from the Convention come,
The admission of whose tory delegates
Is an anomaly, though kindly meant.

Their motives who assail us thus are plain,
 Nor need exposure any at our hands ;
 For they are all full well aware as we
 That England's King *has* sought to make us slaves,
 And that the charges all there specified
 Against him are undoubted facts ; and know
 That King and Parliament acknowledge all
 The accusations, and the ground assume
 That these same acts on principles of law
 Are justifiable, and on our part
 Wholly provoked, and so, in truth, have owned
 Verschlingen and his colleague Haddabar.
 Then shall I say the course these friends pursue
 Argues a heart depraved or mind insane ?
 It may with truth be spoke, but might infer
 That we have felt (as they in truth designed)
 What they've averred to throw us from our guard,
 And 'rouse our ire against the honest men
 Who have of impudence a stock so vast,
 That, when they lie, the very truth appears
 To be untrue and blush. What ? angered be
 Against such honest souls ? such patriots high,
 Who love their country for their country's good
 Beyond the most of us, who have for her
 The loss of all sustained, on this side heaven ?
 It would not do, sir ; no ! 't would never do !
 For are they not all honorable men ?

But, in all seriousness rejoiced I've been
 While listening to the men who've us assailed,
 To find this Declaration pass unscathed
 Their raging ordeal. We may rest assured,
 Full well assured, that, in their utterances,
 All has been urged that can our tories bring
 Against the measure. They have spoken, too,
 Full plain ; we gave them leave. Who hindered is
 By fear from making his opinions known
 Is not a freeman, nor have we desired
 Slaves here in conference. Why, then, delay
 The needed action ? Liberty is now
 The creditor of every soul who dwells
 Within these colonies. To her we owe
 Our time, our counsels, fortunes, and our blood.

She calls us to pursue, and in this way,
The boon desired, and to the world proclaim
That freedom's sacred birth-right is the gift
Of Heaven to every man—a birth-right we
Shall to the death maintain. Shall we at once
Proceed and take the step that seals it ours?
This measure will high confidence at once
Diffuse afar throughout our suffering land.
But hesitation—what can it secure?
What has it e'er effected but defeat?
While Rome deliberates Saguntum falls.
It may be true what here has been averred,
That we are now the scoff of Europe all.
But what has made her scoff us? Hesitance!
The prosecution of a bloody war
With aims all undefined, or no intent
Apparent, save rebellion 'gainst the Throne.
Well may she scoff, and deeper infamy
Assuredly awaits us at her hand,
Should longer hesitation mark our aims,
Or should we yield one solitary right
To an usurping Parliament and King.

We're too advised to supplicate the Throne,
And ask a favor from the Power we scorn.
But have we not petitioned ere the war?
Wherefore repeat it now? True, we perhaps
May venture, and even hope that now our prayers
Might be regarded, if but superscribed
With Lexington, or Charleston Harbor, or
The heights of Dorchester, or Bunker Hill.
But, since the sword is drawn, these friends should know
That blows, not words, the contest must decide.
Words now are out of date. I, then, am for
The adoption of the Declaration now.
Yes, *now*; without delay: and let our land,
And gallant, suffering army now behold
That Independence is the rallying point:
'Twill soothe their woes and hope renewed inspire.

He said; and Adams following thus is heard:
I to this measure give my heart and hand,
Let me survive or perish, live or die!

'Tis true we ne'er at the beginning aimed
As now at Independence ; but in truth
' There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may.' Britannia hath,
By sheer injustice, us at length compelled
To take up arms ; and now, all obstinate,
By fancied interest blinded, still persists
Till Independence is within our grasp :
We've but to reach unto it, and 'tis ours.
Then why the Declaration now defer ?
Is there in this assembly one so weak
As to indulge the hope that England will
Again be reconciled, so as to leave
Freedom to us or safety ? Are not you,
Revered sir, and your bold colleague there
The proscribed objects of a tyrant's wrath ?
What are you, with no hope of royal favor ?
What can you be, while England's power remains,
But outlaws, from your native soil expelled ?
But should we now the Declaration waive,
Is it designed that we still wage the war,
Or cease from contest ? Will you then submit
To all the measures of the Cabinet
And grievances attempted through our land ?
And will you finally consent that we
Be ground in the dust, and all our rights,
By them so trampled on, be now resigned ?
Ah no ! you'll never thus consent to yield.
Shall we then break the plighted faith we gave
To our illustrious Washington—a pledge
Of sacred honor, when we him put forth
To incur the toils and dangers of the war
And the political hazards of the times ?
Were not our honor, life, and fortune pledged
That we'd to him in all extremes adhere ?
I know that on this floor no soul is found,
Of all who in that compact sacred joined,
Who would not see a conflagration sweep
Wide o'er the land, or see an earthquake sink it,
Ere he one tittle of that plighted faith
Would suffer to expire. But for myself,
I having moved you, when the war begun,

That Washington the appointed chief should be
To lead the war in liberty's defence,—
May this right hand its cunning all forget,
May my tongue palsied be, if e'er I fail
Or hesitate in the support I gave!

We must then war! Yes, war it through, we must!
And if the war proceed, why now delay
The Declaration of our Independence?
The measure will us strengthen, and abroad
'Twill give us character, and nations then
Will with us treat, which they can ne'er attempt
While we acknowledge that we are in arms
Against our Sovereign. Nay, sir, I maintain
That Albion's self will with us sooner treat
For peace upon such footing, than consent
To acknowledge by direct repeal of all
Her acts oppressive, that her conduct hath
Injustice been; for this would her degrade:
While that she would to Fortune's frown ascribe.

Why then, sir, should we not the warfare now
Change from a civil to a national?
And since it must proceed, why not assume
A stand, at once the victory to enjoy,
If in the strife victorious we prove?
Even should we fail, affairs no worse can be
Attempting this, than in our present stand.
But no; we cannot fail! Our hallowed cause
Will armies raise and navies in defence.
And if we prove but true, the people, sir,
Will carry us, will carry, too, themselves
Through the whole struggle gloriously indeed.
I know the people of these colonies,
And know that to the aggressions of the Crown
Resistance is deep settled in their breast,
And ne'er can be uprooted. The States have all
Expressed their willingness to follow on,
If we the lead but take. This Great Resolve
Will them in bonds fraternal closer join,
And with increased courage all inspire.
Read it before your army,—every sword
Will be unsheathed, and resolutions firm

Be uttered to maintain it, or to die
 Upon the bed of honor. Publish it,
 Too, from the sacred desk, and 'twill be seen
 That reason and religion will applaud,
 And that the love of liberty religious
 Will 'round it cling, resolved with it to stand,
 Or, if it perish, with it, too, to fall.
 Proclaim it in our halls; let them it hear
 Who heard at first the foe's artillery:
 Let them behold it, who, on Bunker Hill,
 Their sons and brothers saw for freedom die:
 And, in approval of this same Resolve,
 They'll to their tear-bathed feelings utterance give,
 Like thunder bursting on the midnight hour.

I am aware of the uncertainties
 Of human hopes; and yet I clearly ken
 Through this day's action. You, indeed, and I
 May rue it; we may not survive to see
 This glorious Declaration full confirmed.
 We may die slaves! Die on the scaffold slaves!
 In every land which Freedom's cause hath cheered,
 Her progress e'er hath been at the high price
 Of her sons' life-blood; nor at lesser price
 May we the Heaven-sent blessing here secure.
 Well, be it so. Yes, let it be even so.
 If Heaven shall please that our beloved land
 May yet the offering of my life require,
 At the appointed hour of sacrifice
 The victim shall be ready, let that hour
 Come when it may. But let me, while I live,
 A country have; or let, at least, the hope
 Of yet possessing one, a free one too,
 Inspire my soul. But, sir, this grand Resolve
Will stand, whatever else may us befall.
 Treasure and blood it may of us require;
 But it will stand, and richly recompense
 Its every cost. Through the thick glooms which now
 Surround our prospects plainly I discern
 The brightness of the future as the sun.
 Sacred to glory we shall give this day,
 Sacred to joy immortal; and when we
 In cold obstruction lie, our offspring shall

With high thankgivings and festivities
E'er celebrate and honor its return.
Tears they will shed, frequent and gushing tears,
Yet not of agony and hope forlorn,
But tears of gratitude and joy sincere.
Yes, sir ; I now believe the hour is come !
This measure I approve, and my whole heart
Is in it ; and I'm ready on it here
To stake my all with every earthly hope.
Let me survive or perish, live or die,
I'm for the Independence of the States !

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The Declaration adopted and signed. Effects of its adoption.

As when from western skies some sudden storm
With force impetuous scours along the plains
And o'er the lofty hills, rending the woods
With fiery flashes and the bolt of Jove,
The copious showers descend, and the smooth stream
Swells rapidly, and hastily on pours
With sounding fall o'er rocks and precipice,
Uprooting, and along its rapid tide
Bears branching trees with Ceres' whitening toils,
Till now the firmest bridges break, and down
Haste with the sudden rushing flood, which, mad
From the continuing rains, swift tears around
The dams with hideous force, and through the breach
Swells, and with jarring sound rolls 'neath its wave
The massive stones, too breaking what impedes
Its progress irresistible: even thus
All argument, objection all, against
The Declaration to oblivion sinks,
As Adams now pours forth his virtuous soul,
Who every mind in Congress with him bears.
As when the Orator his strains awoke
Of eloquence against the Emathian scourge,
Cecropia's gallant sons spontaneously
Forth came and pledged to liberty their all;
Thus with one voice, one heart, the Congress rose,
And, undelaying now, the tie dissolved
That held the Colonies to Albion's throne.

Behold them rising! Abdiel said: I viewed,
And saw, as now, the measure was resolved,
Hancock the foremost in fair freedom's cause

And chiefest of the Sacred Band arise
And sign the Declaration. He amid
The darkest days of Freedom's struggle stood
Her uncorrupted, firm, and faithful friend.
Fearless as Helena's high rock-ribb'd Isle,
Around whose base the surging billows roll,
He to her hallowed cause a Martyr stands.
Adams him followed ; whose bold words erewhile
As now his deeds, proclaim the choice of death,
Ere be by Albion's haughty rule o'erswayed.
With lamb-like meekness he a mind possessed,
Brilliant as is the quenchless diamond ;
Whose reason-working brain the spectred night
Then hovering o'er the hemisphere could pierce
And point to victory's summit. From his lips
Truth flowed resistless in a stream full pure
As courses rippling down the rocky glade ;—
Or dew-drops sparkling on the rose of May.
He from his youth the friend of Freedom's rights,
Himself approved, says Abdiel ; and now here
Stands the colossus of this Patriot Band.
Next Samuel Adams comes, and too his name
Affixes ; and to Freedom pledged his all.
Distinguished for his wit ; whose argument
Profound and subtle was ; his motto stood
We now are free, and free we will remain.
Though poor, his love of liberty endured
Unconquerable ; and in all his trusts
Numerous and weighty, his integrity
Untarnished was. Him Morris follows next,
Whose services to Freedom victory gave.
When without friends, and destitute she stood
Of war's munitions all ; this Patriot pure,
Opened his ample coffers and supplied
His country's wants ; then pledging all he owned
To purchase for the army full supplies,
Insured success to Liberty's campaign.
Next rises Hopkinson : e'er true and firm
In the fierce conflict ; of attainments rare,
And manners elegant. His services
So valued, all acknowledged. Next on comes
Lee, of warm temperament : A friend he was
Faithful and all affectionate ; nor could

His zeal for Freedom's cause e'er brook a bound.
'Twas he who first, through Congress' hollow dome
The name of Independence echoing hurled ;
When numbering o'er his country's wrongs he swore
By the dread name of Heaven's Eternal King,
I owe allegiance none to England's Throne!
When the deep tones of his sonorous voice
Rung through her sounding vaults as he portrayed
His country's dire oppressions and her rights ;
You might have deemed Demosthenes was 'risen
And pleading there the cause of liberty.
Robert Treat Paine next comes : Severely just ;
For order an inflexible regard :
Whose talents too the cause of Freedom had
Aided and greatly. Following next behold
Carroll ; o'er whose so firm and constant soul
Its influence no half-formed purpose sways.
No hypocritic zeal for public good ;
Nor no dissembling what he felt or thought
E'er marked his character : nor e'er could aught
Prompt him one generous sentiment to hide.
Unswayed by interest, ne'er uttered he
Uncandid language ; nor could envy's self
Accuse him e'er of an illiberal deed.
As he's subscribing, one, him thus assures
You may, should Freedom fail, escape your doom,
For others bear your name. To whom he thus
I'll that prevent ! and adds "*Of Carrollton.*"
His name with laurell'd honors, fresh was crowned
Each year ; while Death his sacred victim spared,
Till of this band the last, he sinks to rest.
Him Paca follows next ; beloved of all ;
A faithful patriot and a virtuous sage :
Followed by Stone, a patriot revered ;
Whom youthful Lynch next follows ; a rare son
Of science, and a classic orator :
Yet perished he the first of all who signed,
And perished long ere had the conflict closed.
Next Middleton on comes ; a counsellor
Whose soul with classic lore was deep imbued ;
His wealth immense, a sacrifice he gave
Freely at freedom's altar ; for whose sake
He suffered much ; yet died ere victory

Had crowned his labors. Livingston next comes
Whose learning deep, and soul all diligent
And prompt to execute the highest trusts
In him reposed, aidance efficient gave
To freedom 'mid his country's darkest days.
Chase next, him following, comes; the noble son
Of Maryland; to whom how much she owed!
How much owes Independence! Much indeed,
Beyond what e'er was paid him. Bold and frank
Was he, yet vigorous of intellect;
And of high moral worth: whose honesty
And stern integrity, the jealous hate
Excited of the selfish grovelling tribe;
Who, conscious that his virtues they could ne'er
Attain, e'er sought the image to destroy,
Or to o'erstain by slander's scorpion tongue.

As onward thus, one and another move
Pledging in liberty's defence their all,
I saw the shade of great Demosthenes,
With Harmodius, Aristogiton,
Phocion, Thrasylbulus, and Alcæmon,
And Thebes' Sacred Band; and Cicero;
With Milton, Cromwell, Sydney, Hampden, and
Warren, Montgomery, and Thomas; all,
Who had o'er the assembly hovering been,
Sustaining by a secret energy
Columbia's freemen; them inspiring too
With noblest thoughts; burst forth in tears of joy;
While onward next comes Francis Lightfoot Lee,
Whose character the virtues all adorn.
Him, Jefferson succeeds; whose deeds alone
Can tell his character. His name rever'd
Shall be to Freedom dear till time expires.
Next Hooper comes; a learned Counsellor.
Whom Rutlege follows; too, a Counsellor
Of learning great, and high integrity;
Whose powers and eloquence though great, were ne'er
Employed to aid iniquity, whate'er
Its garb, assumed his sympathy to gain:
Nor could aught tempt him in a cause to engage
Which he believed unjust. Following him
Heywood succeeds; his equal too in all

That learning could impart or valor give,
 With disposition ardent, he possessed
 A judgment sound. Honest he was, and firm
 Nor e'er to shield oppression, gave his powers.
 Him Rodney follows; who the tyrant claims
 Of Albion's Rulers from the first withstood,
 And fearless 'roused the war for liberty.
 And now with joy beholds the time arrived
 When his loved country will with him unite
 In his first plan to resist. Like the day-star
 His radiant mind could penetrate the glooms
 Which foul Oppression o'er his country hung.
 And though resisted oft by numbers, he,
 Onward in his high course still mov'd serene,
 And all inflexible. No love of ease
 From duty's path could swerve his constant soul :
 Nor danger imminent relax the nerve
 Of his bold manly eloquence : nor ev'n
 His physical infirmities, so dire,
 Could check his ardent mind ; whose happiness
 He sought in aiding freedom. Long he had
 Continued toiling for humanity ;
 Yet died ere his loved country freedom gained.
 Next Read advances ; Freedom's faithful friend.
 A lawyer eminent. Next Harrison
 (The noble father of a nobler son !
 And the descendant of a gallant sire),
 Followed by Gerry, who, in Freedom's war,
 With Warren bled on Bunker Hill renowned.
 With all the virtues of domestic life,
 He, to the most undaunted bravery,
 The wisdom of the ablest statesman joins.

On following in the train next Franklin comes,
 Who from the tyrant's hand the sceptre tore
 And from the heavens the bolt : and though he lived
 When science flourished, and her votaries
 Were, through the world full numerous, and learned,
 Yet soared his towering genius high o'er all.
 His active mind came to maturity
 Early, and was, with wisdom's stores full fraught,
 And with divine philosophy imbued.

With views enlarged, yet systematic, he
Had science governmental, all explored ;
And deeply had society o'er-scanned ;
Its progress from remotest ages traced ;
And nicely its machinery analysed :
Until the system to its elements
Reduced he ; and comprised its every power,
Division, movement, and relation, all.
Long for his country had he toiled, and now
Stood as the Nestor of this patriot band ;
Yet lived to see his country triumph o'er
Her every foe, and eminence attain.
Nelson him follows : ne'er Columbia
Has felt how much she owes this patriot pure.
In manners unobtrusive all, he yet
In her defence approved himself to be
The chief of martyrs as the chief of men.
He to his country pledged his ample means ;
Which, when demanded by the war, he all
Resigned, and poverty his portion chose.
Next Wythe on moves ; a judge of morals pure ;
Well learned in jurisprudence. He'd the mind
Early of youthful Jefferson inflamed
With noblest sentiments on human rights.
Ne'er any patriot has a character
More venerated, and unsullied left
On earth, than he at death. Of purest tint
His virtue was ; his justice all exact ;
And with integrity inflexible ;
And patriotism warm. Walton next comes,
A valiant warrior, and statesman wise :
Who, though self-taught, to eminence arose
By force of genius and high industry :
Whose innate modesty and suavity
To all endeared him. Floyd, him follows next,
Who had, like him, for liberty endured
Much loss and suffering ; and his country's foes
Of had in battle met. Next Whipple comes
Respected by his country much, and loved.
An officer untiring and alert,
O'er whom, the foe advantage none could gain.
His honors all, though great, he ever bore,
With modesty and high propriety.

Clark next on moves ; a counsellor humane
 As Howard's self. His deeds the name had earned
 "Friend of the destitute." Next Hopkins signs,
 Whose keen sarcastic wit, superior sense,
 And talents, he, in virtue's cause employed :
 His heart ne'er trembled, though a palsied hand
 Now traced his signature. Him follows Hall,
 A martyr too to liberty ; for whom
 He lost his all on earth : of judgment sound,
 And rare discretion was he, tempered well
 With high enthusiasm in her cause :
 While cheerfully all hardships he endured,
 Nor danger heeded, when by Freedom called.
 With him comes Williams ; too, a martyr loved ;
 Who, when the cause they toiled for, it required,
 Had sacrificed with cheerfulness his all,
 On this side heaven. Next Huntington on moves ;
 Who, though by education classical
 Unblest, had yet by high integrity,
 Industry, and by force of genius 'risen
 To usefulness, and honors eminent.
 Hart follows next ; a grievous sufferer
 For liberty, and his loved country's rights ;
 Whom yet, ere she her triumph had achieved,
 Death called away. Him following next is Hewes,
 An ardent patriot ; who from the first
 Had signalized his opposition stern
 To all the Crown's encroachments ; though against
 His private interests greatly. When his sect
 Opposed his country's cause, he them forsook ;
 And yet he too was early called to die
 Ere Freedom triumphed. Lewis Morris next
 Now follows ; who for liberty endured
 Likewise the loss of all beneath the heavens.
 For nigh his mansion in the Hudson lay
 Two hostile frigates, whose commanders now
 To him th' assurance gave, that should he sign
 The Declaration, they'd his mansion fire,
 And his fair manor desolate ; nor yet
 An instant wavers he : when the dire threat
 Perform they, and his family exile.

Next in the train is Witherspoon, a son

Of Caledonia ; whose high energies
All were exerted in behalf of freedom ;
Who through America his influence owned.
As God's ambassador he bold proclaims,
The birth-right of all men is liberty.
Subtle of intellect he was, and learned ;
And of so rare a temper in debate,
That to inflame his passion, or provoke
Him into haste, or indiscretion aught,
Was all impossible. Nor was it oft
Opponents could in listening his reply
Retain composure, or escape defeat :
So keen, so quick in argument was he
And e'er prepared. Whene'er he rose to speak
Mute expectation stood his utterance.
Next Wilson comes ; too Caledonia's son ;
Learned in jurisprudence ; and a judge
Of morals stern, and firm integrity.
And Sherman next ; a patriot revered ;
With thinking head, and soul to execute ;
Methodical in argument, and learned ;
With elocution easy, language chaste,
And in debate, of high urbanity :
Whose probity, discretion, steadfastness,
Hath freedom's cause ne'er a superior known.
Next Ellery, a counsellor esteemed ;
Who early taught his countrymen to deem
Life less than freedom. He aspired to gain
But Heaven's approval ; nor would ever seek
Human applause, assured that pride can ne'er
Mankind adorn, as does humility.

Bold Wolcot next advances. Firmness e'er
Unshaken, and integrity severe,
In him conspicuous shone ; whose courage ne'er
Could aught amid his country's darkest days
Intimidate ; nor tire his enterprise.
Tenacious of his views ; yet would he yield
In light of evidence, whereto he'd list
All candidly ; and ready was to change
The course he'd to himself prescribed, if found
He had in aught the better path mistook :
And when a measure, the majority

Adopted, though unto his views opposed
(Not conscience), his support he freely gave.
Thus, o'er the pride of vain opinion, he
Soared loftily, and sought but duty's path.
Next Bartlett signs ; who sacrifices great
Offered on Freedom's altar. He had risen
By force of his scarce educated mind
To high and numerous offices of trust,
And well discharged their duties. Gwinnet next
Draws near,—But let the shades which o'er his name
Have settled ne'er be pierced! Though brave, he died
As dies a fool, and threw his life away.
Stockton next follows ; who for liberty
Lost all he held on earth ; and cheerfully
Upsyielded life, a martyr for her sake.
A counsellor he was, of learning rare
And eloquent as Tully's self ; and e'er
Refused the cause he deemed to be unjust :
Yet standing forth, the zealous advocate
Of the oppressed and injured. Braxton next
On comes ; renowned for patriotic zeal,
By prudence guided to the happiest ends :
Followed by Penn ; a self-taught advocate,
Distinguished highly. Lewis next on moves,
Another martyr to his country's rights ;
Who, for her sake, and sans a murmur lost
His ample all, and died in penury.
A son was he of Wales ; and warrior
Highly accomplished ; who had service seen
In foreign lands, and sufferings had borne
'Neath Albion's standard : But immediate
As his adopted country rose in arms,
He foremost with the sons of liberty
Appeared resisting tyranny. Ross next
Forth comes ; " the patriotic citizen ;"
Deep versed in learning ; and whose skill profound
In science governmental, him affords
Advantage high throughout the contest dire.
Next Morton signs ; who firm and fearless stood
In these portentous times, as some huge oak
Amid the howling winds ; and numbers great
With his own noble sentiments inspired.
The God whom he confided in and loved,

Called to its rest, his patriot spirit pure,
Long ere his country had her freedom gained.
Clymer next comes; a patriot bold and true,
Who wielded had the pen efficiently
In Freedom's cause; for which, the Albion foe
When laying waste her soil took vengeance dire.
Rush after him next moves; whose genius high
And science, human kind have rare excelled:
The Esculapius of America.
Smith next, a son of Erin's lovely isle,
Advancing signs. In Pennsylvania State,
He the first company of volunteers
Had raised resisting Britain. Thornton next
On comes; too Erin's son; of humor rare;
"An honest man." Next following, Taylor comes,
Pledging his ample all; whom Death removes,
Ere Freedom had his country's struggle crowned.
And next, M'Kean on moves; a counsellor
Preëminent, and deep in learning versed;
And brings the rear up of the virtuous band.

Here ends the catalogue of whom are held
In recollection grateful by the world.
They were the spirits of a gallant age,
Who, armed with mind, the fetters broke which bound
The human race. Even Death, all terror-clad,
Could boast o'er them no sway; for when they came
To his oblivious tide, the mighty car
Of History up-snatched them from the wave,
And bore them o'er immortal and in triumph:
While Fame, her clarion exulting seized,
And pealed their plaudits through the vaulted skies.

Now, as the word on flies with rapid wing,
That Congress had the Declaration passed,
An untold joy pervades the colonies:
And 'tis, at north, south, west, and east received,
With cheerings oft, illuminations grand,
And pleasure's highest demonstrations all;
And soon becomes the topic of discourse
In circles all, and theme of eulogy.
The virtuous men, who never had despaired
Once of their country's hallowed cause; whose hopes

Remained so small, of aid from foreign powers;
Whose army in deranged condition stood,
And in resource deficient (though opposed
Too by an enemy of means so vast,
And whose resources nigh exhaustless were):
But yet the noble instrument had sealed;
Were hailed as honored chiefs in Freedom's cause,
And owned the guardians of their country's hopes.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

The war now assumes a more determined aspect. Washington, in the effort to prevent the British from entering New York, is defeated with dreadful loss on Long Island, and well nigh captured with his army. He retreats from Long Island to New York, then to Harlem's Heights. Hale, returning to Long Island to procure intelligence, is captured by Howe, and barbarously executed.

In the meanwhile had Washington the war
Waged with success unequal. For the foe
Desiring through Long Island to obtain
Possession of Manhattan's noble town,
They moor off Sandy Hook their squadron huge,
And next of Staten Isle possession take ;
Where Howe awaits his brother's coming, who
Arrives full soon, leading a fleet immense
From Albion's ports ; with whom, too, Parker comes
With his huge squadron, bearing from the South
The force entire of Clinton. And when now
Concentred all, the hostile army strong
Four myriads numbers. Nor does Howe delay
His operations to secure the town,
And to Long Island passing, straight assumes
Post near Utrecht and Gravesend villages ;
And soon their march begin across the isle,
And at Flatbush the Narrows occupy.

But Washington had to the city moved,
And there and on Long Island had upthrown
Entrenchments strong, the enemy to oppose
In the assay their vessels to upmove
On rivers East and North ; then fortifies
His camp upon the island, and to Greene
Gives the command ; 'neath whom, at Brooklyn, too,
Putnam assumes command, and fortifies
With moats and strong entrenchments ; while his wings

From the Bay Wallabout to Gowan's Cove
Full nigh extend, while on his rear appear
East River and the Isle of Governor,
Which him direct communication gives
With New York city ; where, 'neath Washington,
A portion of the army post assumes.
While in the front of Greene's entrenchment stand
The corps of Sullivan upon the heights
Of Guan ; while at Chester East and West
And at Rochelle the train-bands post assume.

But now the Albion powers propose to stay
The war procinct a season, to afford
Time for negotiation, and propound
To Washington and Congress overtures
Of pardon, and oblivion for the past,
On their return to duty ; who consent
To accept of pardon when shall Albion show
Wherein they had offended : who, the task
Not venturing to assume, the war 's renewed
With vigor ne'er surpassed. Meanwhile had Greene
In occupancy of the Isle performed
Each measure which could, or by wisdom, skill,
Or genius, be devised to insure success
In the fierce coming fray ; and too acquires,
And by inspection personal and close,
Full knowledge of the passes and defiles
On the whole isle, wherethrough the enemy
Must to the city move, that so he all
In suitable defence might place whene'er
The occasion, soon expected, should require.

But ere the enemy their march begin
Across the isle, a typhus lays her hand
Nigh fatally upon the frame of Greene,
And him prostrates beyond all power to lead
The expedition ; and as thus aside
Is laid the great commander, suddenly,
To the astonished sight of foes and friends,
The moon in dark eclipse its influence sheds
Baleful o'er all the land ; whereth the foe
Boast that the light of freedom now must fail,
And for the assault prepare, and little deem

How soon in Albion Isle shall be reversed
The fond impression ; when, as wakes the sun
In the clear Orient, scarce is attained
The horizon ere is darkened suddenly
His ray, perplexing King and Parliament,
Who deem that to their cause, at such an hour,
It stands portentous of swift coming ill.

But Sullivan, who now in the command
Hath Greene succeeded, finds not needed time
To gain the required knowledge of the ground
(Which through the eye admission must obtain
By personal survey of all the scene),
Ere on him comes, in rapid move, the foe,
Superior far in numbers, discipline,
Artillery, and martial knowledge all ;
Assisted by their fleet, as likewise by
A plan judicious of assault, which full
Adopting, with resistless ardor they
And dire impetuosity fulfilled,
And ev'n e'er Sullivan his troops could form :
But who with dauntless bravery returns
The fierce retaliating charge, until
Inhemmed is he on every side around.
For, unacquainted with the movements which
The enemy adopt (who captured had,
Withouten aught alarm, the patrols all
Stationed on Bedford road), they are inclosed
By fires surrounding them in frequent charge,
Wherefrom a valor desperate alone
Could rescue any ; and the slaughter now
Is general, and they at every point
Are routed and indriven. The regiments
Of Smallwood, sons of Maryland, and force
Fav'rite of Greene, and the army's pride, who (as
The Carthaginian *Sacred Cohort*) were
Of educated youth of family,
And in high state of discipline, full near
Annihilated is. For when in front
And rear the army's thus assailed, till nigh
Destruction glares upon them, this bold band
Led on by Stirling charged impetuously
Upon the right, holding the foe employed

With his superior forces, till had passed
Their comrades onward and arrived the camp
At Brooklyn's heights ; when the surviving few
With Sullivan and Stirling soon upyield,
And quarters proffered by the foe receive.

Hundreds of gallant youths, in splendor nursed
And in the lap of luxury, thus breathed
Their spirits forth upon the crimsoned soil,
At side of their expiring steeds, and 'midst
Heaps of expiring enemies and friends.
And though now cold in death, the countenance
Of many still the traces high retained
Of the majestic soul once dwelling there ;
Forms which had graced a Court, or raised within
The heaving breast of beauty kindling fires
And tenderest emotions, here are strewn
O'er the wide field, maimed and disfigured all
By hideous wounds, and all with gore befouled,
And left a prey for crows and ravening wolves.
Here too Columbia mourned the hapless fall
Of Woodhull, her bold son, who at his post
Fell as he hailed his warriors to the charge.
His death approved his life consistent all ;
Fearless he'd e'er his purposes avow
And fearlessly e'en to the end pursue.

But Washington now crossing from New York
Leads on his shattered forces to the heights
Of Brooklyn, where he finds them soon exposed
To hazard imminent. Nor could he even
His loss retrieve by leading to their aid,
While thus in strife engaged, Putnam's bold force,
Sans hazarding the camp, nor from New York
His forces bring without high risk, for still
The foe his troops outnumbered thrice told o'er.
But Howe unwilling is the camp to assail,
Unless in form by regular approach,
Till aided by his fleet, which brief repose
Allows to Washington ; whose gallant troops,
Sorely fatigued, discouraged by defeat,
And with a foe vastly superior
In front, whose mighty armament is now

East River entering, determined even
To cut off and entirely all remove,
Begun to fear their liberties were lost,
And all their country's hopes. But Washington,
Superior to discouragement, resolves
To remove from such position perilous,
And straight by night the enterprise begins,
And it conducts in person silently
O'er the broad river to Manhattan's shore ;
Yet long ere is the enterprise complete
The morning brightly dawns ; and now his heart
Throbs loud with apprehension, lest the foe,
Discovering his movement, should the plan
Frustrate at once, and slay his country's hopes,
So feeble else ; but calling on His name
Who ne'er had failed him in the hour of need,
Straight at His high command comes quickly forth
A mighty Seraph from amidst the throngs
Unnumbered that attend before His Throne ;
Who waving o'er the sea and stream his wand,
A dense fog 'rises ; and the foe entire
Enveils in dunest gloom. And as that cloud
Whose lightnings fierce and frequent, once perplexed
The Memphian power who Israel sought, until
They safe the Idumæan sea o'erpassed ;
So now the Albions all enveloped, stay
Their vessels from removal up the stream ;
Till, 'mid embarrassments, and hopes and fears,
His army with their stores armigerous,
Provisions, baggage, and artillery,
Horses and war's munitions, Washington
Conducts in safety o'er the channel wide,
And at the city undiscovered lands :
Though with the enemy the while so nigh
The Brooklyn camp, that them the army hears
Opening the trench at the third parallel.
But soon as in their boats the rear-guard stand
In safety full, the angel waves his wand ;
And suddenly the mist dispersing, shows
The disappointed enemy, the troops
They were besieging, far from risk away.
But Washington his now position sees
Again all hazardous, and soon resolves

The city to resign, and onward move
 To Harlem's Heights; which perilous attempt
 Conducts he safe; and through a cannonade
 Heavy and constant from Britannia's fleet.
 Yet leaves he at the Mount of Washington,
 And Kingsbridge, and some smaller neighboring posts,
 A numerous force; and too with Putnam leaves
 A moiety of the troops he still commands,
 Position near the city to assume.

Yet ere the city is by Washington
 Abandoned, he desires, and ardently,
 The situation, strength, and operations,
 To ascertain, of whom Long Island now
 Possession have assumed; and too to learn
 What is the enterprise they next design.
 All night and sleepless in his tent the Chief
 Revolves their object probable, their plans,
 And their resources huge; and how the best
 Them to encounter should they him assail;
 Or how secure retreat should need require
 (For well assured is he, his forces now
 Dispirited so deeply by defeat,
 Will ne'er the foe in open field withstand);
 Till starting up long ere Aurora fair
 Led up th' horizon by her glittering star,
 Twinkling o'er th' umbrageous hills, appears,
 He, all resolved their plans to ascertain,
 To Knowlton comes (a patriot pure was he,
 And friend beloved of Washington), to whom
 He opens his full heart: who ponders o'er
 It deeply; and, too, who shall be by them
 Employed th' intelligence so wished to gain.
 But Washington departing, leaves the choice
 So requisite with Knowlton, who selects
 A youthful captain in his regiment,
 The virtuous Hale; whose soul glows ardently
 To aid his country; and the more as now
 Hope seems nigh gone. He likewise plain discerns
 That need of information so desired
 Perplexed the army; and its sufferings
 Already grievous to be borne, enhanced;
 And the proposal meets full cheerfully:

Although by friends assured that he could ne'er
(Whose countenance was index to his heart)
Conceal his purpose from the foe, should aught
His aim suspect in visiting the camp.
And o'er his regimentals casting now
A farmer's cloak, he onward to commence
The arduous work, and perilous, swift flies
While yet night's shadow fills the hemisphere ;
And to the stream arrives, where lies a bark
By fishers used, with whom he soon agrees
To bear him with a load of produce o'er :
Who, ere had Phœbus sipped the dew, attain
The hostile strand ; when, on proceeds he towards
The camp, in careless attitude, to seek
A purchaser, yet hoping none to find
Ere he around the entire works had gone,
And them examined ; and their forces scanned ;
And last, though not the least, the movements they
Contemplate ascertained. Yet soon is bought
Each article, and he the lines must leave :
But first inquires if through the camp he may
Pass to his father's residence beyond ;
A distance brief this way ; but trebled is
To pass around : He is unwell, and till
This morning I have all unable been
A boat to obtain to bring my produce o'er ;
For Washington has all the boats destroyed
For miles along the bank. The foe him deem
From his discourse a royalist, and yield
A guard to see him through ; yet thoughtlessly
He frequent stays to cast his eyes upon
The works around ; which by the guard is deemed
But curiosity, as felt by swains
All uninformed, when first exhibited
They see the splendid equipage of war :
Nor hindered is he aught, or questioned e'er.

But now beyond the camp a grove he reached ;
Where, deeming none discern him, he direct
His observations briefly notes ; when lo !
A sudden voice him hoarsely hails, and thus :
What will you here ? who are you ? and beholds
A British son of Neptune ; unto whom

Replies he straight : I have this morning brought
 A load of produce to the camp ; and now
 Am passing to my father's to obtain
 A stock additional, which they desire
 For dinner at Head Quarters. What they've named
 I'm writing lest my recollection fail.
 The conversation thus begun, he draws
 From Neptune's generous son, a statement full
 Of what would soon Howe's operations be ;
 And what his present strength : and now prepares
 To return with proud success to Washington.

Then passing through a wood and swamp, he turns
 Wending around a bank, which hides from view
 The camp he now would shun ; for well aware
 Is he, that if suspiciously accost
 He must a consciousness of guilt bewray.
 Others beneath an aspect saturnine
 Their feelings might conceal ; but ne'er could Hale,
 Whose face the intents of his heart proclaims :
 And now abashed reflects, that in pursuit
 Of his high aim, the truth he'd sacrificed.
 Swift then around the limit of the camp
 He passes to the stream ; and thence soon reached
 His fishers, still in waiting to convey
 Him o'er ; and with them too an officer
 To him from Howe on message sent, that he
 Would to his neighbors give encouragement,
 To bring for sale their produce to the camp ;
 Whereat an ample recompense they'd find.
 Yet while thereon conversing, Hale assays
 Into the boat to pass ; when from the shore
 A reflux wave sweeps it the chain's full length ;
 And, reaching it to return, he scarce the chain
 Had grasped, when suddenly a gust upraised
 The rustic cloak, his uniform high o'er,
 And instantly the rebel stands revealed.

Straight is he seized, and to the camp forth led,
 And Howe thereon informed ; who now requires
 That he to trial be directly brought.
 He comes, still covered with his rustic garb,
 Which his fair form and exquisite, belies,

And stately gait ; of whom thus Howe demands,
His brow too gathering a surly frown ;
Who are you and from whence ? And why are we
Thus favored with your visit to these lines ?
But Hale, with haughty and unquailing glance,
Returns the scrutiny of his proud look,
And thus responds : I'm anything you please,
Unless a subject of the king you serve !
Then throwing leisurely his cloak aside,
Stands boldly forth in Captain's uniform
Of the Columbian service ; and to Howe
Intrepidly returns ; This uniform
May show that I to Washington belong :
And when I too aver my name is Hale,
And that your camp I've visited to learn
Your strength and movements, you'll perchance release
Me from th' annoyance of more questioning.
Whereat Howe stands a moment, from whose eye
Ferocity forth shoots with hideous glare,
And trembling o'er with rage, he fierce returns—
Know you the meed of such temerity ?
I do ; 'tis death ! says Hale. Then he : By Heaven !
And death you soon shall have ! to the first tree
I'll string you up, and teach your skulking troops,
And beggarly commander here to come !
As when a panther at some rivulet
Slaking his thirst, beholds a fawn approach,
He crouches till she's near ; then suddenly
Forth springs thereon, and in his gory jaws
Upgrinds the tender joints, and her devours ;
E'en thus with glaring eye, ferociously
Howe gnashes on his captured foe ; who, calm
As summer's evening, coolly him replies :
You've me to death condemned ; and by the laws
Of war you have the right. Should it befit
The dignity of royal officers,
To pour upon their prisoner contempt,
And sarcasm on his cause, it still may be
Wise to beware how you by cruelty,
Provide incentives to more glorious deeds,
Than Lexington perchance, or Bunker Hill,
Or Charleston harbor, may to mind recall.
The troops of Washington are not the men

To be by you intimidated thus,
 Or by your wholesale butcheries. To whom
 Howe deigns no answer ; but requires the guard
 Hale to remove, and in attendance bring
 The Provost Marshal : unto whom he gives
 Command to execute the prisoner,
 At early hour upon the following morn.

Meanwhile the sentinel, with treatment foul,
 Him to the Guard-house marches ; there to wait
 Until the hour appointed shall arrive.
 No fear his bosom daunts ; yet scarce can he
 The uprising thoughts restrain, that bring to mind
 Hope's recent pictured dreams, compared with now !
 Yale was his Alma Mater ; in whose Halls,
 With highest honors, graduated he ;
 Then left her Academic groves (and too,
 The intention to assume the functions high,
 Of God's Ambassador, whereto were all
 His classic studies aimed), that he might give
 His country aidance in her struggles now.
 He was his widowed mother's only son ;
 And by his lovely sisters nigh adored ;
 Who them had pointed to salvation's way.
 How to his mind the thoughts of home return !
 And how the scene uprises now to view,
 When his fond mother on his head besought
 A blessing as he goes to aid the war,
 The sacred war of freedom ; whilst around,
 His sisters cling, loud sobbing, as his sword
 Ongirds he, and prepares to speak farewell—
 Perchance a last farewell ! The scenes endeared,
 Before him pass, as onward moves he now,
 To the dark prison-house, whose flooring oft,
 O'erpacing, thus he sighs his feelings forth :

Shadows and airy forms, how to my mind
 Ye throng, with love's young dream, no more, alas !
 To glad my soul, or cheer this throbbing heart.
 Ah ! what avails it now, that Fortune smiled,
 Propitious on my youth, and early hopes
 Beguiled the hours of life's sweet morn away ?
 All, as a vision, vanished is, and gone !

And tempest-clouds, ere noon, how fierce they lower
O'er my devoted head! But whence such thoughts?
They are but Nature's tribute, let them pass.
Yet still the thoughts of home, and childhood's scenes,
Press on his heart, with thoughts more dearer still,
Of youthful love: as on some dreary coast,
The shipwrecked lover views with steadfast gaze,
The portrait of the idol of his soul,
And to his burning lips presses it oft,
Enraptured, and the tender sigh him wakes
To fond remembrances, as o'er it now
He hangs impassioned, and the tedious hours
Beguiles in fancied converse. Yet how soon,
The bliss dissolving, leaves him all forlorn!

But thinking o'er the information, now
Obtained by him for Washington, he notes
All, and with care; then on his bosom binds,
As was arranged with Knowlton, should his hap
Be to return no more, and thus secure
What information he might e'en obtain
(Which, with his corse, is gained the following eve);
And thus, once more, with his own heart communes:
Life's but a voyage to Eternity,
Whatever other port we would attain.
A voyage? Yes, whose frequent storms arise,
Nor e'er expected till they o'er us sweep.
How smooth, and how inviting is the sea,
In youth's bright morning, ere the tempests rage;
But oh! what deathful quicksands lie concealed,
And rocks, beneath the surface treacherous,
Where myriads who seek some distant shore,
Are mournful shipwrecked, and for ever lost!
To-morrow, I upon the scaffold die!
Die as a spy,—the hated, odious name!
But stay: though ignominious, shall I quail?
Is it the mode in which we suffer?—No!
The cause it makes the martyr; let the death
Be what it may: whose obloquy and shame
Will turn to glory in a hallowed cause.
The cause it makes the martyr! Grieve to die?
This world is but a prelude to the next:
A scene wherein we each our part perform

And quit the stage. Then had my lease of life
Continued ; nor for numerous years have closed ;
What could I, not already gained, attain ?
Or what to-morrow lose that could be saved
Should longer life be mine ? My duty I
Have done, and faithfully ! And though I die,
I fear not to my country to confide
My memory ; and when her wars shall be
The theme of song heroic, by some Bard
Of freedom's sons, who has the heart to feel
What freedom cost ; and has the soul that dares
To utter forth his feelings ; though at price
Of foul proscription by the scorpion herd
Of hypocrites in sanctimonious garb,
But jealous of the nobleness of mind
They ne'er can emulate ; then, what I've done
And suffered, shall remembered be ; and live
To fire the souls of whom in other lands
Shall strike for freedom. But if on the field
Of battle I had fallen, at the head
Of my brave men, it soon had been forgot
That Hale his life had to his country given.
My country ! Yes ; I'd love to serve thee still ;
And thy so honored Chief. For this I'd live ;
But 'tis for thee I die ! I did enjoy
Full draughts of pleasure in the expectant hope
Of yielding thee my toils for years to come ;
But duty's voice in thy revered command
Hath bade such cheering visions all remove.
And let them go ! I'd ne'er them to recall
Be tempted, if recalling contravened
In aught thy will or pleasure, country loved !
For all Imagination's wildest dream
Of happiness could picture here below.
And what is life, though crowned with all the joys
Of fancied bliss ? How soon they disappear !
With all its hopes 'tis but a gloomy maze
Where perils threaten, and where woes attend.
Then while its fleeting moments glide away,
What cares are ours ! and like some surging wave
Misfortunes rising dash against our bark ;
It passes ; then full soon another comes,
Still sweeping o'er us till the port is gained.

The port ? blest port ! for not by this dark world
 Are circumscribed my hopes, which soar beyond
 To that desired haven, where no more
 Shall waves of sorrow dash against the soul.
 That haven makes to-morrow pleasing to me,
 And all the gloom disperses of the grave !
 That haven, where the throngs of earth's redeemed
 Are welcomed all by Him who led the way
 To the inheritance his blood acquired.
 Oh soon shall I them emulate in heaven,
 And mingle with celestial choirs, and strike
 With bolder stroke than Seraph ever struck,
 My sounding lyre to Him the Lamb once slain
 For ruined man ; reëchoed by the harps
 Of all the ransomed myriads of our race.
 Long-suffering God ! To thee may I approach ;
 A sinner poor ; but by His blood redeemed
 Who is Thine Image ; and who has proclaimed
 Thy matchless love to a sin-ruined world !

Yet as the Hours are hastening down the skies
 It Hale bethought (for nature still would shrink
 At the near prospect of a barbarous death,
 And of the cold drear grave), to seek of whom
 The prison kept, a Bible ; or to obtain
 In these his moments last, an interview,
 With one who taught the Gospel, and might give
 Counsel and comfort, and his hopes assist.
 But his desire in surliest mood denies
 The officery : and now the knee he bows
 In supplication ; and upon His name,
 The Saviour's name he calls (as parents loved
 Instructed him in childhood's happy hour),
 Whose blood piacular he felt to be
 The only hope whereon to stay his soul.

But night arriving now he calm to rest
 Upyields in softest slumber ; nor no more
 His prospects all since yesternight so changed,
 Affect his heart ; but feels the assurance sweet
 That God has heard his prayer ; and also feels
 That in performance of a duty high
 He captured was ; and peace his bosom fills

Who sweetly slumbers night's dark watches o'er.
Then as the blushing east awakes the day,
He too awakes ; and as the sun new paints
The orient skies, and in the room glanced
Where Hale late slumbered ; and fair nature smiles,
And flowers ambrosial scent the early breeze,
He views the scene enjoying, and had ev'n
His hastening doom forgot. But soon, how soon !
The returning thought that these so lovely scenes
He's viewing for the last, steals o'er his soul,
And throbs his heart an instant ; but direct
Yields place to holier feelings, as he thus
Forth whispers calm the emotions of his soul :
How like the gilded butterfly frail man
Here comes upon the scene ! A sip he takes
Brief of life's pleasures, and in sipping dies.
Farewell thou beauteous earth ! a few short hours
Will place me on thy bosom, there to rest ;
To rest in hallowed peace and joyful hope !
But sudden of his mother thinking now,
And sisters loved, he writes a last farewell :
Which scarce accomplished is, ere sounds the drum
The signal ; and his doors wide open fly,
And the rough executioner appears
(Who could hell's grimmest agency fulfil) ;
Fit instrument of death ; whose haggard eyes
Outglare the tiger's when at midnight's hour
He roams for prey : who now with curses dire,
And language foul, prepares him to proceed
To the oblivious bourne. Then to the troop
Who in attendance waited, Hale presents
His letters all unsealed ; requesting they
Might be unto his mother sent ; which straight
Are by them into fragments torn ; who swear
With horrid imprecations : Never, sir,
Shall th' rebels learn you thus could death outbrave !
But all unmoved at wrath so impotent
He calmly on his coffin, as required,
His place assumes, by foes surrounded, who,
Upon him pour contempt and epithets,
How vulgar ! though compunction while they speak
Awakes within their breasts, and pleads against
Their deeds unmanly : yet its voice they ne'er

Regard, but onward thus a brother haste
To death ; a brother too, by none excelled
In nobler virtues 'mid their boasting ranks.
But at the scaffold soon arrived, they him
Soon to his fate consign ; who meekly yields,
Yet uttering forth, Oh that I had more lives
To give for my loved country and her Chief!

Yes, noble youth, thy work was bravely done !
Thy sun of glory set while yet 'twas day ;
But rest in peace ; thy work was nobly done !
Although forbid to climb the towering heights
Of fame ; although the clarion's note shall ne'er
Again thee 'rouse ; nor the deep-rattling drum
That stirs the soul to fight ; although they have
Thy requiem pealed ; yet rest, loved youth, in peace :
Oblivion ne'er shall cloud thy virtuous name,
Nor dim, while Freedom or thy country lives !
Columbia's sons shall to thine early grave
Frequent repair, and point their offspring loved,
To the fair grassy plot where slumbering lies
Him who so freely life's young hopes resigned
To burst their chains and buy their liberty !

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

America's prospects become still more gloomy in consequence of the recent defeat on Long Island. The troops abandon the army in companies, even while Washington remains at Harlem. His endeavors to inspire his men with renewed courage. A skirmish. Knowlton and Leitch are slain. Washington leaves Harlem, followed by the enemy in zarriada. He is again defeated by them on White Plains. Then crossing into Jersey, they still pursue him, and overrun the upper part of the State. Effects of the invasion. Troops still leave the army, which it is now no longer possible to augment by enlistments. The little army of Washington is still driven onward before the foe. He passes through Brunswick and Princeton; and is so closely pursued that he barely succeeds in crossing the Delaware, before Cornwallis's forces appear in sight on the Jersey shore. Washington's efforts to cheer up the flagging spirits of his little band. Battle at forts Mifflin and Red Bank, on the Delaware. Death of Count Donop. Steuben, Kosciuszko, De Kalb, Lafayette, and Pulaski, join the American army.

UPON Columbia her darkest days
Scarce yet had come. For now the multitude
Restless and fickle (who the greater part
Compose of all communities), begin
To weary of a war of which no end
They scarce as yet discern, and whose grand aim
They scarce can comprehend; for they had hoped
That one campaign sufficient would have proved
To close it, and for aye; which hopelessness
Now makes the wavering hostile; and at length
The army reached; for while at Harlem's heights
Lay Washington, his troops the army leave
By companies soon as the time expires
Of their enlistment; while their courage he
All efforts to restore employs. But vain
His essays for a season: till he now
Leads them to skirmish with the enemy.
In hope e'en thus them to habituate
By series of successful skirmishings
To meet the foe in open field; assured
That when aware that full upon their rear
A camp intrenched and strong immediate lay,
They would with confidence the foe engage.

And now as though his essays to attest
In the result, the enemy in power
Moves on the plains atween the hostile camps,
Hurling defiance 'gainst Columbia's sons.
Then Washington upordering Knowlton straight
With his Dragoons, and with his Rangers, Leitch ;
Enjoins that they by route circuitous
Attain the hostile rear ; while he in front
Is feigning preparations them to assail,
Which shall amuse and occupy, until
The rear is gained. The plan too well succeeds ;
For soon as are his preparations seen
The foe all eagerly descend a hill,
And speedily the bushes there and fence
Secure in their possession, which against
The party they're expecting full in front
Must give position strong ; and straight begins
Their charge of musketry, but all too far
To reach the troops of Washington. Meanwhile,
Knowlton, to whom their new position is
Till now unknown, comes suddenly in view
Upon their flank, and thus his troop oncalls :
Unsheathe, my boys, the scimeter of death ;
The enemy will fail before us now,
As smitten by the blighting fires of heaven.
On, on, my heroes ! there's your tyrant foe :
And now wash out the stain opprobrious
Of late disasters in their pulsing tide !
Fierce as the northern storm onward they rush,
At his bold words, in column all compact ;
Whose thirsty falchions drink the smoking blood
To satiety ; till aback the enemy
Roll like a broken wave ; but step by step
Are followed close : and now their listening ear
Caught the dread sound as thundering on it rolls
And tells that Washington is also near
Charging their dexter flank with hideous war.
They fly, but not in safety. From the wood
(Which he'd by rapid movement now attained),
Dark as the tempest lowering in the heavens
He onward moves in thick-set battle-rank,
And joins the combat ; till wide o'er the plains
They scattering flee and hasten to their camp.

Thus 'neath the shade from Sol's too piercing ray
The finny tribes with nimble tail disport,
And rapid shoot along ; or frequently
In files move on, or shoal around the beach,
And leaping taste the air ; till suddenly
The pike, the monarch of the stream, appears ;
When scattering swift they instant dart away.

Now from the field his force leads Washington,
Inspired with hopes renewed of victory,
And freedom from the oppressor's chains accurst.
But little 'tis of happiness that Heaven
Bestows on man without abatement some !
This brief successfulness the army gained
At price of a bright ornament ; for here
The accomplished Knowlton fell. Yet as he fell
Fast dying thus is heard : My comrades brave,
Press on, nor heed not me. I'll happy sleep
Where Freedom's sons their life so freely yield
For their loved country. Onward press, and soon
Once more is victory ours. My spirit waits
To bear the news to heaven of your success,
And still will hover o'er you ! As he spake
His flashing eye kindled their souls in flame,
And urg'd 'em dauntless headlong on the foe.

In valor ne'er excelled, his name was even
A constant terror to the enemy
When he was nigh ; and long his country mourned
As o'er her wide domain the tidings spread,
Of his sad fall. Eager in early youth
His arms he seized, and to the combat hastes
Her cause to aid ; and the foud dream inspired
That long he'd aidance render : As when is nursed
With constant care and great, some tender plant
Or blooming odorous flower, the frosted air
Scatters its sweets and blights its lovely bloom.
Here too the gallant Leitch his life resigned
While onward leading to the charge his troop
With intrepidity and like success.

Now from the orient as day apace
Hastes on magnificent, and fires the hills,

While open-bosom'd flowers baptized with dew
Breathe a rich fragrance, and the humming-bird
And rainbow-painted butterfly allure
Forth from their resting-place ; the army all
Assemble at the sound of reveille
To bear their Leitch and Knowlton to that bourne,
Man's limit last ; and in the grave adown
Their shrouded bodies place : and, as upon
The coffins fall the clods with rumbling sound,
Nine volleys quick awake from whom had fought
At side of them when on the field they fell.
Then, where the warriors sleep the spot they mark,
There often to return and drop a tear.

But soon does Washington his post discern
Untenable at Harlem ; for the foe
Him to dislodge, three vessels huge of war
Move up the river and his camp assail
With bombs and cannonry's incessant charge.
And now with Putnam joined he thence removes,
While on his rear the foe in myriads come,
Who him on fated White Plains vanquishing,
They Jersey overrun far north and west,
And devastations monstrous perpetrate ;
And in the blood of freedom's friends imbrue
Frequent their hands. Here she, thy dearest life,
Devoted Caldwell, from thy side was torn,
And by relentless butchers sacrificed
In vengeance that thou durst thy country love.
And thou, Rosborough, faithful and beloved,
Not even thy sacred functions could afford
Protection for thee, whilst thou durst appear
Thy country's advocate ; or durst essay
To cheer the suffering hopes of freedom's band.
On still their darkening legions come, till now
They fill the land ; and, as in Mitzraim old
The cicada far spread the herbage blights ;
Or, as in Lapland, from the snow-capped mounts
Of Kolen, in vast multitudes descend
The lemming ; over Sweden-Lapland marching ;
Finland and Nordland, to the Eastern sea ;
Or to the Sinus Bothnicus ; and blast
Like pestilence the verdant plains where'er

Their course they shape ; so through north Jersey's length
And width the enemy on rapid press
With far-spread desolation and grim war,
Prostrating all her happiest hopes ; and led
By Howe and by Cornwallis. On they move
As when in drought the raging Sirius comes,
Drinking the springs which vitalize the glebe,
And blasts the flowers and forests with its ray.
While as the time expired for which the troops
Of Washington enlisted had, they still
To reingage refuse ; but spiritless
Homeward depart, upgiving all for lost ;
Though some from love of Washington remain,
And stern resolve ne'er to survive the fall
Of freedom and their country ; yet with them
Hope scarce is found that their loved land will be
From England's power redeemed. But Washington
Ne'er of success a moment has despaired,
But views the hand of Providence in all,
Whose guidance he has strongly felt and seen,
From the first moment of the struggle dire,
And knows his country's cause is dear to heaven.
Heaven had his eye unscaled, that to his view
The coming glories of his native land
Through the long vista of revolving years
Might rise in vision, and his soul sustain
Through the dark way he now was called to tread,
Whose darkness him the assurance gives of day.
Hence calmly he the rising storm surveys,
And waits in watching till shall Providence
The path which leads to victory reveal.
So stood the Seer on Pisgah's hoary brow
In wondering gaze, and cast his glance afar
O'er Canaan's happy fields ; and so upon
The Cotopaxian mount the traveller views
Afar beneath his feet the rolling clouds
And tempest raging, while the bickering flame
Shoots forth in hideous flash, and far around
The bellowing thunders jarring frequent roll ;
Who yet a calm serenity enjoys
Where winds are hushed and heaven no tempest knows.

Onward, still on, is Washington pursued,

By the huge army of Germania's sons,
Through Jersey now to Brunswick, all forlorn,
'Till Howe, the country deeming now o'ercome,
Finds in his soul compassion ev'n awake
At suffering so untold, and here resolves
To await the move of Clinton in the north,
And them pursue no longer. On they move
Along their dreary way, nor scarce can tell
Where to assume a stand against the foe
Who'd them pursued, as tempests dark, to obscure
The sun of Liberty, and hurl the form,
The angel form that it protected now,
Down from his height, that darkness drear again
The world may cover. But Cornwallis now
Dissatisfied that here pursuit should stay
(Nor knew that Heaven his leader's heart had touch'd
With sympathy, lest Freedom now should fail);
He thus with vehemence to Howe bespake :
Why this delay, my leader ? Grant to me
Three days' pursuit, and I the war will end,
And end for ever. Yes, ere Washington
Can pass the Delaware, or Trenton reach,
I'll or disperse his shattered force, or shall
Them capture, he among them—and for aye,
Teach rebels all how they a contest dare
With us to wage ! To whom thus Howe returns :
My views are formed, nor can I change them now,
For reasons offered by you ; reasons sure,
That you without much derogation from
Your intellect, may deem I'd full in view,
When here I paused. You may, and easily,
Discern that their career well nigh is o'er :
I fain would spare unnecessary woe,
And suffering of the country, not required,
To bring it up to duty : and have, too,
Plans other and matured, to you unknown
(Far more important than your scheme proposed),
Now asking my attention. Then to me,
Such a pursuit is needless : nor can you
So easily, now capture Washington ;
And why disperse his forces ? They ere long,
'Tis plain, must from necessity disband.
I cannot yield to needless waste of life

Of them or us ; and am assured our troops,
Have practised cruelty enough to make
Rebellion here unpopular for aye.

Whereat, chagrined and deeply, he replies ;
Sir, to such rebels vile, compassion now,
Is but eventual cruelty to all,
And to our country treasonous. I hold,
We should adopt the course necessity,
Not pity, dictates. If we persevere,
We now *can* take them ; and revenge will smoothe
Our road to conquest of the wretches vile,
Who dare our King and Government oppose !

Yet Howe would ne'er the purpose entertain,
A moment to pursue the shattered force ;
Till, hell-inspired, he now on second thought,
Yields to Cornwallis leave to follow on
To Trenton, though not o'er the Delaware,
Should they have passed ; and rapid urged him on,
Who, as night rolls adown the sky, his march
Begins, and madly moves, a besom train,
And loudly thus his army hails : Advance !
Rapid advance to honor and to fame.
If might and right avail, the victory's ours !
And now his army's van to Trenton comes,
As Washington's rear-guard 'Sylvania's shores
In safety had arrived ; whose army still,
Their way though dreary, and their Plight forlorn,
Onward remove, by his loved voice inspired
To hope that yet a better day shall dawn.
But ye heroic band, whose lengthened woes
For Freedom borne, when by all else upgiven
As lost to man for ever, stood the guard,
The guard advanced of martyrs, called of Heaven,
To appear and suffer, whensoever 's to be
Derived from such example future good,
More than from effort ; when against the rights
Of human-kind iniquity prevails,
By numbers and by Despotism sustained !

But still the enemy will not o'erpass
As yet, the Delaware, nor yet attempt,

To capture Philadelphia ; though such stroke,
The panic must through all the land extend,
From oft defeats and losses late sustained,
Of the retreating army. Yet does Howe
Recall Cornwallis, who so easily
Could gain the city ; and cantonments placed,
Full large at Trenton, Princeton, and Amboy ;
Until should they from all the country round,
Collect supplies abundant ; while he waits
The movements of his forces at the north ;
Where he the plan had formed, the Eastern States
To sever from the others ; and dissolve
Their union necessary in the war,
By marching north to Albany, where he
Burgoyne from Canada would meet, and form
From Canada, a barrier to New York.
Yet by Cornwallis, now at length o'erswayed,
That he, by gaining Philadelphia soon,
And too, retaining what he'd late acquired
In York and Jersey, would thus separate
The Eastern from the Southern States as full,
And with less fear of failure ; he resolves
Penn's city to attempt, and speedily :
And by a squadron of his fleet designs
To enter by the river and destroy
The forts which else might intercept supplies ;
Then too, by land, possession to assume.
But Washington position takes atween
Trenton and Philadelphia ; and oft,
Thus labors to upcheer his suffering band :

Heed not the lying tongue of fell Despair ;
Night's darkest hour e'er ushers in the dawn.
Nor think that God will us permit to be
O'ercome, however great our present woes,
And dark the prospects of our country loved.
Why liberty is Heaven-bestowed on man ;
A right inalienable and assured ;
And Heaven designs that man should it assert
Against oppressors all, until achieved
It is by every people. God has roused
Our land to arms in this so sacred cause,
That by her victory she may animate

The hopes and struggles of a world enslaved.
He will our efforts favor if we wait
His time and patient trust him, and the toils
We now endure shall memory recall
When brighter days arise, and us rejoice
To think what we've endured; and too how Heaven
Hath honored us in calling thus to endure
The toils and woes which a rich harvest shall
Of praise to us and happiness to man
Produce in coming years. Nay darker clouds
Have dimmed our sun of liberty, and yet
Have rolled away and left her heaven serene.

Congress, who have so gallantly proclaimed
The Colonies free Independent States,
Whose deeds transcend the loudest blast of Fame,
Ne'er have despaired, nor will forsake us now.
Full well they know that suffering is the path
That God appoints to lead to happiness,
And in our country's sufferings now they see
The hand of God preparing her to assume
The primal stand amongst earth's nations all,
And to fulfil her destiny, which is
To give the world its freedom. Even now
Oppression's thrones are tottering to their base
Throughout the world, and jealous despots are
In hostile arms arrayed, as though resolved
Each other to o'erthrow and hurl adown.
England is viewed by European powers
With jealous eye, who pretext bare require
Arms to assume in aidance of whoe'er
Her haughty claims withstand, whatever aim
May be the object. Franklin now with France
Negotiating is, and she receives
The application favorably, and soon
Will own our independence, that she may
Thus humble England's pride; and this will bring
The Gallian fleets and armies to our shores,
In aidance of the war; and, allied thus,
Our land will soon from Albion's sway be free.
Then cheer your hearts! for nearer is relief
From her so galling chains than hope you now.
What though she holds the action just which may

Secure the end she seeks ? She soon will learn
That here an end is sought she'll ne'er acquire,
Whate'er her actions. This for tyranny's
An uncongenial clime, as tyrants have,
And e'er will realize. 'Then let them rave
Who us pursue, and now are trampling down
Our country's dearest rights ; and let them boast
Their strength and huge resources in the war,
'Tis but Rabshakeh's boast. Our high resource
Is heaven's great King, whose mighty arm outstretched
Will us sustain ; for he his word hath given
Freedom to aid, and blast with ruin dire
Their proud designs who would subvert her claims.
As o'er the billowy deep the big waves 'rise
With whitened crest, and soaring dash the clouds,
Then break upon the shore and disappear ;
So 'tis ordained by Him who rules o'er all,
That they must fail who human rights oppose.

Meanwhile with keenest eye the hostile fleet
He marks, as up the Delaware it moves
Slowly towards Philadelphia ; for ere
It had the capes even left, he'd reinforced
The Mifflin Fortress in the Delaware
And Mercer's on Red Bank with troops required,
Under command of warlike Smith and Green ;
Green to Red Bank and Smith to Mifflin Fort.
And soon the day that tried their souls arrives,
For now the enemy in sight appear,
Thus planning their assault : The ships of war
To bear on Mifflin Fortress, while upon
The eastern bank a Hessian force debark,
Led by Donop 'gainst Mercer's, it to storm.
Then, by the flood-tide borne, the vessels huge
The isle approach in war's array, even while
Nature o'ercastr with saddest clouds appears,
And, sympathizing, dropped some sorrowing tears
Upon her sons, who thus in dread array
And hostile stand, as though she'd them dissuade
From the approaching deathful fray of arms.
Near and yet nearer to the little fort
The towering vessels move, till suddenly
Their anchors casting, flash the cannonry

And mortars huge, whose deepening roar resounds
Hideous along the shores ; while, rapidly
As pattering hail, bombs, grape, chain, cannon-ball,
Upon the fort fall in saturnine showers.
Yet all unmoved Columbia's sons sustain
The shock ; and from the fortress, dimly seen
Through the convolving smoke and sulphurous clouds,
As struggling through the mist fair Cynthia gleams,
Pour in the steady, well-directed charge
Against the fleet, and with their red-winged balls
Bore through Britannia's walls of hardened oak ;
As when 'mid storms the forky lightnings blaze,
While high above the welkin echoing rings.
But heavens, behold ! bored by the flaming ball
The ponderous Augusta now uprose,
Soaring in dreadful splendor to the skies.
Hideous the shock ! the cannonry they cease,
And death-like silence reigns throughout the scene.
Then high amid the clouds the fearful roar
Resounds of the Augusta's guns and shells
An instant there exploding, then the plash
Sudden of cannon falling, and the crew,
Blackened, and scorched, and mangled fearfully,
A mournful scene ! as all around they fall
Upon the Delaware, the ships, and isle.

But now again the battle fiercer burns ;
Again the artillery 'wake and deal around
On speediest wing their whizzing iron bolts.
Death, hovering o'er the scene, with joy selects
His frequent victims. Now the Briton brave
Falls, and the scuppers stream with gallant gore,
As man on man sinks in his watery grave.
While, by the fatal bullet pierced, too fall
Columbia's noble warriors, whose blood
Leaps hissing from the ruptured arteries,
Each time the dread artillery commands
Them from the fort to flee ; yet all unmoved
They stand, and smiling gaze on pallid Death,
Them threatening to devour ; and, when they fall,
'Their words encourage as their life they yield.
But now again each heart with terror quails,
As nigh is seen the Merlin too on fire,

Then thund'ring, as she likewise takes the wing,
With grandeur terrific, towards the skies.
Thus when upon the late-filled barn descends
The bolt of heaven impetuous, and fires
The mow of sheafy corn, from need of air
It smothering lies concealed, till now, at once
Zephyrs in-pouring, forth it bursts revealed
Wild to the heavens, and spreads its horrors 'round.

Soon then adown the stream the vessels fall,
Sore shattered, nor the strife can more sustain :
But from the shore now sounds the artillery,
As aims Donop the fortress on Red Bank
By storm to capture. Then when three fierce rounds
And bloody the assailants had received,
Green and his men from the outworks retire,
And cease their cannons' thunder ; whom Donop,
Believing now o'ercome, calls loudly on
His Hessians him to follow. On they rush
Through a long opening which fronts direct
A masked battery of cannon, charged
With spike-nails, grape, and chain-shot heavily ;
Onward they press, of victory assured,
In one dark solid mass of hideous length,
Till in a twinkling Erebus appears
To burst upon their vision, as at once
The artillery sudden unmask, and, with
Vesuvian rage and power disploding, pour
Death through the solid columns, who adown
Sink, as though slumbering, nor feel his sting ;
While the survivors, paralysed with awe,
A moment stand with bayonet fixed ; but life
Fails now on every side, and every crash
Crimsons earth's bosom o'er, till suddenly
Adown their arms they fling and quarter sue.
Even thus, on Norway's treacherous sea, some bark
Bounds with full sail, by hurrying breezes borne,
Whose crew and passengers, all blithe and gay,
Ne'er deem the direful Maelstrom nigh at hand,
Till, wheeling 'round, they find the vessel driven,
Nor heeds the helm or sail. In vain they crowd
The canvas on ; 'round she still helpless wheels,
Till sudden on the ear breaks with deep roar

The sounding cavern, as they nearer draw,
Forced by resistless suction, and each heart
Appals with terror, while more swift she drives
In narrowing circlets, till the dreadful whirl,
Hideous and raging, bursts upon the view ;
One frenzied shriek awakes, as swift they're plunged
Into the boiling gulf and disappear.

Donop too falls, the Hessian army's pride,
And by his foes, who mourn his hapless fall,
Is borne where kind attentions he receives,
Who oft, with grief o'erwhelmed, laments he e'er
His native land should leave, to war upon
The friends of liberty, whose cause so dear
Was to his fathers. Washington, who learns
Soon his misfortune, Clymer to him sends,
His sympathy to express ; whose accents kind
Bespeaking to the dying officer,
Within his fading sight a swelling tear
Tells his emotion, as he thus returns :
Present to Washington the heart-felt thanks
Of an ill-fortuned brother officer.
Say that I ne'er expect again to rise ;
Yet should I, the first effort of my power
Shall be to return my thanks in person to him.
See, Colonel, in the soldier suffering here,
The utter vanity of human pride !
In every court of Europe have I shone,
And now, upon the banks of Delaware,
I die, unknowing and unknown,—then rolls
His fading eye, and strove he yet to speak ;
But gelid death him utterance denies,
Whose visions darkling to his sight appear.

Yes, thou art gone, Donop ! lovely and loved,
As wert thou, Heaven could ne'er thy strife approve
Against the cause of liberty ! Thy sword,
Which blindness flashed upon the enemies
Of justice, when in other climes thou warred,
Here blinded thee ! Thy lightning-eye, which kenned
At instant glance where to direct the rage
Of battle, failed thee here ; for here thy war
Was against Freedom's self ! She thee disarmed,

Thy standard smote, thy laurels blasted all,
And, frowning, dashed thine honors in the dust.

The Americans entomb the honored dead,
And plant his grave with flowers of odors choice,
Fair as the stars which sprinkle heaven serene.
Now on Red Bank his Parian monument
Raises its mournful spire among the pines,
To speak the traveller, *Donop lies here!*
And if the worth and end of earthly pomp,
Of splendor, learning, rank, of wealth and fame,
You'd fully learn, Go view his youthful grave!

Now, by the fame of Washington and love
Of liberty attracted, came Steuben,
A Prussian officer, to aid the war;
Whose fame, acquired on frequent battle-fields,
Shone like fair Hesper on a frosty eve,
Amid the renown of Europe's warriors.
'Neath Frederic's inspection he was trained,
And in his system of manœuvres versed
As perfect as his king. Beloved was he,
And, though an active partisan, his name
Ne'er tarnished by aught violation was
Of laws of war or of humanity.
No son of freedom, born upon the soil
Columbian, could labor more to gain
Its liberty than he, nor none who e'er
Labored with more disinterested zeal,
Who his baronial titles and estates
And princely revenue all forfeit gave,
To gain the prize of freedom for mankind;
And, from the hour he reached her soil desired,
The discipline was for the better changed
Of the whole army. With him, too, arrived
The virtuous Kosciusko, Poland's son,
Who came to aid a people liberty
Had taught him to revere. Columbia
Was loved by Kosciusko. In her cause
He nobly fought and bled, and, at the close
Of her protracted struggle, home returned,
To give his country freedom, and full hard,
Yet unsuccessful, strove, though by the foe

In every clime was honored and revered.
 When at the head of armies who adored him,
 No glory false could dazzle, nor could e'er
 Ambition even a moment him bewray
 To leave the path his country's happiness
 Required he should pursue. The potentates
 Who'd him withstood and laid his country waste,
 Resisted he, not that they were or kings
 Or emperors, but only that they were
 Invaders or oppressors. He combated
 For no rebellious sword, nor for no aim
 Ambiguous. When Poland lost her freedom
 He lost his home, yet to the last e'er stood
 Unconquerable, as the undying fires
 Which from heaven's concave gleam in quenchless ray.
 When the Muscovian court sought to allure
 The illustrious defender of the soil
 Her tyranny accurst dared subjugate,
 Him offering motives which to vulgar minds
 Resistless prove, he ne'er to her would deign
 To listen till his country first was free.
 Empires confessed the terror of his arm,
 And kings whom he opposed him still revered,
 Whose principles untainted e'er remained
 And his bright fame unsullied to the last.

Happy Columbia! whose cause could thus
 Allure such noble spirits to thy shores!
 With whom De Kalb, Pulaski, Lafayette,
 On came, and numerous others high enrolled
 In fame's fair temple and in freemen's hearts.
 No golden promises of earth's awards
 Were as incentives offered, to induce
 Them in the doubtful struggle to engage,
 But love of liberty and equal rights,
 And sympathy with virtue so oppressed
 Here led them; too desiring to prepare
 A land of refuge from the oppressions of
 Earth's tyrants great and small. They saw the strife
 Waged by Columbia, while based upon
 The eternal principles of rectitude,
 Was, too, proposed and prosecuted from
 Pure patriotic motives, which o'erwins

Their heart-felt sympathy, and them induced
To leave their homes and to her aidance come.
Assurance sweet that was the war she waged
The sacred war of Heaven and all mankind.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Washington proceeds nigh to Philadelphia, to be in readiness to meet the enemy, who now design to assail that city by land, proceeding from the head of Elk River, in Maryland: and as he is deliberating on the means most proper to be pursued, the intelligence is brought that Forts Washington and Mifflin, on the Hudson, are captured: that Sinclair is defeated; and Mt. Independence and Mifflin also taken by the enemy. These dreadful tidings almost paralyse the nation; over whose prospects despair now settles fast. At this dark period, Rhode Island is also taken possession of by the enemy, and soon after General Lee is captured, whose loss is poignantly felt by the Americans. As Philadelphia is now so seriously menaced by the foe, Congress adjourns to Lancaster, after having created Washington Dictator for half a year; who now proceeding below the city, comes up with the British at Red Bank, on the Brandywine.—Battle.—Defeat of the Americans.—Lafayette wounded.—Barbarous massacre of a portion of the American army at Red Bank, by General Grey. Philadelphia is soon after captured. The enemy place cantonments through New Jersey to New York; at Burlington, Bordentown, Trenton, Princeton, Brunswick, and Amboy, and go into winter quarters. Congress appoints a day of humiliation and prayer.

Now Washington his army leads full nigh
To Philadelphia; for the numerous force
Of Howe, at Brunswick, had divided been
(As on the Delaware his plans had failed;
Which stream he'd now not essay to o'erpass,
While on its western bank stands Washington!),
To send a moiety to the head of Elk,
On transports, Penn's fair city to invade
By land alone: and were full rapidly
Through Maryland to move, and Delaware,
The city towards, full soon as disembarked.
But Washington, upon the city's north,
Leaving with Heath a force to check the foe,
Should they attempt the river to o'erpass,
Prepares full rapidly asouth to move,
To meet the invasion loursing now full near.
But while preparing, swift to him arrives
A herald from the north with the sad news
That fortress Washington, on Hudson's stream,
Is captured by the foe whom Clinton leads;
Yet not with ease 'twas captured, for Magaw

Commands the garrison ; who, though they were
Militia all, resist as gallantly,
As though upon the issue of that fray,
Depend their country's hopes : while Pawling's band
Of riflemen oft change the fortune of
The bloody day ; even when the foe bethinks,
He now within his grasp the victory holds :
Who yet by vigorous combined assault,
Succeeds at length ; and the brave garrison
On honorable terms capitulate.
This the severest blow Columbia
Had yet received, she feels ; though in the strife,
The enemy is killed and wounded pay,
A price they deem too dear for victory.

Nor this was all : Lee fortress, opposite,
Now is evacuated ; while proceeds
The garrison direct to Washington ;
Whose force augmented thus consists of men
Effective but four thousand ; most of whom,
Of blankets, tents, and of utensils even,
Food to prepare for use, are destitute.
And then though small, and inefficient quite,
As was his force to meet the enemy's
So huge invasion now full near at hand,
It yet decreases daily : as depart,
Oft companies, hopeless of aught success,
From further struggles in their country's cause ;
While scarce a re-enlistment now occurs.
In this extreme he urges Lee to join
Him with his forces speedily ; to whom
He had the troops intrusted which remained
Encamped at Kingsbridge : but that officer
His march delays, for reasons ne'er revealed.
He summons then the aidance of Penn's State,
And Jersey, whose militia he desires
Speedy to come ; yet none the call obey.
Around him the whole population are
Desponding, or even hostile ; and withhold
Aid from an army whose career they deem
So nigh its termination. At this hour,
The darkest in Columbia's history,
Howe by a proclamation free concedes,

To all who'd openly allegiance own
To King and Parliament, a pardon full.
And the grand contrast so apparent 'tween
A ragged, suffering, and failing power,
And a full-clad, exulting, puissant force,
Many induces soon the cause to leave
They'd erst espoused, and pardon to receive ;
With whom even Galloway and Allen went ;
(Giving their names to endless infamy !)
Once members of the Congress. And even while
Woes upon woes break in with breach on breach,
Thus, and his soul o'erwhelm ; onward arrives,
Another rapid herald from the north
To Washington, and thus ; Sinclair's o'ercome !
And Independence mount with all its stores,
Has yielded to the enemy ; who too,
Ticonderoga, with its garrison,
Have captured wholly, with its stores complete !
No blow so unexpected and so dire,
Had through the war been to the country given ;
And o'er the land, surprise and huge alarm,
It wakes among the friends of liberty,
Still faithful to their trust ; and to the cause,
An aspect drear and gloomier imparts,
Such as it ne'er exhibited till now.

Nor this alone ! for now the Albion powers,
Possession of Rhode Island state assume ;
And Lee, while onward moving slow, to join
With Washington, is by the foe surpris'd,
As from his troops he wandered had afar,
Nigh Baskingridge, and prisoner becomes.
The Colonies, in his abilities
Reposed high confidence, and mourned his loss,
As though the foe an army had destroyed.

Then as the foe towards Philadelphia aims,
Congress to Lancaster adjourns ; yet first
Their Washington invest with fullest power
For half a year, to order and direct
All things to the department of the war
Pertaining. For the only earthly hope
Of those who yet could hope was on him staid ;

To whose elastic energy of mind
And perfect self-possession, all amid
His country's circumstances desperate,
She, through a Providence benignant owes
The freedom and its blessings she acquired.
For him these dire disasters ne'er appal !
Nor his high confidence in heaven reposed,
And in the justice of his country's cause
A moment shake. And now the invading powers,
Arriving at the Bay of Chesapeake,
Prevented are from landing, by a gale,
For days thrice four : a storm adverse upraised
By Heaven's appointment, till should Washington
Receive the reinforcement that had Lee
Commanded ; and full opportunity
Obtain, the cause of freedom to defend
So far as could unaided human power ;
That thus might all behold, the sacred boon
Was heaven-bestowed : Yet does the force of Lee
Increase his own to bare five thousand strong,
Who all desiring now to meet the foe,
He straight prepares, and onward rapid moves,
For soon as at the Head of Elk their force
Were all debarked, they the surrounding towns
And villages destroy, and, hastening on,
O'er the Peninsula, expected full
The city to attain ere Washington,
Recovering from the so all stunning news
Of the grand conquests of the royal arms,
Could preparation make even to withstand.
On rapidly they move, till now arrived
At the romantic hills of Brandywine.
Silent they march, without or fife or drum,
Or bugle notes, and shun the public roads
(Lest aught prevent the city from surprise),
And pass o'er hill and dale, through forests dense,
By night, by day, on by Cornwallis led
More and more rapid ; while his camp had Howe
(Earl Richard Howe, a warrior renowned !)
At Elkton strong entrenched, not yet assured
How might the contest for the city end.
For oft to Lexington and Bunker Hill
His mind reverts ; and hence here fortifies,

That so in hap of aught emergency
 Cornwallis in retreating there might find
 A camp secure ; who now, as Rockland he
 Approaching is, discerns that Washington
 To meet him is advancing rapidly :
 For on the eve preceding, ere adown
 Sinks Hesperus, as horned Cynthia wakes,
 Peering through clouds, whose shaggy points like rocks
 Seem towering e'en to heaven, had Washington
 Onward with his division Maxwell sent,
 With whom were Wayne and gallant Porterfield
 Joined with Pulaski bold and Waggoner,
 To seize Chadd's ford, and strong position take
 On the high grounds, ere should the foe arrive,
 While Washington the column main on leads,
 Keeping possession of the vantage ground.
 Still on the stars in dancing circles move
 From the meridian, and, ere morning grey
 Wakes the blithe hours, he with his force assumes
 Position back of creek Red Clay, and on
 The road to Philadelphia direct
 From Elkton ; and where Washington now deems
 The city's fate, and of the whole campaign
 Must be determined. Meanwhile onward moved
 Maxwell with his bold warriors rapidly ;
 Yet ere the ford is gained (unless by Wayne
 Who first arrived the passage to contend),
 The morning dawns,—the clouds had rolled away,
 And ne'er on earth a lovelier morning dawned,
 And as Apollo tinged the verdant scene,
 Sweetly o'er hill and dale the warbling notes
 Of sylvan songsters wake melodiously,
 While myrtles breathe their fragrant sweets around.
 But onward still the dreadful phalanx move
 On battle bent ; nor blood, nor wounds, nor death,
 Nor aught could oversway their stern resolve
 To perish on the field, or freedom gain.
 And now the scouts the intelligence bring
 That are the foe o'erpassed the stream ; whom soon
 Discern they coming rapidly, who them
 Likewise as soon descry, till now arrived
 At the not distant interval, they pause
 And on each other gaze, while o'er the scene

Stillness and horror hover. But full soon
The bugle notes and clarion's loud acclaim
Resound along the ranks in answering peal,
When towering heroes ready for the fray,
Far over hill and dale advance in file
With rapid step and form the lengthening line.

On then with slow and measured tramp they move
To meet each other in the field of fame!
Here animating his bold heroes rides
Their great Cornwallis; and Knyphausen there
Thunders along them urging to the charge.
While Maxwell here and Pulaski unsheathe
The glittering sword, and loudly hailing urge
Their ardent warriors to the fray procinct.
Then wakes the dark-mouthed cannonry, and jars
Earth far and near, and heaven with deepening crash,
While fierce the musketry forth clattering drive
Their whistling leaden deaths, and strew the ground
With heaps of dying, whose expiring groans
Resound throughout the horrid field of Mars.
Then like the roaring thunder onward come
The cavalry all furious for the fray,
And fearfully fly o'er the smoking plain.
Far, far before his troop Pulaski moves
Waving his flashing sword, and onward leads -
His heroes to the fiery charge, who soon
With rush impetuous close, and the shrill clash
Of gleaming steel, and warriors' dying groans
Again resound, while frequent heroes fall
And sink adown 'neath feet of fiery steeds;
Till backward from the field now fly the foe.
Thus on the ocean billows storm-upheaved,
Two gallant ships in dread encounter meet
In night's dark hour; their massive timbers crash,
And shrouds off-snap, and rigging, while away
Burst bolts and chainplates, as by lightning riven.
Then by the reflux wave again they part,
Which now subsiding, sudden they once more
In fierce encounter close, yet are again
High by the billow upward heaved; but one
Now laboring moves, and, lurching heavily
To starboard, pauses in her mid career,

Till on the billowy ridge foremost she's plunged,
Drinks in the unwelcome brine and disappears.

And now Knyphausen reinforced, bears down
All gallantly on Maxwell, and aback,
Compels with Pulaski's fierce cavalry :
But Porterfield and Waggoner assume
A strong position as aback they fall,
And now return the charge ; to whom too comes
Maxwell in aidance. 'Then again disgorge
The deep-mouthed bellowing artillery,
Again awakes the platoons' frequent charge,
And sulphurous vapor circumvolves the field :
Till now sore pressed Knyphausen backward falls ;
And then again in grandest style on comes
Bearing all down and with resistless sway ;
Who now in turn fall back, and followed near
Retreat o'er Brandywine's wild wizard stream.
But by the spectacle now all inflamed,
Pulaski moves upon Knyphausen's right
In carnage fierce ; and with a hurricane
Of steel and fire hurls in the jaws of death
Full hecatombs ; nor trooper aught nor foot,
Before his fiery regiment is discerned,
Save what beneath the prancing chargers lay.
So some huge threatening rock on mountain's brow,
And from whose base by time and frequent showers
The soil at length is worn, slow sinking moves
And over sluggish turns : but gathering force
At every turn, it rushes, bounds, and whirls
Far down the vale o'er crag and precipice ;
Deep crushing all that would its force impede.
But backward now Pulaski rapidly
Is forced to fall ; who had advanced until
Well nigh surrounded by a sudden move
All unexpected of the watchful foe.

But now a squadron sent by Washington,
And led by Sullivan, on rapid comes
Full soon as Washington by Fame had learned
That o'er the stream Cornwallis had arrived,
And Maxwell by Knyphausen is o'ercome :
And soon upon advantage ground and nigh

The church of Birmingham the line they form ;
Whose front is posted near the Brandywine ;
While by a forest dense is either flank
Well shielded. Then with his division, Greene
At distance forms a corps reserve, and post
Assumes atween the dexter wing and left,
Where Washington the grand result observes,
Who thither had with Greene's division moved.
And now impetuously the Albion ranks
Assail where Sullivan commands ; whose lines,
Ere they to action close had come, back fall,
Then break, then fly the field ; and leave the flank,
Of whom yet stood, exposed to the fierce charge.
Still breaking from the right the line aback
Continuous falls, and now is routed all :
And though by Sullivan and his compeers
Sterling and Stevens rallied oft, yet soon
When briskly charged anew it flies the fray.

Then as they yielding are comes Washington
With Greene, on pressing to relieve the line,
Yet ere arrived was he the whole had fled :
Who close pursued, Greene opens now his ranks
Permitting them to pass ; then in their rear
Forming again, moves on with Washington
Who leads the war to check the enemy
In hot pursuit. And slow and heavily,
And in a dark and solid mass on press
As to the charge th' Emathian phalanx moved.
Till now full near, the word is given : and quick
Upon the brazen point the eye they dart
And touch the ready springs. Forth vaults the flame ;
While deep in many a heart the whistling lead
Buries ; and with a feeble shriek the soul
Hastes to the shades : and the desponding fears
Of freedom's sons are scattered to the wind,
Whose features brighten as along they move ;
E'en as when Cynthia in the troubled sky
Riding, escapes the folds of some dark cloud,
And from a spot serene beams silvery
Upon the gladdened earth : And now amidst
The clouds of rolling dust and denser smoke,
Uprising in huge volumes from the field,

The clashing steel and warriors' shouts proclaim
 Death's work progressing in 'mid struggles dire.
 While the long loud peal of the ringing clarion,
 And the martial music sounding its deep stirring tones,
 Thrills the full soul, and onward fiercer urges
 To horrid slaughter those in battle joined.
 The fiery charger plunging with the wound
 Deep-pierced and fatal, falls; while foe and friend
 In deathful anguish o'er each other roll:
 Till now Columbia's sons again back fall,
 Slow moving from the field; yet as they move
 Oft wheel upon the enemy and pour
 From musket, and artillery grape-charged,
 The life-destroying power; which them compels
 At distance to remain or follow slow:
 E'en as before the Memphian monarch moved
 The hosts of Israel towards th' Idumean sea,
 And through its depths profound, guided along
 By the high blazing pillar; while upon
 Their rear black darkness hovering sat, and dimmed
 The vision of pursuing enemies;
 And red-winged lightning hurled its fiery bolts
 Far through the hostile camp, and it appalled.

How sad th' effect upon Columbia
 Of such defeat! and too how much she mourned
 Her slain! for they were many. Nor alone
 The slain! for here the gallant Woodford fell
 Sore wounded; and the youthful Lafayette,
 A chivalrous and noble son of France,
 Who had in early youth the cause espoused
 Of Freedom; and amid her darkest hours
 And prospects dreariest. From his native land;
 From peace, from friends, and from domestic bliss,
 He came to yield his aidance to secure
 Her independence; and to victory's arms
 Oft led her valiant sons. Nor for himself,
 Nor fame, nor family, nor country e'en,
 Toiled he and suffered thus; and on the edge
 Of perilous battle warred; pouring his blood
 Like water on the ground: No! 'twas that he
 Might for a land of strangers and oppressed
 Purchase the heavenly boon of liberty!

'Twas for such purpose that this friend of man
Flew with the tribute of his name renowned,
To aid a suffering and distant land
In the dark hour of deep calamity ;
And seemed an Angel from the worlds of love.

When to Columbia's agents he'd announced
In France his wish to join her armies, they
To him and frankly her condition tell
So desolate ; and that of funds they're even
So destitute, that they're unable now
To buy his passage to her distant shores !
If so, replies he, she's in needance thus,
'Tis at this hour that my departure hence
To join your struggling armies will afford
The most essential service ! Then direct
A vessel purchasing, he therein freights
What most Columbia needed, or in arms,
Or clothing, or in stores armigerous,
And soon arrived her shores ; and five long years
Her changes all and dreary, free endured.

All eager to be found at danger's post,
He tempered yet the glow of youthful zeal
With veteran's courage cool ; and though upon
The field thus bold and daring, he remained
In action calm. In execution prompt
He was ; and in expedient fertile e'er ;
And in retreat all unattainable.
Ne'er was he by the foe surprised, or e'en
Aught disconcerted (though full oft exposed),
Whom he'd elude when e'en in fancied grasp
He holden was ; then turning suddenly
Would on him bear, and with resistless power.

Long lived he ; and in Europe ever stood
In the front rank of whom would dare support
The principles of human liberty.
In Portugal, in Italy and Spain ;
But most of all in Poland, hard he toiled
To break th' oppressor's chain ; and they, 'mid all
Their untold sufferings and woes, e'er found
In Lafayette a never failing friend.

Now when retreated from the hard fought field
The forces separate, which at the ford
Of Chadd brought on the action in the morn.
Maxwell to Washington returns; while Wayne,
Who'd at the Ford a high position took
And inaccessible (to check the foe
In passing o'er; who higher up then find
Another ford); soon as had Washington
Retreated, too retires; but on pursued
Is, by Knyphausen, westward (from the camp
Of Washington at Chester) driven afar:
Till now the night advancing stays pursuit.
Yet onward still they move, though wearied sore,
'T' obtain for an encampment such a plat
As might advantage yield them, should the foe
By night the attack renew; and as they now
On press, behold an omen! (so esteemed
By men in that far age.) Wide o'er their ranks,
Extending far in front and far arear,
They vultures hovering see; and with 'em clouds
Numerous and vast of ravens; some whereof
Are perching on the trees, and some around
Wheel through the air in circling eddies borne;
Croaking with noise outrageous; following still
The troops, with monstrous clatter and dire din,
Darkening the heavens. And as adown the sky
Night rolls his ebon car, the troops their camp
Pitch at Paoli, lo! the surrounding woods
Are with the ravens filled; but most upon
Three giant oaks which tower amid the camp.
The wearied troops deem it an omen dire
(Nor knew they scent the carcass given to death);
Portending that some huge calamity
Now near at hand, the country should befall.
But famished nature satiated now
By supper soon procured, they place the guard,
And seek sleep's sweet repose. The little brook
Which purling flows in soft meanderings,
With gentle murmuring o'er its gravelly bed
In plaintive accents, sings them soon to rest.
Yet many leagues away, where Washington
Lay with his toil-worn forces safe encamped;
At that lone hour when balmiest sleep invades

The wearied soul, and sweet oblivion sooths
The sorrow-freighted heart, and lulls to rest
Life's numerous ills ; a sudden noise and clamor,
Long, loud, and dreadful, starts the affrighted ear !
High in the heavens it seemed. A horrid sound
Of tumultuous voices mixed with groans ;
And cries of threatening, and rage, and fury ;
And sounds of musketry, and clashing steel ;
And the shrill battle-shout, and war's huge din ;
'Twas heard throughout the whole Columbian camp.
A sound it seemed like some dire massacre ;
Or city sacked in midnight's lonely hour.
Th' affrighted camp upstart from soundest sleep,
And grasp their arms instant for deathful strife :
But though to every point they rapid haste
The cause to find, naught is, or seen, or learned ;
While the huge uproar echoes high o'er all,
And louder still reverberates ; till now
Through the whole heaven the wild confusion rolls :
When suddenly it dies upon the ear.

But where with his exhausted troop lay Wayne,
Destruction foul was plotting. General Grey
(Renowned for midnight massacres ! whose thoughts
Were black ; his conscience seared, and stained with blood ;
A treacherous murderer ! and oft at night
Would troubled spirits walk around his couch,
And break his slumbers !) now is onward led
By one, a tory, who'd by fraud obtained
Wayne's countersign, and hastens to surround
And butcher utterly the troops of Wayne.
And as her net the cunning spider weaves
And spreads around to take th' unwary fly,
His scheme prepares he. But to Wayne now comes
A hovering ghost ; one from the recent slain,
Who forth swift moves along with pallid form
(As when behind a cloud the pale moon gleams),
And sunken eyes, scarce glimmering in their spheres,
And hair with gore all clotted and befouled,
While in his breast, deep wounds and large appear.
Laden with death's chill damps, he glides within
The tent of Wayne, and thus : Retire ! retire !
Death is full near collecting his grim host,

And hell's turned loose upon you ! See e'en now,
 Above your camp, what troubled ghosts appear !
 Haste ! haste ! oh haste ! He said, and into night
 Dissolves away : when suddenly a sound
 Hideous and loud, them startles from repose,
 As forth the foe mad rush at signal given ;
 For, as from giddy height the cormorant
 Pounces upon his unsuspecting prey,
 And in its quivering flesh his talons deep
 Infixing, tears it from its element,
 Vain are its strugglings and its deathful throes,
 Thus suddenly upon the camp they rush,
 And the dire work already is begun,
 While vollied sheets of flame, in frequent gleam,
 Upon it burst, as muskets breathing fire
 Awake the sleepers with the voice of death.
 Then with the bayonet fixed they plunge along,
 Resolved no foe to spare or quarter give :
 While, as the horrid deed progresses swift,
 The frenzied shout rolls on the affrighted air,
 And streams of gore from freedom's gallant sons,
 Flow through the camp, and glut the thirsty soil.
 So when some gallant bark, her canvas spread,
 Rolls o'er the ocean by the freshening breeze,
 Bounding high o'er the billows, suddenly
 Strikes upon unknown rocks at night's drear hour,
 All feel the horrid jar, but naught can save !
 For now wave-dashed, her timbered seams divide,
 And death approaches rapidly, while shrieks,
 Wild shrieks ascend, soon hushed ; for all indrink,
 The billowy surge, which madly o'er them sweeps.

And now Columbia's sons for quarter cry,
 But are returned, *No quarter ! Onward, men !*
 And soon the crimson streams pour down the banks,
 The brook augmenting, whose once limpid wave
 Blushes, as on the tidings sad it bears.
 But with a small detachment, Wayne had moved,
 South from the camp, when first o'erpowered, while all
 Unable him to join, surrounded are
 (And aidance he's unable to afford) ;
 Who laboring to defend themselves, but vain,
 Concentre now, and through the enemy

A passage force ; and haste o'er hill and plain
By hope inspired anew ; but still pursued
Are wearied down, and by despair at length
Are all o'ercome ; for to their front swift move
Grey's fierce dragoons, them circumventing quite,
Who find, or fight or flight alike in vain—
And thus o'ertaken, soon they now are given,
To slaughter merciless, till each has fallen
A sacrifice to love of liberty.
Thus when fierce Boreas spreads the encrusted snow,
Afar and wide, the timid deer is sought
By sturdy hunters ; who snow-shoed on press,
Followed by yelping curs, all for the chase
Full eager ; which him rousing, now all haste
O'er hill and dale, through swamp and forest dense.
He presses on ; but at each bound breaks through
The encrusted treachery, which deep, his flesh
Gashes, and with the arterial stream is dyed.
But now the barking pack him overhaul,
And on all sides assail : He stands at bay ;
And with his fore-feet makes defence how vain !
For soon the huntsman comes and terminates
The combat with the deadly rifle-ball.

Still, midst the camp, death's work progresses dire !
Resistance all is o'er ; but Grey demands,
That they who wounded are, be now convened,
And with the bayonet slaughtered ! Oh, 'twas a crime,
Committed against Nature's self ! A deed,
Not hell-inspired ; but one which even fiends
Had wept to witness ! Cold in death now lie,
Those generous souls who but that morning stood
Defending freedom and their country's rights ;
The benisons of Heaven ! Afar from friends,
They lie all slaughtered by a savage foe ;
Whose name alone could on his troops entail,
An immortality of infamy.

Now to the conqueror, Penn's city fair
Up yields, and soon the forts, by Smith and Green
Defended erst, evacuated are,
And now New Jersey is by myriads four,
Of troops o'errun from York to Gloucester Point ;

Who at New Brunswick, Princeton, and Amboy,
Trenton, and Bordentown, and Burlington,
Are in cantonments stationed. While his camp
Has Washington on Philadelphia's north,
At White-marsh fortified; and there awaits,
Until should Providence direct his course,
Which all involved in darkness now appears;
Nor sees he what can human might perform,
In such emergency. And as on comes
The wintry season now, and the campaign
Closes, he northward moves, and post assumes
At Newton; nor his purposes herein
Reveals to any. Yet his countenance,
More cheerful now, proclaims that he revolves
Some speedy, hope-inspiring enterprise.
Nor Congress ne'er despair, although defeat
And dread disaster had their forces all
Annihilated nearly. Still they vote
An army to replace the one which should
Disbanded be when terminates the year
(As then the term of its enlistment fails),
Who then, to evidence before the world
Their firm resolve never to compromise
Aught tittle of their country's sacred rights
Contended for so long, they too proclaim
That any terms of peace propounded now,
Which should from them relinquishment require
Of Independence, or in aught deprive
The nations of Free Trade to all their ports,
Ne'er would be by the Congress entertained.

Then as the war to all extremity
Resolved they are to carry, while shall life
Be their allotment, they a day appoint
To be by the inhabitants observed
Of all the United Colonies, a day
Of prayer and fasting; too resolving that
As public bodies it befits, not less
Than individual private citizens,
To reverence Almighty Providence,
And as the Arbiter Him to regard
Of nations' destinies, and the Supreme
Disposer of events, they recognise

His hand thus far in leading to His Throne
 Of mercy, as their ground of confidence
 And sole dependence now, the nation all ;
 That as a nation they might seek his aid
 In their calamity, as human hope
 Well nigh has failed. And hence 'tis too resolved
 That on the appointed day the nation shall
 From toil and recreation all abstain,
 And, with deep penitence for sin, implore
 His pity and compassion, and his grace
 To guide and to defend them, and avert
 The dire calamities impending now,
 And grant His aidance that may all amend
 Their lives according to His Holy Word,
 And too with deep humility inspire
 The nation, and with moderation too,
 And gratitude for favors He'd bestowed
 On them all undeserved ; and to bestow
 Wisdom to rule their councils, and upon
 The field their efforts crown with victory ;
 And harmony and union too afford
 And mutual confidence the States throughout ;
 And far and wide to nations all extend
 The Gospel's sacred influence and benign.
 Then at the time appointed they the House
 Adjourn, to join the day's solemnities.

Thus by disaster humbled, they in God
 Could hope alone, who'd them permitted thus
 To be afflicted, that they thus might learn
 (And other nations through their woes so great)
 How vain dependence is on human power,
 Without His aidance high ; and that full soon
 As they deliverance should recognise
 As from His hand alone, He'd interpose
 And heal their woes, upraise their hopes depressed,
 And, by the overthrow of all their foes
 (As oft of old he Israel's overthrew),
 Yield them the boon they had pursued so long.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

As the year is closing Washington discovers an opportunity to strike a blow upon the enemy. Bad condition of his army; which, though numbering scarce three thousand, he on the eve before Christmas divides into three commands, giving one to Cadwallader, who was to cross the Delaware and attack the foe at Bordentown; and the second to Irvine, who was, in like manner, to cross and assail them at Burlington; while he leads the third against Trenton. He then, crossing at M'Conkey's ferry, nine miles above Trenton, proceeds on his march. Council of war. Battle of Trenton, and capture of the forces there stationed. Astonishment of Cornwallis, and his efforts to regain what had thus been lost to the English interests. Second battle of Trenton. Stratagem of Washington and his attack of the enemy at Princeton, whom he also captures. He then leads his exhausted forces to Pluckemin, and finally to Valley Forge, above Philadelphia, and west of the river Schuylkill, where he remains through the rest of the winter. Death of Mercer.

DESCEND, Urania, and inspire my song,
Whose notes, so sorrowing late, would now ascend
To loftier strains, the victories to tell
Bestowed of Heaven, which liberty acquired
And the sweet calm of peace, for her so long
By war's rude tempest tossed. But when, alas!
Shall peace revisit thee, loved Solyma?
City of our solemnities! Thou church,
Blood-bought by thy Redeemer! Prostrate now
Are all her energies, and low she lies
Bleeding and pierced, not by her enemies,
But wounded by her friends! While of her sons
Few care to heal her wounds, or staunch the blood
Forth flowing from them copiously. Instead
Of this aspiring, how arrayed they stand
In hostile attitude, nor her regard!
Thy ways, O Zion, mourn! and desolate
Thy gates, Jerusalem, though once so filled
With whom desired the living way to gain!
Sore weepeth she, and tears are on her cheeks!
Her friends are treacherously become her foes,
Her beauty is departed, and her lambs,

Like harts that find no pasture, wander now.
 Her adversaries triumph, and have laid
 Their hands polluting on her pleasant things.
 Zion spreads forth her hands ! nor is there none
 Her to sustain ; for even the Comforter,
 Who would relieve her sorrows, now is gone,
 Grieved far away by her conflicting sons !

But heavenly Muse (for thee I suppliant
 Invoke, so often wooed, to aid my song
 To such dread altitude as may portray,
 In numbers suitable, the mighty deeds
 Of Powers Supernal, when they freedom gave
 To our oppressed land), fain would I toil
 Joyful for Zion's peace, by thee inspired,
 And cease even now my country's lay, which calls
 For such vast labor and so many hours :
 A country how beloved ! but which can ne'er
 Welcome the efforts of her native sons
 Her literature and science to upraise,
 Unless from foreign climes their toils approved
 Shall to her own return ! Yet led by thee,
 Urania, I still the theme pursue,
 Until fond hope of being heard by whom
 Would I to peace recall, this heart inspires
 To toil for Zion's welfare more than e'er
 Have I been able ; for, without such hope,
 Who thus can labor ? But, blest Lamb of God,
 Oh, end our conflicts ! heal thy Solyma !
 That she may rise and shine. Yea come and reign !
 Thou art the King of Glory ! and thy Bride
 Is sighing for thy presence. Come to earth !
 Come, end the strife of nations, which to Thee
 Were by the Godhead given ! Ev'n now for Thee
 The whole creation groaning waits, in hope
 Of the redemption, promised them so long,
 From the foul curse of sin, which them adown
 Plunged from their primal happiness to woe !

Now, as the year is closing, Washington,
 Who with his force at Newton still remains
 (Abdiel now speaks), discerns with joy that he
 A noble blow upon the enemy

Could strike with hoped success, and felt assured
 That Heaven would now his country's cause approve.
 Still were her hopes and prospects all forlorn !
 Her troops were routed, close-pursued, and thinned ;
 And by the foe's victorious arm had fallen
 Num'rous her mighty sons in her defence,
 Or captured' were. A thousand thrice told o'er
 His army numbers scarce ; and destitute
 Of clothing are in numbers great, and food ;
 And are by myriads nine of foes withstood.
 But yet with their loved Washington resolved
 To die or gain their country's hallowed cause,
 Naught could extinguish liberty's pure flame
 Which in their bosoms all undying glows.

But now the hour is come when Washington
 Resolves the mighty effort to essay.
 Night on his ebon car to earth descends
 Veiling their purposes ; and, as the rays
 Of the far-darting Phœbus fade away
 From mountain-tops, and cloud-obscur'd heaven,
 The threatening storm awakes, and blustering raged
 All furiously ; and the swift driving sleet
 And pattering hail comes down : when, lo ! is heard
 Pealing with loud acclaim the clarion
 (Which oft the troops of Washington had roused
 To the fierce, bloody charge), to summon yet
 His war-worn ranks one essay more to attempt.
 Nor cold, nor sleet, nor storm, could them dismay
 When headed by their Washington they move
 To try once more their strength with freedom's foes.

And now his little force in sections three
 He separates ; and to Cadwallader
 (Whose name his character bespeaks full well !)
 And Irvine (too a valiant warrior
 Who'd suffered much for liberty), he yields
 Each a division ; that on Bordentown
 Th' assault to lead ; and this on Burlington :
 While he in person onward leads the third
 Trenton against. All silent on they move
 Amid the peltings of the howling storm ;
 And as they near the banks of Delaware

Loud roars the crashing ice along its flood,
As though the elements were too combined
With barbarous enemies their prospects all
To slay and Freedom's every cherished hope.
The scene so cheerless and tempestuous now
Resemblance to their country's fortunes bears :
The wailing storm to fancy's ear appears
The knell of hopes forlorn, and Freedom's dirge.
Yet still on death or liberty intent
No dangers daunt them, and no terrors fright ;
But marching onward to the roaring flood,
They at McConkey's ferry now arrive ;
Where column after column they defile,
And all unsheltered from the cold and storm,
While crashing ice the dark stream covers o'er ;
Which all below the Trenton falls is filled
With hugest drifts and uncompact ; whereby
Cadwallader and Irvine hindered are
From joining now their so beloved chief,
In this last essay, where, to overcome
Or perish he's resolved ; for all in vain
Their mighty efforts were to cross the flood.
But Washington leads on the way ; and straight
The perilous embarkation is begun.
Now He who in the heavens supremely reigns,
Whose eye ne'er sleeps nor slumbers night or day,
Saw, and a convoy bright, commissioned straight
Them to protect while passing o'er the stream.
Then through the vast expanse where glimmering shine
The gems which aye night's diadem adorn
Comes the cherubic guard : and though unseen,
Some check the current ; some the ice restrain ;
While some the fury of the winds withhold ;
And others guard the boats in crossing ; till
Th' artillery, with cavalry and foot,
All safely on the Jersey shore appear.

Yet had the night by the o'ercrossing been
Well nigh exhausted ; for when had embarked
The last detachment on the structures frail,
Two hours alone remain ere twilight soft
Should streak the orient and proclaim the dawn.
But ready for the attack they file away

And onward bend their course to Trenton's heights,
Distant three leagues; and as along they move,
Their unclad feet gashed by the icy road
Mark with a purple stream their weary way.
Yet uncomplaining all they move along
Rapid, till now impossible 'tis seen
To reach their destination until morn:
And as the certainty that they'll the foe
Surprise is thus diminished, Washington
A hasty council of the officery
Summons, to learn if still their purposes
Accorded with his own, to risk the war.
But they who had 'mid all preceding woes
Stood unappalled, ne'er hesitated now.
Then thus the chief, turning to Sullivan:
You'll by the river move, while I proceed
With Greene through Pennington. By hour of eight
We shall arrive, Heaven favoring; and soon
As you the outposts reach you'll drive them in
And to the centre of the town pursue.
I shall be present and their flank assail.
And to the God of battles we must leave
The great result. Now to your posts retire.

On then they rapid march; whose eagerness
To meet the foe ne'er was conspicuous more
Than on the hallowed morning of that day,
So pregnant with event. Nor heeded they
The night intensely cold. And now the hail
Upon the knapsack rattles; and the wind
Shrieks through the forests dense, and drives the storm
More furious still. And now the snow flakes fall
Downwards direct; then in their faces drive,
And then again are hurled wildly on high
In eddying circles borne, and far away
Are carried by the roaring tempest's rage
Into the gloom. And now the orders low
Of officers are heard; and now the tramp
Of moving ranks resounds; and now the sound
As strikes against a bush or branching tree
A musket as they pass—yet scarce are heard
From the gale's voice so shrill, and sullen roar
Of tortured forests; which, increasing still,

Even these no longer strike upon the ear.
And now the troops, in silence more profound,
Move on, as to the outposts of the foe
They near arrive : while even the violence
Redoubled of the storm, though it so adds
To their keen sufferings, by them is hailed
With joyance, as it chances aught decreased
Of a discovery, and hope inspires
Of a surprise which victory should crown.
But through that dreadful night naught could have them
Sustained, unless the patriotism high
Of Freemen : had they hesitated, there
Columbian liberty had found its grave.

But now cloud-curtained morn at length appears
Leaving o'er nature all a shade of gloom ;
Yet with the night departs the raging storm.
Nature all bleak and desolate is seen,
And trees with sleet borne down ; but suddenly
Awakes the thunder of the van, and ere
The echoing dies away, a trooper comes
Dashing full furiously, and loud proclaims
The outposts are surprised and all indriven !
Then Washington,—On, on ! companions, brave !
The glorious sun of liberty, now arisen,
Shall set no more ! and having thus bespoken,
He onward dashes to the column's head ;
While at their Leader's voice, the men on start
Like stars mad shooting through the expanse of heaven.
And now again in front the thunders 'wake
As from the van the rifle corps in-pour,
In charge reiterate, their deadly fire.

Thus from their slumbers 'roused and by surprise,
The foe no stand to make can e'en presume,
But in disorder backward fall apace,
Drove by the van as by an avalanche.
But now at length their reeling faculties
Recalling and recovering from despair
As they the force so slight to them opposed
Discern, they hesitate ; then back return
The pealing volleys slaughtering, and cheer
To the fierce onset ; but anew repelled,

They stagger:—when, emerging from the wood
 The Continentals in full force they see
 Led on by Washington. Onward they come
 Dark moving as the tempest's clouds roll on
 O'er heaven, till now serene; and to the town
 The foe with hurried step then rapid flee.
 While as the ranks of Washington now from
 The woods emerge upon the heights, the scene
 Bursts on them suddenly; and they descry
 (For from th' horizon clouded now the sun
 Breaks forth in splendor, and their vision aids:
 Presaging that the sun of liberty
 Was too arising!) the thick tented fields
 Of the fierce legions of Germania's sons.

The town before them stands a distance brief
 Still buried in repose; nor from the tents
 Around it naught was stirring, for the alarm
 Had the main body of the enemy
 Not yet aroused. But suddenly appears
 A single horseman fleeting o'er the fields,
 Then down the main street dashing, to obtain
 A reinforcement, which, if brought, the hope
 Of victory's endangered. Then upon his ranks
 Calls Washington, and to the hostile fields
 Pointing, exclaims: 'There are your country's foes!
 Country, and life, and liberty, and hope,
 Are on this battle staked! and as he spoke
 'They rush impetuous (e'en as when storms
 Drive through the expanse a fiery hurricane
 With thunder-freighted clouds dark lowering,
 And with the explosion loud up rend the soil,
 Tossing the rocks in air); and e'en at once
 Pour the full volleys flashing on the foe,
 Who late aroused are pressing on, but vain!
 To yield the outposts aidance. The battle-fire
 Streams forth horrific on them till they towards
 The city turn again. Onward they press
 Crowding each other; as from the stormy east
 Thickening and deepening the dark clouds upheave,
 And roll their volumes huge confused along
 Involving heaven with blackness. Then across
 The town and suddenly a rolling fire—

A platoon's charge, resounds, and speaks the fame
That Sullivan is there. The enemy,
Too, list the sound as Death's appalling tongue :
And though again assays their gallant Rawle
Them to the charge, so close pursued, to bring,
How vain ! for the dread hurricane of fire,
Of steel and lead, the conflict soon decides :
And on before Columbia's sons they haste
E'en to the town ; which, scarce had they arrived,
Ere floating to the breeze aloft is seen
The star-be-spangled banner that proclaims
The advance of Sullivan, and them assures
That hope from fight or flight no more remains.

As on the extensive banks where Gariop's stream
Through Lybia's fertile pastures smoothly flows,
The Quagga in vast herds, and Antelope
Bound through the vales, and o'er the flowery hills
Roam with delight, and feed, secure of harm,
Dreaming naught danger near ; but suddenly
The monarch of the wilds, in terror clad
Appears, whose glaring eyeballs fiercely roll
As on with rumbling roar he rapid bounds
Amidst their frightened hordes, who scattering flee ;
So on this hallowed dawn the foe oppressed
With sleep and wine, and by debauch o'erspent,
From nightly feast and mirth and wild carouse ;
Dream not of danger aught ; till suddenly
The wide-spread torrent of inbreaking death
O'erwhelms their slumbers ; and the angry boom
Of cannon deep thund'ring awakens the morn.

As when the gathering shades the skies o'ercast
And pitchy darkness spread o'er nature's face,
While jarring thunders roll along the heavens,
Rumbling and clattering fearfully, at once
The long bright flame gleams out through thickest night,
And dissipates the gloom ; so suddenly
This triumph, heaven-bestowed, Columbia
Revives, and drove the shades then hovering o'er
Her dearest earthly prospects far away.
From Maine one shout of victory on rolled
To the bright city of her western Nile,

And, as desponding fears are now dispelled,
And through the land sweet hope awakes again,
Her numerous sons who had to fell despair
Uppyielded nigh, arise to re-engage
To aid the war, which gives her hope that yet
Shall triumph crown her strugglings so protract,
And brings to brighter view what late she saw
So faintly in dim distance,—the bright goal
Of all her hopes and aims, and toils intense,
And the desired haven of repose.
Ev'n as the mariner, long tossed by waves,
And driven by boisterous winds, at length discerns
Upon the horizon, yet in distance far,
As if where to the earth the heaven bends down,
The appearance of a cloud; small, indistinct,
And scarce by glass perceived. But moving on,
It to the view increases, and more dark
The color changing, soon to sight appear
The cloud-capped mountains, and the darkening woods
Waving along the ocean's mighty shore.

By Frelinghuysen's sword fell gallant Rawle,
Commander of the enemy, with whom
Full numerous of his countrymen became
Pale dwellers 'mid death's shades. While with the foe
Who well nigh all are captured, were obtained
Their small arms, cannonry, and martial stores
(So needed now to aid Columbia's war),
And camp, and baggage all, which Washington
Permits them to retain. Then with his host
Of prisoners and stores armigerous,
Recrosses he the Delaware, nor deems
He should the advantages already gained
Risk, by attempting more, until were these
Fully secured; which done, the stream he soon
Repassed to Trenton, and his post resumes.

But naught the grand amazement could transcend
Of all the Albion powers, at so unlooked
Display of martial prowess by a foe
Whom they contemned. Cornwallis, who commands
A north division, deeming that the war
Was nigh its termination, had resigned

To his inferior officers the charge
Of its conclusion, while he'd to the port
Proceeded of New York, intending thence
For England to embark, assured that here
No longer is his service called for now.
He'd the condition of Columbia,
Her army and her General desperate deemed,
And knew that Washington full nigh by all
His troops deserted was, who legal right
Had to resign the service, and unless
The few who had from principle remained,
Or veneration for him, had, by all,
Forsaken been : and too (as if to make
His situation ruinous complete),
That of the continentals who remained,
Two-thirds would be entitled to discharge
Soon as should dawn the year which opened now
At distance but a week, and that remained
Naught probability that they induced
Could be to re-enlist, while to recruit
Was through the land by all a failure deemed,
Nor scarce attempted more ; and that adown
The spirits of the inhabitants were sunk
Even to the lowest ebb, in districts large
And numerous. While Jersey state throughout
Subdued appeared, and in the state of Penn
Vast numbers were determined to receive
The pardon proffered still by Howe (and which
He now by proclamation offers, till
Should the year close), and own the Albion sway ;
And that he hence, instead of effort aught
On the offensive, might expect full soon
To see the remnant, now so small, disperse,
Which Washington commanded, which must be
By the discharge of whom were but engaged
Till the year's close, too feeble rendered e'er
To raise an obstacle. But suddenly
This enterprise so bold, so heaven-approved,
To him announced that on the field there stood
A formidable adversary still,
And one who e'er should formidable prove,
While of resistance hope the least remains.

Then realizing that the conquest was
Of Freedom's sons more distant than supposed,
And that perchance the tide was turning now,
To sweep his vaunted honors to the tomb,
Howe straight resolves even thus in winter's depth
The campaign to begin, and onward sends
Cornwallis to regain the late-lost ground ;
Who from New York in mighty force on moves
And proud array. But now at Princeton come,
He pauses till the troops should there arrive,
Cantoned at Burlington and Bordentown.
Meanwhile Cadwallader and Irvine join
The force of Washington, and on too comes
Mifflin with Pennsylvania's volunteers,
Whom soon the Old Dominion's gallant bands
On follow, with the sons of Maryland,
Till numbers now the strength of Washington
Five thousand and effective warriors ;
Which thrice of troops told o'er Cornwallis leads :
Who on for Trenton now from Princeton moves
And rapidly, as up the horizon shoot
The streaks of coming day, and nigh the banks
Of the Assumpinck's winding stream his camp
Pitches, and for the encounter fierce prepares.
While on its eastern bank, extending down
Nigh to the Delaware, and upward too,
Enclosing Trenton, stand Columbia's sons,
All speedily updrawn, the foe to meet.
While opposite, in equal length arrayed,
The heavy columns of Cornwallis form,
Determined their lost honors to regain.
Till now, at signal of each leader given,
Ful suddenly the cannonry displode,
Loud bellowing, and involve with smoke the heights,
While with loud shouts the enemy on press,
Headed by their great leader : onward, on,
They rapid move, thus by him loudly hailed,
Wave high the banner ! In their bloody fall
We'll wrap them e'er heaven's lamps begin to blaze !
They come like darkness urging on the storm.
Yet, unappalled as is the rock-ribbed shore
Lashed by the billows, freedom's sons withstand ;

While, loud as crash of oaks, by tempest riven,
Sounds the huge tumult, as the columns charge
In mutual war. The maddening ranks rush on,
In sulphurous vapor wrapped; while trumpet notes
And cannonry reiterate still urge
The fray, whose sounds commingling strike the ear
With hideous clamor, and the soul confound:
Till now the thickening shades of night begin
The earth to cover; nor even yet the strife
Ceases and din of war, but musketry
Clatter from bank to bank, as frequent wakes
The platoon's charge, and the artillery
With hideous flash roar thundering o'er the field.
Then sudden, 'mid the strife, the royal troops
Forth rush with horrid shouts, and on the ranks
Of the Columbian warriors at the ford
Precipitate each other, and the stream
O'erpass; but unappalled Columbia's sons
Withstand the shock, and fiercely them repel;
Led on by Washington, whose well-known voice
Raises their courage and dispels their fears.
Onward, Americans! (he loud is heard)
Will you now yield? Have our innumerable toils,
Our wounds and sufferings, heretofore been vain?
And will you now be slaves? Onward, my men!
We'll perish here, or hence repel the foe!
Thus thundered he; and onward to the charge
Impetuous his heroes rush; as press
Swiftly the gallant vessels steam-propelled
O'er ocean wide, whose cleaving waves give way;
As Jove's proud bird, the monarch of the air,
Rides fearless in mid-sky, even though around
The tempest lowers, the frequent lightnings flash,
And bursting thunders roll along the heavens;
So, 'mid the storm and din of raging war,
Columbia's first and greatest son appears
Serene and calm, although in hecatombs
His faithful troops around him dying fall,
Or stand as fire-wrapped seraphs, yet unscathed,
Respiring smoke and flame, till back the foe
Are driven o'er the stream; who labor still
The advantage to regain, and still the fire
Their dark-mouthed engines feel, deep-jarring earth

And tear eve's veil away ; nor cease they till
Hesper leads on the wished-for hour of peace.

Night now o'erspreads the scene. The warriors
The battle cease and from the field retire,
While in each camp the fires begin to blaze,
As each for supper and for rest prepares.
But now the fiend, who Freedom's overthrow
So long had sought, the ear of Erskine gained
(A warrior accomplished high was he),
And the fell thought suggested which he thus
Speaks to Cornwallis : Now, my leader bold,
Now is the tide of time when we can give
A *final* to this war, portentous grown
By our expectance fond. Concentrate now
Your force and rapidly the Assumpinck pass,
And Washington beyond reprieve is ours.
Shall I the troops convene ? He urged in vain
His brave commander, now infatuate grown,
As flies his scale aloft in Fortune's hand.
Whom to destroy Heaven wills is blinded first,
Nor knows it not, but deems a keener sight
To him is given ; as when, by fool's-fire led,
Some clown in mire sinks down, or topples o'er
An unknown precipice. And thus to him
Returns Cornwallis : See ! our troops have marched
A distance long to-day, through mud and mire,
And with the fight so tedious wearied are,
Nor for a new assault have spirits none.
We'll let them rest, and ere the orient heavens
Apollo gilds, yea, ere Aurora fair
The promise brings of day, we'll fasting take
Him and his ragamuffins prisoners all.
We've him entirely at our mercy now ;
For, with the Delaware so fill'd with ice,
He's quite surrounded. Whereat he returns :
Should Washington the soldier be I deem
We'll find him, ne'er to-morrow sees him there !
My mind forebodes disaster from delay.

But Washington his now position sees
All critical ; for should he it retain,
His army must assaulted be at morn

By forces them outnumbering thousands ten,
And fast increasing still by regiments swift
Advancing from New York ; and should he o'er
The Delaware attempt to force his way,
The passage had so perilous become
By weather mild and misty recently,
Which softened had the late o'erfrozen ice,
That 'twas defeat to hazard. Or should he
Therein succeed, Jersey would to the foe
Be all upgiven again, which must depress
Hugely the public mind, and too forestall
Recruiting re-commenced full favorably.
Then, too, are Jersey's sons all resolute,
Repairing to the camp in numbers great,
Their sufferings to avenge upon the foe,
Which all must cease should Jersey be upgiven.

In such embarrassment the bold design
Forms he to leave the Delaware, and by
A route circuitous to move along
The left flank of the enemy into
Their rear at Princeton, where but small can be
Their strength, and, after beating up the troops
Therein, to move to Brunswick rapidly,
Where under a weak guard their magazines
Chief, and the baggage of the army lay ;
And thus manœuvring, call the attention of
Cornwallis to his own defence, whose cause,
By so successful movement, jeopardized
Must be through Jersey ; and full well he knows
'Tis vain from Philadelphia to expect
Aught succor ; where the garrison was now
Sufficient scarce ; for ere their armament
Could there arrive, the Delaware was filled
With ice o'erfrozen hard, which left them scarce
Supplied with numbers or with needed stores.

Thus Washington concludes, and when his force,
Their famished nature being satiate
By supper, sleep had sought, his officers
He summons all in council soon, and thus
His plan propounds, and asks their sentiment :
I deem we're all assured that the essay

To cross the Delaware is vain, and must
 Peril our country's welfare and our own.
 Shall we then here remain, and stand our ground
 Against a veteran army which even now
 Outnumbers ours a myriad, and is still
 Increasing as from York their regiments move ?
 Can we with hoped success our ground maintain,
 When at the dawn sans doubt they'll us assail ?
 And shall we wait the assault ? Or (as the plan
 I have matured), even while night's shadows dense
 Favor the enterprise, pass 'round upon
 Their rear, at Princeton, where their strength is small,
 And thence to Brunswick, where their baggage all
 Is now disposed, and their chief magazines
 Lie feebly guarded. Such manœuvring must
 And soon the attention of Cornwallis call
 To seek his own security ; and too
 Him from the state perchance expel. This plan
 I now submit ; let him who can advise.

Hereon uprose the gallant Baylor thus :
 The plan so well devised, could we fulfil,
 I ne'er should hesitate, nor any here,
 About our course. But leave,—we never can
 Without discovery ; for at each point
 Save 'tween us and the Delaware, we're now
 Surrounded quite. The British are, I deem,
 Too vigilant us to allow their plans
 To frustrate wholly, for they hope at dawn
 Our force to capture all ; infatuate
 As are they, and presumptuous in the hope.
 Our scouts but now returned, tell that each pass
 Is strongly guarded ; then as sounds the alarm,
 That we're the ground assaying to resign,
 They'll rise against our war-worn sleepy ranks
 So unprepared such onslaught to withstand,
 And sweep our camp and town with sword and fire,
 Or capture our whole force. No, sir, my voice
 Is, let the troops remain till sleep-refreshed,
 Who'll in the morning well the assault sustain
 Of the proud host of Albion, and approve
 To them these heights a second Bunker Hill,
 Soon as they dare the Assumpinck to o'erpass.

But must it not to this ev'n come, if should
The plan presented here accomplished be ?
A thousand score of foes upon our rear,
And on our front their myriads from New York
Fast pouring in to aid the war ; and we
At last must them encounter on the field,
And with their army trebled ; for I ask
Where can we us from their attack secure ?
Or where's the post that will advantage yield
More than will this to meet them ? for assured
We them must meet and soon. My voice is then
Here let us meet at once their proud array,
While our late victory's influence inspires
Our troops with confidence, and theirs with fear !
For if our cause attempting this must fail,
It must full surely fail attempting more.
And if unable now them to withstand,
Can we withstand their thrice augmented power ?
I trust I am not rash ; and yet I deem
That we shall our high destiny fulfil
By here remaining. If we stay and fail,
To-morrow's setting sun beams not on me ;
The foe who takes my freedom takes my life,
And Heaven be thanked I have a life to lay
On freedom's altar. But to me 'tis plain
That if we here must fail, we must too fail
On any ground that we can now arrive,
Ere we shall be compelled to meet their war ;
And could we safely leave we'll naught attain,
Unless a few months more of misery.

To whom thus Knox (nor nobler officer
The band immortalized by Washington
Possessed ; nor none around whose youthful brow
Fame earlier the laurel wreath entwined) ;
I should with this bold officer accord
In the conclusion strong to which he comes,
Could but my mind so view the facts as he
Presents them here ; for life to me no charm
Can bear deprived of freedom. But I deem
We've yet to learn that black decrees of fate
Determined have that we are now to die,
Or lose our liberty, or here remain,

Maugre the Albion powers And if by hence
 Our force removing we shall but obtain
 A few months more of misery, we'll too
 Along with that same suffering acquire
Time! time! the wealth now needed by us most,
 Time, which the foe most dreads we should obtain.
 Time let us gain, sir, and our late success,
 If even the plan propounded here should fail
 In all things else, will for us soon on bring
 New England's legions, now upon their way
 To join our army, and whose hearts are cheered
 With proud expectance by our victory.
 How must the tidings dire their souls appal
 Should we by needless risk defeated be,
 Is thought full easily. Recruiting too
 So lately recommenced auspiciously,
 Must fail thereon entirely. But we can
 From our position move without a risk,
 Or even the foe suspecting. All the roads,
 As I have learned since here we've been convened,
 Are clear from this to Princeton, and our scouts
 A halting regiment for a guard mistook,
 Which just the camp are entering; nor is now
 One sentinel upon that road entire.
 And, sir, could we on Trenton's heights remain
 Invincible, that not a power on earth
 Could force us hence, or shake our firm array,
 I'd still the plan propounded here approve,
 And aim to strike the unsuspecting foe
 At Princeton, or at Brunswick, or where'er
 We may with high advantage him assail.

And now all highly pleased, the bold design
 Approve of their great leader, and require
 At once to move therein; to whom he thus:
 Proceed and 'rouse the army, while a guard
 The baggage o'er the ferry will convey
 Safe to our recent camp. Let all the fires
 Be carefully renewed, which, while it shall
 Suspicion lull, our movements will conceal.
 Soon then the troops all silently aroused,
 First oil the axle of the cannon wheels
 The creaking to impede; and then around

The tires of each bind straw, that o'er the soil
Frozen since yestereve, by the keen breath
Of fierce Argestes, they on noiselessly
Might move. They then the fires with brush renew,
Them covering for a season brief; till now
With crackling noise the long bright spires arise
High tost by wintry winds. The scene far 'round
Is lighted, and the cloudy heaven illumed
With fiery red; while high the sparkles 'rise
With flakes of fire far scattering o'er the plains.
Then leaving guards to go the usual rounds,
And to renew the frequent fires till morn;
On, noiseless as the gulf-stream, when becalmed
Is ocean's wave, they move circuitous
Towards Princeton, and along the Quaker road,
Where regiments three of Albion had encamped
The eve preceding, and their dreary way
All night with rapid step they resolute
Urge, and with unabating zeal till now
As near the town arrived, two regiments are
Discovered of the foe in spirits high
Advancing swift towards Trenton, confident
Cornwallis there had victory achieved,
For they on yestereve had heard the war.
On press they, naught distrusting, and assured
That with the capture of Columbia's Chief
The conflict all should terminate; when lo!
That foe they hop'd was now o'ercome, appears
Full in their front, yet aiming towards their rear
With rapid step. Then facing right about,
They Stony Brook repass, and move along
Under the cover of a wooded copse,
Aiming to reach the van by Mercer led.
Till now the clangor of the brazen trump
Shrill-sounding, strikes the ear; the signal given
For war, while from the approaching foe too peal
The answering bugles, while the winds high raise
The silken banners, spreading, as they come
To meet in horrid fray. The drum too wakes
Its rattling notes. Then wakes the artillery,
Death dealing, far and wide; and platoons wake
Their frequent charge far echoing o'er the plains
And hills surrounding. Now all gallantly

The continentals in fierce charge assail,
And backward falls the foe, who now in turn
With bayonet charging, slow, and step by step,
Back the militia fall and leave the field.
Thus unsupported then, the regulars
Unable to sustain the fierce assault,
Fall slow aback, yet the oft charge return.
But now as Mercer, the retiring van
Rallies, the veteran falls beneath a wound
As sinks an aged elm by lightning riven.
Then Washington on hasting to the line
Retreating still, assays but all in vain
Them to the charge to rally. Back they fall
With step more rapid. Go, then, cowards! Go!
(Exclaims he, reining up his fiery steed
Full in the front of the swift rushing foe);
Go, leave your General to the enemy!
Which seeing now, the van re-form in line,
While the main body by Fitzgerald led
Move on, and Washington now gives the word.
Then with loud shouts and dreadful they engage;
The muskets clatter and the trembling earth
Bends 'neath the rush of furious cavalry.
While with dire din the deep-toned cannon roar
Jarring earth to her centre, and disgorge
Volumes of flame and smoke with furious shot,
And then again shines forth their fitful blaze
As the quick lightning, or as 'round the pole
The borealis flickers. Then again
Pausing at intervals the sudden crash
Returns, with the wide sheet of vaulting flame
Of quick repeated musketry; till now
The tiger-onset of Columbia's sons
The foe sustain no longer. Back apace
They fall; each file is broke, but followed on
By streams of fire that thin their crowding ranks,
Till Washington in Princeton them o'erhauls,
Who there surrender prisoners of war.

But now nigh Trenton at the early dawn
Cornwallis had his troops uproused, who move
In line, on towards the camp where Washington
The previous eve had lain; and as they march

The cannonry's reverberating roar
They hear afar, and though midst winter's rage
And keenest cold, it thunder deem, and haste
Along till near the Assumpinck's narrow stream ;
When thus Cornwallis cheers them to the charge :
Press on to glory now and you'll survive
The ravages of time. We now assail
Yon camp, surrounded by their blazing fires.
My brave companions, here attest your might,
And by your deeds evince that in your veins
Your fathers' blood is flowing. Let it ne'er
Be said that you upon this field have shamed
Their memories revered. Our gallant Rawle
Sleeps on yon heights, but yet all unavenged
His shade is lingering with us! Onward, now,
Let not those rumbling cannonry dismay,
Nor heed the volleys fierce of musketry.
Wipe off the stains of yestereve. And now
Ascend these heights, and there—— E'en as he speaks
A trooper fleet, whose speed outstrips the wind,
On dashes towards him, and aloud thus hails :
Our troops at Princeton are by Washington
All overcome and lost! Then from his eye
A frenzied horror glares, which shows the soul
In agony intense; even while his men
In horrent mood with bayonet fixed, still stand
By his bold words inflamed, and wait to charge
At signal on the camp. Then suddenly,
File off in line of march, and follow on!
Loud he commands, and straight towards Princeton moves,
Nor stays his speed till Brunswick is attained.
But Washington discerns his army now
In present plight unable to attain
Brunswick, and there his plans fulfil, for yet
In numbers great they're thinly clad, and too
Sans shoes, and wearied down from hugest toil ;
Whose nature, too, for nights continuous,
Is unrefreshed by slumber. Then the road
Leading to Pluckemin pursues he, where
He could his troops refresh, and where he spends
A portion of the wintry season keen :
Then, crossing o'er, at Valley Forge abides,
Till spring returning, opes the next campaign.

Meanwhile the enemy astonished sore,
 At movements such of him they deemed o'ercome
 (Yet who, in Freedom's strife, soon taught them more
 Of war's whole art than had their nation known
 Till then, and which, since then, she's well employed);
 Instant fall back with their whole force, and leave
 Their posts from Burlington even to Amboy,
 And doubt if they can Philadelphia hold.
 Yet ne'er cares Washington it to regain,
 Who there could ne'er continue; wishing more
 The open country, where to watch the foe,
 And him confront, as lately, while to hold
 In garrison the city must impede
 Such movements, and his force, so small, divide.

But upon Princeton's plains Columbia
 Lost numerous gallant warriors (where too
 Britannia mourns her slain!) for there in death
 Fell Haslet, Flemming, Potter, Neal; nor these
 Alone, for there the intrepid Mercer too
 Poured forth his noble soul, whose saddening fall
 Was mourned by every child of liberty.
 Honor, unsullied virtue, fame, were thine,
 And with them sunk thy patriot soul to rest,
 As sinks the unclouded sun in ocean's wave.

Oft had he led the troops of Old Domain
 Through battle's dreadful scenes to victory,
 In the French war; as too in Freedom's now.
 And leading them again, a grievous wound
 Lays him full low; whereon the enemy
 Possession of the ground obtain, as slow
 His troops retire a distance, and him leave
 Upon the field as dead. And as he now
 Revives, the foe him recognise, who knew
 Full well his courage tried, and martial skill,
 And, though for quarter calls he, they all deaf
 To mercy and humanity, him pierce
 With bayonets oft, and too his hoary brow
 Batter with musket butts, until for dead
 They leave him on the field, disfigured all,
 That by his friends his countenance is no more
 Scarce recognised. But when by Washington

The ground's regained, he, living still, is found,
And every means employed his valued life,
And so important to his country now
To save, yet all in vain! Its mandate Heaven
Has passed, and thou must die! which in each heart
The joy of victory dashed. As low he lies,
Struggling with deathful throes, he thus is heard
Communing with his soul: God then did speak
To say my end was near; and so I deemed,
For dreams from Him descend. Yet though I'm thus
Assailed and overcome, still Freedom lives;
Still she outrides the storm! And is it death
I feel now stealing o'er me? Death and I
Are soon to be acquainted then! Oh time,
How swiftly from me thou art passed away!
How soon thy fleeting scenes are vanished all!
I've ventured on thy stream in life's frail bark—
How swift it dances down thy rapid tide;
Thy rapid tide! It always glanced along
As rapid, though by me unheeded all
And undiscerned. And, as on latent rocks
Jarring it struck misfortunes, pains, and woes,
Filling with wretchedness the doubtful span,
And calling me to think of other worlds,
Life still unheeded passed, and now is gone!
But scarce he thus can utter forth his soul,
Ere 'round his pallid brow collecting fast
Are death's cold drops, while from his sinking heart
The blood scarce flows, and pulsings scarcely throb.
But now once more reviving suddenly
As from the socket flames the expiring lamp,
He thus again, yet softly whispers o'er:
Give to my country liberty, oh heaven!
Then fades the lustre of his beaming eye,
And calm, nor e'en a groan, he sinks to rest;
While sorrowing at his side Columbia's chief
Stands, and thus vents the emotions of his soul:

Then art thou gone, brave veteran! fare thee well;
So loved and valued in the wars now o'er,
As too in that which thee from us hath torn.
Earth ne'er contains thee now. From memory's fount
How flow the thoughts of what thou wert to me

In boyhood's days, and youth ; and now advanced
In the decline of life, I still thee found
Faithful and true ; nor e'er at any hour
Relied on thee in vain. When Freedom beamed
Her rising glories brightly o'er the land,
Thy country from that moment found thee one
Of the heroic band who dared to wield
Thy dreaded sword (which Gallia felt and fear'd !)
Boldly, as thou her rights hadst too proclaimed,
To vindicate her from oppression's power.
Yes, fare thee well ! perchance ere yet shall close
This warfare, we shall follow where thou now
Hast led the way. Nor thou alone, great man,
But Warren sleeps with thee, and blooming Hale,
And thou, my own loved Knowlton ; Thomas, and
Montgomery, M'Clary, and with them
How many other gallant spirits, who
Forth sallied to the rampart to contend
For Freedom's prize, and poured their life's blood down
Like water, on the field ! How throng ye all
'Round my o'erburdened heart, as I recall
These sad but dear remembrances ; for now
Of you deprived, I feel indeed alone.
As onward thus ye pass, attractions for
The once so dreaded spirit-land increase.
Yet while a world's enslaved, and Freedom's voice
Calls for defenders, earth her power to charm
My residence among her suffering sons
Can never lose. Yes, and I shall regard
Among Heaven's choicest blessings all the hours
Bestowed upon me here, till we shall gain
The glorious boon God to our race hath given.
Then fare ye well, companions once in arms,
How loved and valued, and whose names revive
So many withered flowers in this sad heart ;
Though not to live and bloom, ye are for aye
Our bright exemplars, till we from these shores
The enemy expel, and freedom gain.

Long Philadelphia mourns the mighty slain,
And though the invading foe her gates possess,
Her temples all in sable shrouds appear,
While the bells mournful toll, and at half-mast

Her vessels weep the hero's hapless fall.
From Jersey she his gelid corse conveys,
To rest in hallowed peace within her bounds ;
And in despite of angered enemies,
Three times ten thousand of her citizens
In tears him follow to earth's last repose.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Effects upon America of the late victories of Washington. An exchange of prisoners reveals how dreadful were the sufferings which those Americans had been compelled to endure who were captured by the British. Invasion of the country by Burgoyne, and death thereof. Wayne captures Stony Point. Schuyler, who commands the northern division of the American army, prepares to resist Burgoyne. Bennington invaded by Buam and Breyman, who are defeated by Sturke. Defeat also of the British force commanded by St. Leger. Death of Herkimer. Schuyler is superseded by Gates. Battle at Saratoga, and capture of Burgoyne and army.

THESE movements so successful, of her Chief,
Columbia's prospects erst so low upraise ;
To whom with hopes renewed she now beholds,
As to the star directing light which guides
'To the desired haven, or as when
Some howling storm on drives the gallant bark
Through chafing billows foaming to the clouds,
Nor e'en a star peers from the vault of heaven ;
The dauntless helmsman stands, with placid eye,
Gazing upon the needle's narrow length
(Shining by lantern dim), well-poised, which him
Instructs to steer his darksome dangerous way
'Mid the mad billows and the whirlwind's rage.

But oh, Urania ! what numbers can
Portray the sufferings dire of Freedom's sons
Who were by Britons captured ? and when now
For prisoners captured late by Washington
Exchanged, their barbarous treatment's all revealed,
Which to their country was till then unknown.
Yet still, Urania, speak the story here,
To shame a re-enactment of the deed,
And tell the constancy of Freedom's sons.

Ere since the war, says Abdiel (he it is,

Urania's sweet messenger, who brings
The answer to my often prayer for aid
And heavenly guidance!) prisoners who'd been
By Britons captured, were entreated all
With such barbarity as savage tribes
Had shamed to use. By scalping-knife, and fire,
And tomahawk, the savage ends the woes
Of whom they capture; but Britannia's sons
In treatment of their prisoners, excel
All that could Indian cruelty devise.

The officers and common soldiery
They treat alike; to whom in winter's depth
Clothing and covering even, and fire's denied
By night or day. In holds of prison-ships
(In one whereof twelve thousand through the war
Had died already!) they were all detained;
And too in open sugar-houses; where
They lie exposed to winter's keenest breath.
While of provisions the allowance given
For three days, scarce sufficient is for one;
And oft four days continuously elapse
While they of food and drink are destitute.
Then, too, the water's putrid, and the food
Through damagement so vile, that, starving, e'en,
The scanty dole reject they and expire.
Such was their treatment, while the prisoners who
Befal to the Columbians, treated are-
As brothers e'er, and by all families
As guests received, with hospitality
Oft elegant, e'er kind; till now at length
Retaliation is resolved upon
(Which soon repressed the cruelty so dire!)
When the exchange extensive had revealed
How monstrous was the treatment undergone,
And that ere had one month alone elapsed
Of their confinement, and privations such,
Thousands of Freedom's generous sons and brave,
Youthful, intrepid, and their country's boast,
Sank down, their nature all o'erspent, and died.
Nor was resentment satiated e'en
When death the pining sufferers released,
Whose corse must yet indignities endure,

Which, naked from the prisons dragged, are thrown
 In frequent heaps ; then from the city haled
 And into ditches cast, and thus remain
 Uncovered with a little kindly earth,
 A prey to dogs and vultures. Was it thus,
 O Albion, thou didst thy hate declare,
 Of deeds by Bengal's cruel Suba done
 Thy sons, ere Clive, commanding, crushed him down ?
 Only one night of hugest woe was theirs
 Amid the Black-Hole horrors ; for more kind
 Than were their foes, was Death, who set them free
 From their dire misery (unless the few
 Who lingered, scarce with life, a season more) ;
 But thou, more cruel than the Bengaleese,
 Could'st first inflict the agonies so great
 Of Freedom's sons ; then, by thy officery
 Deride the sufferers, and too denounce
 With execrations vile, and them assure
 You but endure rebellion's mildest meed !
 Or urging thus their country to forsake :
 But if you'll now as subjects of your king
 Enlist, you food shall have and comforts all.
 Yet 'mid their woes unequalled, they evince
 A rarer and a nobler fortitude
 Than valor's highest display on battle-field.
 The offers of their callous-hearted foes
 They with disdain and instantly refuse,
 Nor e'er disloyal to their country prove,
 Although so dire their misery had been,
 That when in New York city now released,
 For the exchange determined on, they scarce
 From weakness can arrive the port to embark ;
 Yea, numbers on their way sank down and died.
 But ne'er while man shall Freedom's claims assert
 On earth, shall ye, loved men, forgotten be,
 Till fails the sun his light from heaven to yield.

But now ere winter closes, Washington
 Discerns a gathering tempest at the north,
 Preparing fast to desolate the land,
 As should the spring return. For now Burgoyne
 (From Albion late to Canada arrived)
 Prepares the States confederate to invade

With veteran troops ten thousand, and with whom
He joins large force of warlike savages,
And Canada's fell legions. On they come,
Raging like mountain storms, and pour along
The lakes and rivers. In their van swift move
The yelling savagery, impetuous
As Niagara's thundering cataract ;
Nor age nor sex their pity can provoke ;
The widow's wail, the infant's trembling cry,
The virgin's shriek, and ancient's dying moan,
Sound in their ears full sweet as music sounds
In choral concert at their feasts of joy.

The aim whereat the Parliament desire
By such famed expedition to arrive
(An aim full long contemplated by Howe),
Is, that the army leaving Montreal,
Should to the Hudson pass by Champlain lake,
And by the efforts of the sorted force
In New York city posted, hope to gain
Command of that grand river ; for but late
Had Clinton been of Stony Point possessed,
Upon its western bank, which the great road
And Ferry-Way commands, affording there
The chief communication 'tween the States
Middle and Eastern. 'Twas a post by art,
Yet more by nature, fortified full strong,
Whose loss, so late, Columbia much deplores,
Who fears lest ere she could it re-possess,
Burgoyne his aidance to the garrison
Would haste to bring, and likewise aim to seize
The other pass, full nigh ; and them direct,
Rendering all unassailable, suspend
The intercourse 'tween the New England States
And those asouth of them. He too expects
With ease and all facility to o'ercome
Each unsupported section severed thus.
Nor naught's omitted to insure success
To the great enterprise. The veteran troops
It to conduct, all fresh from Albion are ;
With whom a brilliant train likewise arrives
Of finest brazen cannonry, and all
That could to their so high efficiency

Add as an army. To Burgoyne, the King
 Bestows the high command, assured that none
 Of Albion's sons the enterprise could lead
 So well as he ; while his chief officers
 Had laurels often gained in other climes.
 Yet strange to say, even as on him the King
 Bestows now the commission, o'er the scene
 Of his appointed labors suddenly
 The rays of Phœbus fail, as o'er his disk
 Passes the darkening planet, to presage
 That thus should be his rays of glory shorn.

But Washington the danger all discerns,
 And comprehending the dire consequence
 Resulting, should the mighty plan succeed,
 Onward now sends (ere Pluckemin he leaves
 For Valley Forge) Wayne with a chosen force
 Of infantry to Stony Point, that thence
 He might the foe dislodge ere could Burgoyne
 Succor the garrison. With rapid move
 Wayne on the emprise hazardous proceeds,
 And to the foe unknown arrives the fort
 At noon of night, nor tarrying aught, but straight
 With uncharged musket, yet with bayonet fixed,
 Leads on the war. First, Fleury with his corps
 Forms the right column's van, while Stuart leads
 With his bold troop the left ; yet each is by
 A hope-furlorn preceded of picked men,
 By Knox and Gibbon led, who're to remove
 The abbatis, and whate'er the way impedes.

And now on move the columns rapidly,
 Clambering along the ascent precipitous,
 O'er logs, stones, rocks, till suddenly the alarm
 Sounds through the fortress, and the garrison
 Discern at once their peril, who till now
 Bethought the fortress inaccessible
 As even Gibraltar's self ; discerning too
 The loss so ruinous to the emprise
 So late begun, and lauded by their King,
 Were Stony Point recovered from them now,
 With hideous shouts they hasten to the charge ;
 Then from the apex of the precipice

Roll cataracts of fire, and clamorous war
The rocky rampart shakes ; while o'er the troop
Undaunted still advancing, rapid fly
The iron deaths burning on wings of flame,
Or through their ranks in desolation sweep ;
While bombs, mad wheeling through the starred serene,
Rise from the blaze quick flashing, and displode
In air, or on the earth, thick scattering death ;
Yet ne'er the bursting thunders them appal :
For such their huge impetuosity,
That, 'mid the incessant and tremendous blaze
Of musketry, and cannonry deep-gorged
With chain-shot, grape, and spike ; at bayonet point,
Surmounting every obstacle, their way
They force, and gain the centre of the works ;
Which Fleury entering first, the standard proud
Of Albion's lion to the eagle strikes ;
And, with their stores entire, the garrison
Yield at discretion to the conquerors.
Then Washington a force directs to move
From Kingsbridge to the Fort, by Putnam led ;
Whose practised eye thereafter soon discerns
The high importance of a magazine
And fortress at West Point, and recommends
The same to Washington, who gives command
That with three regiments from New England drawn,
He should the post assume and fortify.

Meanwhile had Washington to Schuyler given
Command of the department of the North
To meet the huge invasion of Burgoyne.
The army had by reinforcements large
Lately recruited been ; and Schuyler, who
In his grand preparations for defence
Unwearied was, whose zeal abated ne'er,
Stands in his native state so high renowned,
That for his country he succeeded soon
In more accomplishing than any else
Could of the officery of Washington.
Then as the enemy advancing are
Their progress he retards, and constantly,
By felling, 'mid the wilderness, athwart
The roads wherein Burgoyne's compelled to march,

The hugest trees ; and bridges breaking down
O'er all the streams ; and crossing thus their way
With infinite obstructions, till the lapse
Of time sufficient should, with hoped success,
Permit him the invasion to withstand
In open field. 'Round him innumerable
Now through the gallant sons of New York State
To aid the coming war. Till soon Burgoyne,
His course at every point obstructed thus,
Discerns it all impossible his stores
To carry through the wilderness, unless
At risk of losing all, by numerous bands
Of Freedom's sons who hung upon his rear ;
Or even his march delaying till should be
Frustrate the hoped campaign. Then rapidly
To Bennington a Hessian force he sends,
With whom is joined a troop of Albion's sons,
And one from Canada, the stores to seize
Which Schuyler recently collected there.
Baum leads the war, while Breyman, with a force
On following, was stationed by Burgoyne
For aidance, should necessity require.

On, now, the gallant Baum his forces leads ;
But when nigh Bennington discerns the town
Is too well fortified and guarded for
Surprise or storm ; who too now fortifies
At distance brief his troop, and back with speed
For Breyman sends. But gallant Starke commands
At Bennington ; nor caring to await
The expected aidance of the enemy
Against the town, forth from his station comes,
And, with his bold Green-Mountain boys, assails
The intrenchments ere the reinforcements could
To Baum arrive ; who bravely them withstands,
And their impetuosity repels.
Till now the Albion and Canadian troops
Forsake the Hessian force and fly the field.
Yet still their leader stands, and in firm tones
Incites Germania's sons, till by a wound—
A mortal wound—he falls, and to a man
His gallant countrymen are prisoners made.

But Breyman and his force, all unaware •
 Of the catastrophe, soon to the field
 Arrive of the late action ; where, instead
 Of cheering hoorahs of expecting friends,
 The whistling of the deadly rifle-ball
 On all sides them salutes. For now around
 The intrenchments, and within the darkening woods,
 Behind the jutting rocks and trees, are couched
 Columbia's rifle corps, by Warner brought
 As the last battle closed, who frequent wing
 The rapid and unerring bullet forth.
 Meanwhile in front of Breyman, Starke appears
 With the artillery's horrific roar,
 Whose globes, mad bounding o'er the deathful field,
 Tear through the ranks and sweep them rapid down.
 What meaneth Baum ? (cries Breyman) 'tis a joke
 Not passable ! Hath he us sent for here
 To give him aid, nor waiteth till we come ?
 Then turning swift they hasten to the woods,
 Whose darkening foliage, and the thickening shades
 Of evening fast coming, aidance yield
 To gain a shelter from pursuing foes.

This victory through Columbia diffused
 A joy how great ! for now could she discern
 This enemy so boasted, who had o'er
 Her wide domain spread terror, vincible,
 And vincible, too, by the yeomanry,
 Who here, e'en as at Lexington, inpoured
 To aid the strife, and warred as veterans,
 Nor deemed aught sacrifice too great could be
 Which Freedom and their country should require.
 I give you an example, and but one
 Is needed to evince the heart of all.
 A venerable patriarch (whose locks
 Had fourscore winters bleached) to whom had Heaven
 Bestowed five noble sons, had sent them all
 In aidance of their country and of Starke ;
 With whom they boldly met the invading foe.
 But Baum, now overcome, a messenger
 Hastes to the hoary sire and him informs :
 You in one son unfortunate have proved.
 Unfortunate ! and is it so ? (Thus he,

While deep with anguish pierced, he to a chair
 Scarce totters, still repeating o'er.) Indeed,
Unfortunate! and has he misbehaved?
 What has the boy been guilty of? Did he
 His post desert? alas! has he indeed
 His post deserted, and shrunk from the charge?
 Ah! no (returns the herald); sadder news!
 He's in the battle slain! But then he fell
 Contending mightily in Freedom's cause!
 So! (thus the hoary sage,) Then all is well!
 Bring him within, and lay him here before me,
 And let me see the darling of my soul!
 And when the corse, all mangled with the sword,
 And with the bayonet pierced (for he was first
 To force the intrenchments), was before him brought,
 From his fair form he washed the dust and gore,
 And cleansed the gaping wounds; then thus: Farewell!
 I gave you to your country, darling boy!
 To God I gave you, and to Liberty.
 Your course you've ended well, and worthy proved
 Of Freedom's hallowed cause, and Washington.

And now as though Columbia's sons to inspire
 With higher confidence, a herald brings
 Intelligence that Willet and Gansevoort,
 Who at Fort Schuyler held command, had late,
 Amid discouragements and trials huge,
 Succeeded in repelling thence the force
 Led by Sellinger, to assault thereon.
 Though frequently on every side repelled,
 He still on comes; as when by typhon's rage
 The mighty flood of ocean madly boils,
 Lifting her foam-capped surges to the skies,
 Which rolling onward burst upon the shore:
 And now he e'en advances till in doubt
 The battle hangs; when suddenly is brought
 Advice that a detachment is at hand
 Aidance to yield the fortress. Then at once
 Sellinger ceasing from the fray, on moves
 And waits in ambuscade for Herkimer
 (A soul all generous who leads the war!)
 Who's therein taken; and at the first charge
 Falls, by a cannon-bolt, which, driving through

His knees, he's by his aids upborne until
 A stump he reaches ; where intrepidly
 Continues he his troops to animate ;
 Till, fainting from the loss of blood, he dies :
 While they full half now slain, their leader gone,
 Are nigh o'ercome ; when Arnold suddenly
 Appears (late sent by Washington to yield
 Aidance to Schuyler), who swift charged the foe
 And changed the fortune of the doubtful day.
 Then following in pursuit he them compels
 Onward afar with speed to Montreal,
 With loss entire of baggage and their guns.
 And by this oft success the hopes are raised
 Of all the States, who hasten on supplies
 Of stores and men, their every fear dispelled.
 So when behind the mountain pines the moon
 Struggling to emerge from out the mist, ascends
 Shorn of her rays : but soon high overclimbed
 'The cragged height, she in broad heaven unfolds
 'Mid twinkling stars her peerless majesty.

But now is Schuyler in command by Gates
 At wish of Congress (late anew convened,
 But now no longer by the presence graced
 Of the far-seeing patriots, who the States
 Severed from England ; them their country called
 To other duties), superseded ; who,
 Full soon possessing means abundant more
 Than Schuyler yet had gained, whose plans but now
 Began to take effect, th' encampment where
 Had Schuyler still remained to overwatch
 The movements of th' invading enemy
 And seize on all advantages, until
 His force collected was, he soon forsakes,
 And bids Burgoyne defiance : who awaits
 Nigh to Stillwater (where now Gates encamped),
 Aidance from Clinton promised ; but in vain ;
 For though with troops three thousand, he'd dispatched
 Vaughan, and with rations large to relieve Burgoyne,
 Vaughan ne'er could him approach unless at risk
 And great of losing all : who then in hope
 Of Gates compelling from him ; or, to send
 A portion of his forces thence, and thus

Afford Burgoyne superiority ;
Remains along the Hudson, and assaults
And takes Montgomery fort ; and Esopus
Pillaged and burnt ; with numerous other towns.

But now Burgoyne discerns that hopes are vain
Of Clinton him relieving, and that still
No aid though promised has from England come ;
And must, as Baum at Bennington had failed
To gain supplies, straight to the magazines
At Fortress George resort : which task of toil
And perilous, of stores transporting thence
Affords him but precarious sustenance.
Then on the lakes his forts are captured all
By bands late raised by Schuyler and on sent ;
While Arnold on is coming rapidly ;
And Morgan with his phalanx terrible,
From Washington, to augment the force of Gates :
Which soon assure him that his army must
For safety on themselves alone depend ;
And that each day augments his own distress
And power of his enemy ; whereon
Full gallantly determines he to stake
Upon the issue of a battle pitched,
His interests all ; and onward moves his camp
At distance brief from the Columbian lines :
And on the day succeeding, he forth leads
Eight regiments to the field, where night at length
Closes the hard-fought contest ; but wherein
Burgoyne severe had suffered ; and had found
His adversary's equal to his power,
If not superior. He then his camp
More strongly fortifies ; but soon perceives
His army suffering for supplies, until
Starvation threatens his men and noble steeds.
On every side around is he inhemmed ;
And watchful foes on all the heights abide,
Who foraging impede ; and too impede
Aught possibility of his remove
Unless by victory o'er them ; nor can he
Longer the promised aid from England wait
With famine in his camp ; and now resolves
That in a general and decisive strife

He must or Gates the victory obtain
At early morn of the ensuing day.

By disappointment and severer want
His gallant forces still are unsubdued ;
Though now themselves surrounded they discern
By a foe numerous in spirits high
And fully confident of victory.
Then as the eve draws on, they parlance hold
Serious, in frequent groups throughout the camp,
Upon the action's probable result
Of the next morn ; and all, the high resolve
Approve of their brave leader, and it deem
Th' alone alternative that hope affords
To them of aught relief. Yet some are sad ;
Nor knew they why ; For that mysterious gale
Which blows upon the soul, and on its wings
Bears sadness, had upon their spirits breathed ;
Wafting the influence of swift-coming scenes !
In life's most busy haunts, as in its calm
Retreats of solitude it steals along,
Swaying alike o'er weak and iron-nerved,
Its power supreme and terrible to all :
And, like a cloud, o'ershadowing human hopes
With all the sunny feelings of the soul.

Yet numerous are of victory assured
And boast their high superiority
Over their enemies, in discipline,
In arms, and enterprise ; when lo ! appears
Approaching towards a group who seated are
Nigh the camp's centre, on a rising ground,
One, who of terror blank seems all o'ercome.
A serjeant brave, but woful credulous
Was he ; who, passing, vain assays to hide
His woe ; yet to them asking, thus returns :
I've heard and seen the most portentous signs
Which surely indicate disaster's near !
Being sent last night from Frazer to Burgoyne
And waiting in the lobby, suddenly
I a huge screech-owl heard flapping its wings
Against the window ; and immediate flies
A coal in coffin shape from out the fire

Falling upon the letter Frazer sent.
 The candle it burnt blue! and while I looked
 The tallow formed a monstrous winding-sheet.
 Then in returning, I before me saw
 Flit suddenly across the path, a form
 Wond'rous in size, clad in a snow-white shroud.
 Why ev'n to-day, when I sat down to dine
 I spilt the salt; and, as I tried to eat
 I missed my mouth, and struck the pointed knife
 Right on my chin. Don't laugh! for 'tis indeed
 Enough to fright the greatest soldier here!
 Laughing they list; and from the soldiery
 Fast gathering 'round loud shouts and hoarse arise;
 And one to him returns; The dog-star's risen!
 Physicians now can no relief afford:
 Dame Nature! wilt not thou the cure perform?
 While as by Moon inspired he moves along
 With gait uncouth and hastens swift away.

Now while the twinkling fires of heaven decay
 And roseate morn streaks up the orient skies;
 'Till the mild beams of Phœbus fire the tops
 Of fir-clothed mountains, and the lofty spires
 Of temples holy; as upon a throne
 Of burnished gold he comes, forth peering o'er
 Earth's blossomed fields, them lighting into life;
 Burgoyne his gallant warriors from the camp
 Forth leads in column; who all elevate
 Of spirit, move into the extensive plain
 And nigh the Columbia camp; and now, as wakes
 The rattling drum its notes, form into line,
 Lengthening afar: whose centre, with the flower
 Of the whole army he commands; and yields
 The left division to Frazer; while the right
 Where stand Germania's legions, Breyman leads,
 To whom is Philips joined, and Reidesdel.
 On a clear flat the artillery take post
 By woods surrounded; while the savagery
 And the Canadians semi-civilized,
 Are onward pushed through by-paths, swamps, and woods,
 To gain the rear of the Columbian ranks:
 For meanwhile from the camp of Gates had poured
 The Sons of Liberty, and formed the line

Of hideous length ; and silently on move
 To meet in gory fray the coming foe :
 Who, with their flying colors, rattling drums,
 And nodding plumes, and glittering arms advance,
 In martial splendor : while amid his troops
 Arnold, to whom had Gates the tour assigned,
 From rank to rank, in language thus is heard.

Warriors of Freedom ! ere the word is given,
 Ponder the prize for which we here contend :
 Not wealth ; not life ; not fame : but Human Rights !
 The freedom which our honored sires enjoyed,
 And then to us bequeathed, nor us alone,
 But to posterity till time shall end.
 For in its aims true patriotism includes
 Not self, nor present happiness alone :
 And who would thus regard it, recreant proves
 To country and to freedom. Such a wretch
 Deserves to be a slave ! Had thus our sires
 Been selfish, we had never freedom known ;
 They'd but a slave's inheritance entailed.
 And if for freedom and your offspring, you
 Unwilling are, though called upon, to die ;
 You've now survived too long : and may this day
 Extirpate every such besotted soul !

But while I thus your memory recall
 To the great points at issue on this field,
 The sentiments to which I've utterance given
 Finds a response within your every heart,
 As well your deeds assure me. You have come
 All voluntary and afar, to meet
 Upon this field yon warlike enemy ;
 And ready are to pour life's fountain forth
 For country and for liberty ; for sires
 By age enfeebled, and for helpless babes ;
 For all from whom yon foe would tear away
 Freedom's fair birthright. Such example ne'er
 Will be by man forgot : nor can it be
 That they for whom we're pleading thus, will e'er
 Forget us though we slumber in the grave :
 But will, full oft as they to mind recall
 What has their freedom cost, inscribe our names

Deeper upon their hearts. To such a fame
 What is the glory of the Emathian chief?
 Or Cæsar's glory? Yet it is a fame
 Which now's within your grasp: a fame which ne'er
 Can cowards gain, whom Heaven and earth and hell
 Hurl to oblivion, or infamy.

Shall then our sires with sorrow-freighted hearts
 Recall to mind our conduct on this field?
 And shall the enemy in triumph stalk
 Hence—from around our land; and mockingly
 Affect that we are what they style the Franks,
 Women in male attire; who ne'er can meet
 The shock of their dire war? then blandly
 As amorous zephyr's honied breath, affect
 Our country to condole, for having lost
 What had she gained by accident in war
 She never could protect! And shall the world
 Now by the sun of liberty illumed,
 Be by our cowardice again engulfed
 In Despotism's dark whirlpool? while forsook
 Freedom in tears retires from earth away?
 Friends, brothers, countrymen; to you I speak!
 Yet doubtful ne'er: for, 'till yon sun shall hide
 His brilliancy in darkness, and sink down,
 For ever down to beam on earth no more,
 You'll ne'er your country's liberties resign.
 Soldiers, we ne'er were born for Slavery's chain,
 As Albion is destined here to learn.
 And while Montgomery and Warren we
 Remember; who, when Freedom calls, can dare
 Refuse or hesitate their path to tread?
 Great men! our country's tears have told her loss,—
 Have told her mighty woe! Upon your tomb
 Shall flourish wreaths of glory, till Old Time,
 Attempting them to efface, himself expires!

Yonder behold the enemy you've sought
 So long with tedious march, him to confront
 Upon the soil he thus has dared to invade;
 But soil from which he now by freemen's arms
 Shall speedily be driven. What though his name
 Who leads their war, stands high for martial deeds

And gallant enterprise ; and his brave troops
 Have victory achieved in other climes
 Full oft (which had I known you less I ne'er
 Had here presumed to name ; but well I know
 'Twill but your souls to nobler deeds inspire !).
 Yet think not that those veterans renowned,
 Are in this land invincible ; though thus
 Believed in other climes. Since here they've come
 They've learned how great the difference between
 A war when waged by Despot's menials ;
 And war by freemen urged. And hence upon
 Our soil they have descended to employ
 Such means to attain their object as evince
 Their fears of not succeeding ; and would them
 Approve in other nations aught but men.
 On through our land in all their proud array
 They've come, but desolation marked their train ;
 The hatchets of their savage allies are
 With slaughter drunk of our own countrymen ;
 Nor age nor sex are spared, but fall alike,
 The ancient matron and the youthful bride,
 The tender infant and the hoary sire.
 Nor does this satisfy, for they against
 Learning and science war. The sculptor's pains,
 And labors of the architect, all sink
 Before an army destitute alike
 Of honor as of generous sentiment.

Then have we not already on the field
 The boasted prowess of yon legions tried ?
 Yes: nor have vainly tried. True, they o'ermatch
 In acts of cruelty ; we emulate
 Not such a fame, and freely yield the palm
 To these competitors and their allies :
 But in such deeds as heaven approves, they'll find
 It gained not easily. Warner and Starke
 Have at the eastward checked their proud career,
 While Gansvoort and our glorious Herkimer
 Have taught their boasting pride that victory
 O'er Freedom's sons is yet to be achieved.
 The inducements too that stimulate us here
 To noblest essays, are the highest that may
 Presented be to man. 'Tis Freedom's voice

That calls us to the field ; nor for ourselves
 Alone, but too for ages yet unborn.
 Nor is it Freedom's tones alone we hear !
 There is a voice comes from the blood-steeped ground
 Where'er yon army took its fearful way,
 That hails us too, and loud for vengeance calls ;
 And if cold-blooded slaughter of our sires,
 If savage massacre of mothers loved,
 If wives, with little smiling infants slain,
 Or blooming virgins ravished, then destroyed,
 Induce to indignation, and can yield
 Motives to stimulate to mightiest deeds,
 'The time's at length arrived when we are called
 To die upon this field or victory gain.

Meanwhile amid his martial ranks Burgoyne
 As on they move to battle, thus is heard :
 Warriors, upon this field must victory
 Or death our efforts crown. Our foes possess
 The heights around, and with our force unbroke
 And all concentred, we've impeded been
 In efforts to proceed, till tarriance
 Had ruin well nigh wrought ; nor could we find
 Aught way which through their ranks a passage gave.
 Hence as your arms you grasp to vindicate
 The honor high of England, resting now
 Upon your prowess here ; remember well
 That should you fail, no choice is left but death,
 Or slavery the vilest 'neath the heavens,—
 A slavery, and to rebellious slaves !
 But thanks to heaven, no ground exists to fear
 That we shall fail of triumph, though compelled
 We are to hew our passage with the sword
 A season longer ; for this self-same foe
 Full oft from our victorious arms has fled.
 And 'tis but when they hold the heights around
 Like cowards, that invincible they seem.
 When stand they on the plains as now they stand,
 They're less than men ; while we've the advantage high
 In numbers, discipline, and cannonry :
 And with advantage such, what shame must rest

Upon our memories if here we gain
 A victory scarce deemed a victory,
 O'er whom we've now so fully in our power.

The motives too which call us to the war,
 What can their force excel, or who withstand ?
 It was rebellion, nay, 'twas treason foul,
 In these our colonies which called us here.
 Th' alone alternative presented was
 To government, to crush the viperous brood
 Hatched by the sun of foul democracy,
 Which aimed to poison all the streams of health
 Here and in England, or by negligence
 To suffer its increase till death ensues
 To all the body-politic at home ;
 Nay, till the world is poisoned by its fangs.
 Such was our choice, and who in such a choice
 Would pause an instant ? No ! those traitors to
 Their King, those slanderers of his honored name,
 Those rebels 'gainst their country and their God
 Must be subdued ! Gain but this single field
 And through the continent their cause will, like
 Th' imperilled mariner's storm-beaten bark,
 Be tossed by winds and waves, till shipwrecked sinks
 Their every hope, and sure they know it well.

How false the plea that we've oppressed them e'er !
 England repealed the stamp-act sooner far
 Than take up arms against her colonies :
 Act better unrepealed, as have results
 Evinced, for such surrendry of her rights,
 Made from a high affection for the States
 Emboldened but Rebellion to its worst,
 In hope of gaining higher favor still.
 Nay, what have we not offered but for peace,
 We offer to restore each colony
 And sacredly to every privilege
 Enjoyed afore the war ; yea, even to grant
 Immunity entire from taxes all.
 Then where is the oppression ? Soldiers, no !
 Their pleas are false as is their cause unjust.
 Their aim is us to conquer ! Vanity
 Is the sole main-spring of their actions all.

To shun the path to infamous renown
 Never has been their care ; nor e'er can be
 While onward led by lust of power usurped.
 The laurel on the mountain blooms in vain,
 And virtue high enthroned with fairest wreath
 Solicit such base spirits ; but they call
 Vainly on men who ne'er can comprehend
 A motive pure. Men thus to falsehood given,
 Traitors to heaven and earth, vile wretches, who
 Would heaven's high throne assail, could they but hope
 Success therein. On ! on ! my warriors brave,
 Your foes are yonder ! Quit yourselves like men,
 Nor let Old England's standard ever fail !

And now the martial music rends the air,
 And trumpets' shrill clangor summons to the war.
 Onward in firm array each army moves
 To meet its foe, while through the ranks are heard
 In accents low and often, *Steady ! On !*
 Nor even along the lengthened line resounds
 Aught other word. The spirits gaily beat
 Through every nerve, and transport crowds around
 The channels to the heart, as is beheld
 The gay escutcheon rustling from the shaft ;
 While the rich standard of Columbia's stripes
 Flows to the breeze and beats the fluttering wind.
 And now the shout awakes, and battle-cry ;
 Now 'wakes the rattling drum like distant peals
 Of thunder breaking through the stormy sky.
 On, on they rapid move ! the trampling feet
 In measured tread of the approaching lines ;
 The clattering arms and tingling ramrods' clang
 Thrill every soul and swell the noble hearts
 Of those who war for freedom, as they tread
 The dusty path to battle's dreadful field.
 They think of those whom now they're to defend ;
 They think of right and liberty ; they think
 Of whom are now on moving to deprive
 Them and their offspring of the happy boon ;
 And indignation boils in each full vein
 As 'round the plain they look o'er lengthened ranks
 Impatient for the signal : till now 'wakes
 The clarion's charge sudden along the lines,

And on they plunge to wounds and gory death,
Pleading with arguments of steel and fire
The cause of freedom and their native land ;
Pleading the cause of ages yet unborn.
Groans and wild shrieks arise ! while louder sounds
The battle-shout, and platoons pouring in
Their heaviest charge ; and cannonry deep-gorged
And into life touched by the quickening reed,
Like the responsive thunder shake the skies :
While the mad bolts forth hissing from the flame
Hurl rank on rank in ruin o'er the field.
Then swift the cavalry their gleaming blade
Unsheathe for horrid fray ; and o'er the plain
Bound rapidly, and meet ; as two dark clouds
From which play lightnings and the thunder's roar :
While horror plumed upon each helmet sat
Now scarce discerned through smoke, as Phœbus stands
In dim eclipse glancing upon the world.

Now as some lion in pursuit of prey
With deepening roar the far spread forest shakes ;
Thus loud the dreadful Arnold's voice resounds
Above th' artillery's crash and battle's shout ;
Urging his warriors onward to the charge.
And now the foe before him sudden yield ;
They break ; but to their aidance Frazer moves,
Whose well-known voice their every fear disarms ;
And rallying they turn, and fiercer burns
The hideous combat as to closer charge
With clashing bayonet again they come.
And now again resound, as swift he moves
Before his ranks, a meteor o'er the plain,
Arnold's loud tones, who all impetuous
Re-fires their souls, and then precipitates
Headlong again upon the enemy,
Amid whose lines a besom dire he drives.
Swords clash with swords, and flames with flames engage ;
And the dread tumult thickens ; while around
Fresh streams of gore gush frequent on the soil
And course adown the field ; and hollow groans
Ascend, as Death in every form appears :
Till back once more the foe apace retire ;
But Frazer to their aidance rapid moves

Advancing in the front ; whose cheering voice
Restores their hope and urges to the charge.

Meanwhile with rifle-phalanx Morgan moves
To check the coming hordes of savagery
And Canada's bold force ; who, unperceived,
Had reached a buckwheat field ; and on, slow creep,
Silent and cautiously ; their forms all hid
By the rank buckwheat : till, advantage gained,
Now from their nerve-strung bows the arrows fly
Flint-crowned, and fiercely thirsting to be plunged
Into life's fountain ; while the rifle-balls
Through the flank whistle where now Arnold leads.
Then as with tomahawk for strife more fell
They swiftly 'rise, Morgan's dread corps appears ;
Who pour a deathful charge ; and too engrasp
The hatchet ; and upon their rear arrives
A strong detachment of the rifle-corps,
Swift, nor of them perceived, who too in-pour
A well aimed deadly charge : The savage race
Surprised, in ghastful mood a moment stand ;
And then for flight endeavor, but how vain !
For now inhemmed, innumerable they fall
Beneath the battle-axe and whistling ball
Of the death-dealing rifle : nor more fast
Before the reaper sinks the full-eared corn.
'Their piteous cries throughout the field resound
As o'er in deathful agony they roll
And mournful hasten to the spirit-land.

Thus, oft, afar, above its sounding falls
On deep Niagara sporting are beheld
The snow-white swan with clustering flocks of teal
That pleased descend the rapid rushing stream ;
Nor fear, as onward move they : till now come
Nigh to the foaming breakers, sudden 'wakes
The deafening roar of the loud cataract
As it in fury thunders o'er the steep.
Then borne more swift along, in dread amaze
They'd from the water's rapid surge arise
And struggling flap the wing ; how useless now
From the huge rush ! but, helpless, sti'l are driven
Till in the boiling whirlpool plunged adown.

But desperate now, the savages regrasp
 The rifle and the hatchet for the charge ;
 While sounds the warwhoop dire as on they come ;
 Whose foe with answering rage too onward move ;
 And soon once more, like flocks of timid sheep,
 Here are they driven and there ; till suddenly
 Bursting through whom surround them, on they plunge
 And, winged with terror, rapid disappear.

But now while Abdiel thus the strife portrays
 To my attentive ear, I too behold
 (My vision aided by the angel guide)
 The scene uprising suddenly to view
 Upon th' extended plain nigh to the hill
 Whereon we stand ; and see, by shadowy forms,
 Which strangely human life and actions feign,
 It represented all. Long I behold ;
 And on the carnage gaze ; and seem to hear
 The battle's maddening shouts ; the clarion's peal ;
 The rattle of the drum, and cannon's roar ;
 With all the dire acclaim of furious war.
 See yonder youthful warrior (Abdiel thus) !
 Who, brave as Zara's lion, meets the charge ;
 While 'round him numerous fall his country's foes
 By his strong arm ! His sire and wife beloved
 But lately sank beneath the slaughtering stroke
 Of the blood-thirsty savage ; who, with fire
 Then swept his all from earth, and his sweet babes
 Hurl'd 'mid the flames, deriding too their woes.
 Dire is the vengeance now he deals around
 Through their wild hordes, as swift they seek to flee ;
 But see ! gashed by the tomahawk he dies !

There Frazer falls ! illustrious in war ;
 Loved by his soldiers almost adorately ;
 Pierced through the breast, he from his saddle tumbles,
 And with a dread rebound, sore strikes upon the plain.
 Brave, gallant hero ! of better fate deserving !—
 But death is there ! behold the lingering blood
 As forth it oozes from the ruptured veins
 Flowing on all sides round ! He gasps for life ;
 And backward sinks, with feeble arms outstretched ;
 While films of thickening night fast settle o'er

His languid sight, and shroud his senses all
 With the deep pall of darkness and the grave.
 Brave, generous hero! thy untimely fall
 Britannia well may mourn! Few are her sons
 In war or peace superior to thee!
 Thy kindled love to others (though unknown
 In its intensity, and unrevealed,
 Lest heartless selfishness affix thereon
 The brand of frailty) prompting thee full oft
 To spare thy foe and mourn the wounds thou gavest;
 Flamed in the inmost recesses of thy soul,
 Consuming e'er the joys that victory gives.
 Rest there in peace, inestimable man;
 Beloved no less of enemies than friends!
 And though when Albion's sons these shores resign
 Here to return no more, they thee may leave,
 Thou ne'er shalt be forgot; for thou wilt rest
 Still in a land of brothers, who thee loved,
 Though thou, by country called, against 'em warred.
 Sleep on! they love thy dust! and Britain's self
 Who sorely mourns, and well she may, thy fall,
 Will ne'er refuse to let thee slumber here!

But hark! the foe give way! they now retreat!
 The thundering voice of Balcaras in vain
 Re-summons to the charge! Back! back they fall!
 Till now beholding, rapidly on flies
 Amid the tumult of their ranks, Burgoyne,
 Whose brows with fury knit, and his dark eyes,
 Flaming with fellest rage, flash vengeance dire.
 He calls, he shouts, he raves; they pause the while,
 And once more labor to withstand the war;
 While them their gallant leader loudly hails:
 Degenerate offspring of illustrious sires!
 What mean ye by thus yielding? Halt! about!
 Soon is the victory ours! That's nobly done!
 I knew you ne'er would leave the field of fame;
 Your general leads you! Charge again, my boys!
 And open to the enemy the grave!
 Frazer is gone, but ne'er can die his fame.
 To die like him is to revive at death
 To be immortal. Charge again, my boys!
 And let your thunders tell them hell is near!

Hurra! that's nobly done! three charges such
 And victory——Halt! HALT! will you me leave?
 Leave me? I'll with my aids, then, strike the foe,
 And victory gain should death around me flash,
 And from my side in atoms blast us all!
 Leave then the field, you blustering cowards! go,
 Pot-valiant heroes, brave in women's wars!
 Go, leave your general to the ruthless foe!

And now they strive to stand; but fiercely charged
 Once more, their ranks give way; whose rapid foes
 Soon through the opening pour, and penetrate
 E'en to the camp itself, which Burgoyne then
 Vain would defend. No firing now is heard;
 But the dire clashing of the murderous steel
 Resounds along the ranks. Hero on hero falls
 With each his bayonet in his brother's breast.
 Resistance all is vain. Columbia's sons
 Scarce are withstood a moment. E'en as when
 Against the lofty mounds of Holland rise
 The swelling storm-lashed flood-tide, and mad drives
 With chafing billows, till, an entrance gained,
 It now through dykes with force o'erwhelming pours,
 And o'er the extensive plains; and, foaming, rolls
 Through valleys deep; and in its fury fell
 Sweeps houses, flocks, and men in ruin huge;
 Nor aught its power withstands; thus are the foe
 By the dread tide of war borne swift away.

Yet the right wing, at distance still engaged,
 The charge full well sustain, by Breyman cheered,
 Who had on Europe's plains Germania's sons
 Often to victory led, and now disdains
 To yield, although the left and centre had
 The field forsaken; but desiring rather,
 Ere were the ranks opposing reinforced,
 To drive them from the field; and moving front
 Thus hails his warlike powers: The victory
 Now to achieve will immortality
 Upon us each confer. On, on, my lads!
 Move on! and wave the banner high, and roll
 The battle's stormy drum. Three gallant cheers
 For good Old England's king. Platoons, again

Your thunders wake, and wake the artillery's roar.
Then peals again war's clarion hoarse, and forth
Rush the dark lines to battle ; while in front,
Urging along the war, is Arnold seen
As gory Mars, leading the troops of Freedom ;
To whom in aidance came he soon as had
The vanquish'd foe the hard-fought field forsook.
And now 'mid cannon bolts, through steel, through fire,
He onward plunges with Columbia's sons,
Whose flash is seen as deep their thunder rolls,
With far-spread death upon the coming foe ;
And Mars' dread voice rebellows o'er the field.

But now upon the flank again appear
The savages by Pontiac on led,
Who, though sore-handled erst, once more rush on
With hideous shouts, and hurl the tomahawk,
Feigning to wish a closer fray, and thus
Spread terror through the ranks ; but suddenly,
Full in their front, from them till now concealed
By the deep file which opens for the charge,
Death's notes from the artillery resound,
Jarring the earth, disgorging full against
Their murderous hordes approaching, and with grape
And chain-shot sweep them in huge ruin down.
With yells outrageous then the savage powers
Turn, while upon their rear Death, following, pours
The frequent charges ; even as lightning fires
Glance through the firmament, and, ere the flash
Expires, new thunders roll along the heavens.

But now the impetuous Arnold wounded falls,
And to the rear with heavy heart is borne.
As suddenly across the eagle's wing
Breaks with loud crash the deathful thunderbolt,
And rives the monarch of the air, who falls
Whirling and fluttering, yet with sullen pride
Unwilling to be overcome by e'en
The mighty bolt of Jove ; so Arnold falls,
And all unwillingly away is borne
From the dire field of Mars. And now the fray
More fiercely rages ; for this death-charged cloud
Of war thus gone, the foe some glimpse, though faint,

Of hope acquire ; until afar they ken
Morgan's dread phalanx on in aidance move,
Whereat, retiring slow, they leave the field.

The carnage ended now, and foe o'ercome,
Sad is the scene of interest which appears
As the proud conquerors the field traverse !
How brief the hour since stood upon these plains,
Sparkling in might, the equipage of war !—
Since warriors gay in uniform here stood
With banners waving, and with martial pomp
Of rattling drums and trumpets' shrill acclaim !
There marched the lengthening ranks with nodding plumes,
Their eyes all flashing with ambitions' fires,
As o'er the field on battle bent they move ;
There, emulous of fame, tempestuous chiefs
Dashing along the lines with fiery steeds ;
While in the embattling ranks the cavalry
Shaking the trembling earth as on they prance,
Or champ the curb all furious for the charge.
But now how changed ! As some wild hurricane
Rages along in awful might, and sweeps
To desolation Ceres' whitening toils,
With flocks and herds, and whirls the forest oaks
Impetuous to the ground ; so o'er the field
War's splendid equipage and actors fierce
In one sad ruin lay. Wide o'er the plain
Are stretched the ghastly and disfigured forms
Of whom had fallen in battle, mingled with
The wounded, mutilated, and the dying,
In hideous plight. The clarion's loud acclaim
And the shrill shouts of victory give place
To heavy groans of anguish, and to prayers,
And imprecations, and complaints of whom
Now feel death's cramping agony. There lies
A warrior brave, who with his dying breath
Prays Heaven his orphan offspring to regard ;
And here another, for his partner loved
Now left to pine a widow, supplicates.
Another's thoughts on parents aged roam
Whose 'lone support he was, now left in want
To journey life's sad remnant to the tomb.
While here another breathes a lovely name—

It was her name whom his fond soul adores ;
 And, as with fainting heart, now pulsing scarce,
 And laboring breath, he heaves life's latest groan,
 The big tear glistens in his manly eye.
 Here others mourn their sufferings so intense,
 As onward swift life's streamlet ebbs away ;
 And some in dying piteously desire
 Kind Heaven to give remission of their sins ;
 While others plead, gazing with 'wildered look,
 That death might end their agony so dire ;
 And others a few moments more to live,
 Lest unprepared they should to judgment pass.

But see yon warrior struggling hard with death !
 An only son is he, whose sire had fallen
 Where Warren fell ; and now afar he dies
 From friends, from home, and widowed mother loved.
 From the extremities the vital stream
 Hath ceased to flow, for life the limbs hath left,
 Which now are shrinking 'neath death's gelid hand.
 Hard is his struggle with the monster dire !
 For still the life thoracic is prolonged,
 The lungs respire, and heart its pulse performs,
 Yet the swollen breast scarce utters forth its groans
 Of agony intense. But now 'tis o'er !
 Back sinks his head, as life's slow current fails.

Some who their Saviour loved here also died ;
 And as the swan, whose sweetest notes are heard
 Amid death's agonies, they cheerful speak
 Of life, of heaven, and happiness to come.
 Wagner, expiring, thus is sweetly heard :
 Shall life's sweet morn to insects frail return
 And burst their tomb, that they from flower to flower
 May soar on rainbow-painted wings, and find
 In life restored a bliss unknown before ;
 And can it be that man returns no more
 From the dark world of death and grave's chill gloom ?
 No ! I shall wake again and leave the tomb
 A happiness immortal to enjoy,
 And sin and death my peace invade no more.
 Thus he, und died. Next Mennon thus is heard :
 Open thy bosom, Grave ! I come to seek

A slumber on thy peaceful breast, now called
By Him who has redeemed me. Farewell, world !
Thou lovely world ! and ye, sweet childhood's scenes !
I leave you now, and ye, my loving friends ;
My spirit waits to wing its way to heaven.
Adieu life's cares, and sufferings, and tears !
Sweet grave ! within thy mansions, once so drear,
My Jesus slept ; like whom would I therein
Recline, till thence like him I shall arise !
He said, and died. Another thus is heard :
Alas ! and what is man ? A thing of naught ;
A living death ; a shadow which moves on,
Then, disappearing, leaves no trace behind !
Another thus, while from his shattered veins
The gushing blood in ceaseless torrents poured :
Yes ; here am I at last ! upon the brink
Of dread eternity, just sinking down
Into that vast abyss, without one look,
One look of sympathy from whom I love !——
He would proceed, but tears his utterance stay,
As rises in his mind the image sad
Of his now widowed love and orphan babes.
Then thus : Be Thou the God of my poor babes,
And may my darling cady—, Nor no more
Could utter, though his bursting heart loud throbb'd
To speak the prayer ; till now with feeble groan
He softly slumbered in the arms of death.
Others, in agony, ev'n thus are heard :
O Death, thou end of woes, relieve my pain !
Complaints of fiery thirst and racking woes
Burst forth from many a gallant spirit now,
As the heart sickens and the pulsings fail ;
While others in distressful accents own
Their erst concealed yet unrepented sins,
And pray forgiveness ere probation closed.
Nor long these woes continue and complaints !
For Death, approaching, touched with soothing hand
The sufferers, and stilled their plaintive moan.

But long their sires, their wives, and offspring loved
Wait their return. In tears all eloquent,
The languid eye of Scotia's lovely maids
Full oft is cast along the sky-bound wave,

In fondest hope that some returning sail
 Would waft their lovers to them. Vain, vain hope!
 Love's happy days are fled, for ever fled!
 Far, where the roaring Hudson laves its banks,
 Those lovers mouldering lie, nor now no more,
 Sweet maids, to glad your hearts' expectance fond!
 Whose hope's fair dream, so long and anxiously
 Indulged, must yield to visions of despair.
 Thus, when the setting sun its mellow ray
 Darts o'er the landscape, and with golden hue
 O'ertints fair nature all, how soon the scene
 In viewing fades to darkness all forlorn!

Here, too, the lion-hearted Breyman fell;
 Who, leading on his gallant charge to war,
 Was shattered by a cannon-bolt and slain.
 Though brave a man as e'er in battle died,
 His sympathy so strong, and manners mild
 As the sweet morn of May, with heart that ne'er
 Revenge nor scorn could know, for war's rude art
 Unfit him, and e'er caused perpetual woe
 For every wound his troops received or gave.
 Sad day for England! which from her thus tore
 Frazer and Breyman! yet a sadder day
 For thee, Columbia! for, by them ruled,
 The soldiery's rude wrath in passing o'er
 The land, though dreadful, never could attain
 What, when uninfluenced by their name renowned.

Now as the morn the day of strife succeeds,
 Burgoyne his lines uprendered to the might
 Of Freedom's sons; nor longer can withstand.
 Nine thousand warriors to the conqueror
 Yield; and upon the field so late of war
 March out and pile their arms. Yet gallant Gates,
 With magnanimity of sentiment
 And feelings delicate, which e'er adorn
 The virtuous brave, declined his troops to convene,
 To be spectators of submission in
 A fallen enemy; unwilling, by
 Or word or act to be supposed to do
 Aught that the feelings of the unfortunate
 Might lacerate. Cowards such sentiment

Ne'er can possess ; it is the brave alone :
The truly brave ! who, by the observance nice
Of principles humane and generous,
Wish for distinction more than even by arms.

Thus terminates at length the northern war ;
Whose once result so doubtful, that it poised
Upon the pinnacle of sanguine hopes
And proud expectance of the enemy,
And apprehensions of the colonies.
Columbia's sons all praise and gratitude
To Him ascribe who them had aidance given,
Who dashed the machinations of the foe,
And crowned successfully their bright campaign.
Thus, as the bosom of the mighty deep,
Whereon had liquid mountains rolled and foamed,
Wide opened its unfathomable depths,
As though the trembling mariner to whelm
With his frail bark, now all serene becomes,
And o'er it far a clear expanse diffused
Invites the finny tribes, in Phœbus' beams
To bask ; while 'round oft undulations play,
Scarcely the surface wrinkling : so afar
Rolled the dread storm of war, and ne'er returned.
Yet still its scattered clouds are seen to remain
Briefly obscuring heaven : as when the strength
Is broken of the tempest's darkening wrath,
Fragments of clouds yet lingering obscure,
In passing, Phœbus' rays, who struggling seems
For a serene dominion in the skies.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

In the meantime Washington has fully completed his encampment and fortifications at Valley Forge. Description of the encampment. Lafayette crosses the Schuylkill to Barren Hill to intercept the foraging parties of the British from Philadelphia. Sir Wm. Howe detaches Generals Grant and Grey against him, to surround and cut him off. He retreats in safety to Valley Forge. The capture of the British General Prescott at Rhode Island by Colonel Barton. Lee is exchanged for Prescott. Washington assaults the British at Germantown; but is repulsed. Attempt made by Conway to supersede Washington. Victories of Paul Jones and Barney on the Ocean.

But ere his army at the north thus strong
Prepare Burgoyne to resist as Spring should dawn,
Had Washington from Pluckemin returned
To Valley Forge to stay the winter o'er;
For from this strong position well he knew
Naught could him e'er compel, e'en should Burgoyne
A junction form with Clinton at New York
And Howe at Philadelphia: and here
He could secure o'erwatch their movements all;
And baffle in their efforts and resist;
Cut off their parties foraging; until
A Gallian fleet now hoped for should arrive
The Delaware, and Howe blockade; him thus
Depriving of all intercourse by sea
With England (and his navy capture all);
And too of intercourse with Clinton; which
Could Washington by land impede; and him
Compel the suffering city soon to leave.

Now Winter rules the sphere, and manacled
All nature stands; yet to the arduous toil
To encamp and fortify, the troops their strength
Put forth; and first, all obstacles to remove,
The timber hew, which erst by human hand
Ne'er was disturbed: Till now the ground all cleared

So far as requisite ; and too in front
Of the encampment ; and each obstacle
To the troops' movements and the artillery's
O'ercome ; and o'er the boggy ground which run
Through th' encampment's centre, openings made
In width one score of paces ; and full care
Bestow that their conjunction with the routes,
The grand routes next, is clear ; they kitchens form ;
And too, as they of tents are destitute,
Logged huts erect ; while the New England troops
By regiments each form artificial caves,
Them covering o'er with boards, or logs, or brush,
Until secure from Hyems' breath and snows.
Yet care bestowing that no huts, nor caves,
Nor buildings aught, in front of or atween
The intervals of the battalions stand.

Full hard the arduous toil they press ; for here
Resolved it is by Washington to hold
Their wintry quarters permanent, full long
As Penn's fair city by the Albion powers
Shall holden be : for still did numerous doubt
Of Gallia's aid. Then, as a covering
Of the surrounding country 'tis a point
All happily selected ; and a full
Protection of th' American magazines :
Here too he could the enemy annoy ;
Depriving them of requisite supplies
By the great roads which to the city lead,
As it commands them all. And now encamped,
The troops begin to fortify ; and forts
And picket-batteries construct at points
At all accessible : while north, along
The hill's extensive brow to Schuylkill's side,
A breastwork they upthrow ; and it secure
Effectually against assault. While nigh
The camp's west limit, and upon the edge
Of a wide babbling brook, whose current swift
And foaming, dashed o'er stones and rocks, and through
A horrent vale filled with impervious woods
(An undergrowth of laurel, birch, and thorn),
Stand the Head-quarters : and upon the hill
Full opposite at eastward, crowned with trees

Uppgrown with underbrush, the oratory
 Of Washington (unknown to any else);
 Where, night by night, when all the camp is hushed
 To silence, and in slumber wrapped, does he
 Ascend, his supplications to renew
 Before the blood-bought mercy-seat of Heaven.

O Prayer! sweet soother of the human heart
 Amid its woes innumerable! by Thee
 The soul obtains the sympathy of Heaven
 When earth has none! When stood creation's God
 In this low world, in human form enveiled
 (Blest healing Sun of Righteousness! blest Fount
 Of Love and Goodness! the Bright Morning Star,
 Whose rays the palpable obscure dissolve
 Of earthly sorrow!), how he loved Thee! how
 By Thee he held communion with the sphere
 He left to save mankind; whom he instructs
 To pray, *Our Father, let thy will be done!*
 By Thee the virtuous chief, known as the friend
 Of human kind; lowly, yet dignified;
 Revered of all; the blessing, not else gained
 Of Heaven, oft sought for his beloved land,
 In the dread hour of peril! and through Thee
 Encouraged, ne'er despaired. Oh what reproof
 To men affecting greatness who would ape
 The mind of Washington; and too affect
 His patriotism pure; yet shame to seek
 The guidance of our Heavenly Father's hand!

Long 'twas ere Washington the arduous task
 Completes of the encampment; and e'en ere
 Completed 'tis, he forth his army calls
 Against a force by Howe on forage sent;
 But learns with grief their ration last's consumed.
 Then deeming that too great the hazard is
 To lead them thus against a powerful foe
 He hesitates, until supplies secured
 Should warrant such endeavor. He'd employed
 His every effort, scarcity of food
 To keep at distance; and believed success
 Had his endeavors crowned; till now so sad
 Catastrophe reveals that he had hoped

Too much from promise and assurance fair
Of whom had been appointed to secure
The full supply. But on the intelligence
So startling, he now orders that the land
Be over-skirred provisions to obtain
Which might the moment's pressing wants relieve :
While he once more upon the country calls
For aidance so withheld, yet promised long ;
Who ne'er conceived necessity so dire
Could in the camp exist. Then still full half
The force were through the winter, scarce possessed,
Of clothing, hose, and shoes ; while hundreds had
Of blankets none : who after the fatigues
Of wintry days in laboring to upraise
Their habitations wretched, are compelled
At fires all night to sit, else perish from
The cold intense. While to these sufferings
So dire, is added now necessity
From want of food so great ; and even for weeks
Are they, on half allowance bare, compelled
To live ; scarce possible with woes so huge
Oppressing. Hence disease, too, thinned their ranks
More ev'n than had the enemy throughout
The late campaign. And such the force, and thus
Neglected by their country, 'twas with whom
Was Washington intrusted to assert
The freedom of Columbia : while within
Five leagues the camp lay a puissant foe,
Watching, with vigilance all keen, to effect
Their full extermination. Yet were they
Not without consolation 'mid their woes
So heavy and so long ; for Washington
Partook their hardships all, and cheerfully ;
And revered was by all the soldiery
And as a parent loved. For well they knew
That he no efforts left untried which might
Their sufferings relieve ; and hence full well
They bore the circumstance so irritant
And to them unaccountable, that should
Their camp be left all destitute of food ;
While the last harvest had of every crop
Abundant been : nor from aught soul escapes
A murmur ; but they patience exercise ;

For told that opening spring would bring supplies
They, for their country's sake, content abide.

Now when the encampment, by the mighty mind
Of Washington projected, was complete ;
And Phœbus had in Ocean's bed sunk down,
And left the bright-eyed sister of the earth
Glittering in heaven's expanse, in crescent form,
And leading on the starry host to pierce
The glooms which Night o'erspreading was the world ;
The chief, whose virtuous soul no labors now
Could urge to slumber (yet rejoiced to find
His gallant men could in repose forget
Their woes so grievous), with Fayette prepares
The spirit of his troops to ascertain :
Or if their sufferings had them o'ercome ;
Or if still faithful to their trust they stand ;
And, mounting, straight proceed they 'round the camp.
Spent with hard toil, all silent in repose,
The troops had sunk ; soothed by the angry roar
Of Schuylkill's flood high swoln from recent thaw ;
Till now no more throughout the camp is heard
The hum of conversation ; nor no sound,
Save heavy foot-falls of the wakeful guard.
Nor far had they proceeded till adown
The horizon crescent Cynthia disappears,
Nor naught save the decaying fires within
The camp discern they ; while from burnished thrones
The stars shoot down afar their golden ray,
Through æther pure cleansed by the returning cold.

Now to the hill arrived ; whereon were 'camped
New England's sons in caves themselves had formed,
They 'round it passing are ; when nigh is heard
The sentinel, on pacing to and fro
Who them as soon discerns : and, pausing, calls,
Who comes ? Friends ! friends ! cries Lafayette. Then he—
Draw near, and give the countersign ! He comes
And whispers softly, *Montgomery* !
Pass on ! returns the sentinel : To whom
Says Fayette, hear me ! I'm by Sullivan
Sent to declare to you — Pass on ! (returns
The sentinel) nor dare another word

Intrude upon me! If by Sullivan
You're sent you'll wait till duty bids me hear;
Or come in proper form. But sir, it is ——
Replies Fayette,—Sir: (says the sentinel)
You die if still you parley. Pass along,
Or go the way ye came! He then returns
To Washington; and, mounting, they proceed
Till to the cragged bank which far o'erlooks
The flood and country 'round, they come; and nigh
Draw to the sentinel there placed, whose locks
Frosted proclaim the veteran who'd fought
Upon Monongahela's fated field
Where Braddock fell. He hears the horses' tread
O'er the froze soil; yet indistinct at first;
And to his ear the hand uplifts to catch
The sound more clearly; when in distance now
Slowly approaching, are two troopers seen
In outline dim; whereat thus he aloud;
Who comes? Dismount and give the countersign!
Him Lafayette approaches; and the sign
Himself a friend approving gives; then thus,
'Tis cold, my aged friend, extremely cold!
Will you my flask help drain? Jamaica's best!
And rather scarce in camp, I trow, just now.
I wish to pass and tell the General
That our large party foraging have took
Provisions from —— Dare you (the veteran cries)
Me thus address on duty? All the years
That I have spent in camp, and all the nights
That I've walked sentinel, I never knew
Attempt so vile and flagrant! Surely, sir,
If friend you be, you have Jamaica used
Too free already. And could I believe
You sober are, this bayonet at once
Should pierce that heart. So if you value life
Depart this instant! Then to Washington
Returning, they rejoice the men to find
Thus faithful are to duty, and proceed
Within the lines down through the valley; then
Westward, until once more they them o'erpass.
Then through the creek and nigh the hospital
For the invalids move they; and approach
Another sentinel: and, Washington,

They being hailed, thus answers; You, of course
 Your General know: This friend is Lafayette;
 Or should you doubt, we'll give the countersign.
 Such is our haste we can't dismount — Dismount!
 Dismount! returns the angered Sentinel,
 Or to the ground I'll bring you ere you can
 Utter another word! You, Washington!
 And dare you thus that glorious name profane?
 Dismount, I say, and instant, or you die.
 Dismounting then they onward come, and straight
 Of him are recognised; who awkwardly
 Assays apology; yet all confused
 Can scarce find utterance as having thus
 Bespoke his venerated chief: who pleased
 With such his faithfulness, replies: Compeer,
 From you, we cannot aught apology:
 Such course, not blame, but highest praise shall bring,
 Nor be by me forgot. We only sought
 To learn your sense of duty at this time;
 And trust your orders thus you'll e'er fulfil.
 Slay me, or any who shall dare attempt
 The lines to pass against the given commands.

Thence pass they on a south, till to the hill
 Arrived, whereon that day a stockade had
 Completed been; and where the Sentinel
 His rounds, in passing on, with heavy tramp
 Is heard; to whom they thus, *Montgomery!*
 Pass on! returns he. But, says Lafayette,
 The cold this night increases, till 'tis scarce
 Endurable. We've from the village come
 Supplied with spirits. If a dram you'll try
 You're welcome. 'Tis the cold's great enemy,
 True fire Promethean when the veins grow chill!
 Here is my flask! Well, says the sentinel,
 Reach it this way! Villains! this flask I'll keep
 Till morning, and the owner ascertain.
 Corrupt a sentinel? you Parlez Vous!
 Or stuttering Mynheer! If friends you are,—
 But this I'll know at morn. I had ne'er thought
 Two miscreants such could 'mong the troops be found.
 Were it but known, what would the General say?
 I'm old, my larks, but much too young for you;

So pass, and not a word! They slow remount,
And as unwillingly repress the lines,
While, as bright Hesperus is sinking down
Behind the mountain firs, they homeward tend.

And now by reinforcements large the foe,
Emboldened much, in frequent march harass
The country north of Philadelphia,
By parties foraging, that Washington,
It to protect, north of the Schuylkill stream,
And for the army's safety, too, to form
An advance guard, and be in readiness
The enemy upon the rear to annoy,
Should he the city seek to evacuate
(Event now deemed full nigh), detached Fayette
With a choice force, two thousand troops select,
Post to assume and near the Albion lines;
But first in briefness thus bespeaks his ear:
You will the safety of the corps regard
Primarily, as it so grand a part
Forms of the army, and with care all strict
Avoid a station permanent or long;
As long continuance in position must
Facilitate aught purposes or plans
The enemy against you may devise.

O'er crossing then the Schuylkill, Lafayette
His post on Barren Hill assumes; but straight
Is notice of his coming given to Howe,
Who Grant, with corps select, five thousand strong,
Detached at once, and who the road pursues
Leading up Delaware, diverging, too,
From Barren Hill; till, after four leagues' march,
They to the left direct incline, and swift
Passing White Marsh, on towards the Meeting House
Of Plymouth press, the high position he
Instructed was by Howe to occupy;
For nigh the rear of Lafayette it stands,
Atween his forces and the Valley Forge,
And here, too, forked the roads, one leading straight
To Barren Hill, and one to Schuylkill ford.
The point (although at eve his march begun)
He reaches ere Apollo wakes the morn.

In the meanwhile, and as the waning moon
Shines on the hills with sickly ray, the morn's
Precursor, and scarce pours her feeble beam
O'er mountain groves, and hills, and wooded vales,
Till twilight grey upstreaks the orient skies,
Had Howe sent Grey, and with detachment strong
Swift to advance along the Schuylkill's side,
Grant to assist and Lafayette surround.
On haste! (thus Howe) and soon as you arrive
The outposts of the rebel camp accurst,
Let the artillery upon them blaze,
To say that you are near, and to proclaim
The appointed signal. Perish on the field,
Unless you are victorious! Better far
We all of us should perish by the sword
Than by disease and famine; as most sure
We shall, if those marauders stay unchecked.

Then on he moves along Ridge Road, and post
Assumes nigh Schuylkill's ford, one league in front
Of Lafayette's right flank (and hoping, too,
To re-enact ere long Paoli's scenes),
While upon Chestnut Hill the residue
Of Grey's command encamped. Nor Lafayette
Had suffered thus the enemy to move
Upon his rear all unobserved; for he
Had on the left 'Sylvania's troopers placed,
Instructing them to guard full well the roads
About White Marsh, who'd their position changed
Nor him apprised; deceived by orders forged
Of Grant, through aidance of Iscariot
(Lieutenant in the artillery regiment
By Proctor led), who from the service late
By Washington discharged, to Howe proceeds,
And as a spy engages; and the post
Better to occupy, his comrades oft
Visits at Valley Forge, who ne'er suspect
His aim till now discovered, when he brought
To Howe the word that Lafayette had moved
To Barren Hill, and at the Frankford creek
Meets Grant and him conducts, and forges too
Orders, as though from Lafayette they'd come.

But on the lines in front of Barren Hill
Had Lafayette the vigilant M'Lane
Posted ; a partisan of merit great,
Whose soul's fixed purpose and whose high resolve
Not malice, envy, nor even suffering's self,
Could ever shake, or lead to hesitance
In duty's sacred pathway. Through the night
He'd at the Three-Mile Run some grenadiers
Captured, who him of Grant's swift movements tell,
And that a force full large of Germans are
Along the banks of Schuylkill marching now.
He judged their object, and detaches Parr
Across the country with his rifle corps
To Wanderer's Hill, with orders to harass
And to retard the column now afar
Upon their way up Schuylkill ; while he hastes
In person to the camp of Lafayette,
It reaching as Apollo gilds the skies.
He tells the intelligence ; which, as he tells,
Is by Parr's fire upon Ridge Road confirmed,
And by a citizen of swift escape
From the White Marsh as Albion's columns passed.

Surrounded thus with peril, Lafayette
Ne'er pauses, but with promptitude assumes
The only course of safety ; 'mid the roar
Of cannonry and musketry's oft charge,
Whose vaulting flames upon his left and right
Nearer approach ; as when on winged blasts
Clouds come in squadrons dark, and nigh at hand
Burst in thick horrors ; till his sentinels,
Iudriven, arrive the camp. Then instant he
In motion puts his troops, and onward passed
Towards Matson's ford ; where now is hastening
Grant with his column on the north (and who
Could easily arrive it first), while Grey
Asouth advances on him rapidly.
But moving on he throws a party small
Into the walled churchyard of Barren Hill,
Upon the road towards Grey ; the appearance thus
To give in that direction of assault ;
While he at column's head on moves towards Grant,
As if to charge him full in front ; who halts

In huge amaze the line at once to form,
And to prepare for action so unlooked.
The warlike movement for his front gains ground,
Which, while it thus is moving towards the foe,
Approach the river too; when suddenly
The rear files off towards Schuylkill rapidly;
And the front following, they all o'ercross
The stream ere Grant can hindrance aught essay;
Who, raging, reached the ford, and straight prepares
It to o'erpass, pursuing; but, discerned
By Washington upon the towering bank
Whereon by Schuylkill's tide he lay encamped;
Who, upward dragging his artillery
Pregnant with death, is seen of Grant in time
To make a safe retreat, though rapidly.

And now to Washington a herald tells
That Barton by a bold exploit surprised
And captured Prescott, while command he held
Upon Rhode Island of the Royal troops.
And thus by capture of an officer
Lee equalling in rank, they him obtain
By an exchange, now long a prisoner,
Whose services 'tis hoped would aid the cause
Of freedom signally, as erst they'd done.
Hope how fallacious! 'Twas upon a night
Stormy and dark, bold Barton with a score
Of gallant seamen towards Rhode Island moved
In whale-boat large, and on through pelting rain,
And surging billows lashed by angry winds;
With muffled oars he holds his dangerous way
Through Albion's fleet and guard-boats armed full strong,
Them all eluding, till in safety is
The port arrived. Then by a tawny prince
Of Africa through the deep ravine led,
Which from the shore to Prescott's quarters reached,
They undiscovered to the appointed spot
Arrive, and are deemed sentinels: and him
Find sleeping and all unalarmed, until
His bed-room door they gain, which, locked secure,
Prince, in the destitution of an axe,
At once thrust through his beetle-head, and him
Seized still abed; whose aide-de-camp unclotted

Leaps from the window in the attempt to flee,
But is secured ; while Prescott thus : Guards ! guards !
What ! can it be that here's a single soul
Will yield—will deign to live ? Ho, sentinels !
Haste to my aidance ! But soon silenced, he
Entreats : Oh ! stay one moment till I clothe,
Nor 'mid the pelting of this pitiless storm
Drag me forth naked thus ! To whom thus Prince :
No, general ; your dress I'll bring along.
Then through the ravine hasting to the boat
They from the shores are gone ; when suddenly
Awakes the huge alarm throughout the camp ;
The drums mad beat ; the rockets furious fly ;
And the loud roar of deep-charged cannonry
Uprouse the troops, who, hideously alarmed,
The camp traverse their general to find ;
As madly buzz the thickening swarm disturbed
By some rude hand. The sudden fiery flash
In fitful gleams night's mantle tears away ;
And vessels too awake their cannon huge
In full broadside ; while the oft sudden blaze
Of the eruptive thunders wide illumines
The darkened waves, and tinges far the clouds ;
And balls, and bombs, and rockets oft career
Now through the sky, or splash amid the waves.
Yet all how vain ! for through the fleet they hold
Their devious way ; till are the shores attained
Of Narragansett ; nor apprehension none
Is felt of rescue ; whereat Prescott thus
To them bespake : You have done boldly, boys !
And I'm the prisoner of Washington !
I'd really thought the Devil ne'er could do
What you've performed ! And sure 'tis no disgrace
To be made prisoner by such as ye.

Now flowery-footed spring once more returns,
Led on by Phœbus in his bright career,
And Hyems' hoary train of frost and snow
Had vanished all ; while plains and valleys teem
With Flora's progeny—the violet,
Cowslip, carnation, tulip, daffodil,
Snowdrop, columbine, crimson peony,
The pink, and honeysuckle, all appear

To cheer the eye, and speak to man how brief
His destiny on earth ; when Washington
Forth led his troops the enemy to assail,
Whose martial force were camped at Germantown.
They joyful move as his loved voice they hear,
Sweet in its accents as the bird at morn
Calling with fond anxiety her young
To soar upon the air with untried wing,
And leave the spot where first the light of heaven
Their eyes beheld. And following where he leads,
Succeed not in the emprise, as so large
A portion of his force to Gates he'd sent
To aid against the invasion of Burgoyne ;
And Stephens, a high officer, to whom
Had been the van intrusted, now mistook,
Through Bacchus' fumes, the orders, and begun
To retreat when victory had perched upon
The standard of Columbia, till even
Two regiments had more prisoners than men.
Yet Washington, for the so grand essay
Obtains the thanks of Congress, though he failed,
But mourned the loss of Nash, who perished there.

And now the arch-enemy of God and man,
Foresees that Freedom's triumph is assured,
Should Washington the enterprise still lead
Against Britannian tyranny ; and straight
His every effort to remove him thence
Resolves to essay. Nor 'twas a vain resolve,
Nor boast, as oft by cowards made, to hide
Their cowardice, and faith inspire that they
Are what they'd wish to appear ; but high resolve
And purpose fixed to toil ; for he must soon
All hope resign, unless successful now,
Of once more spreading darkness o'er the world,
And thus o'er men his empire to regain.

Then summoning in consult his mighty peers
At Pandemonium, they in long discourse
The plan mature ; and next Abaddon choose
It to accomplish ; who, selected thus
The risk so huge all joyfully incurs,
So suited to his mind and hellish aims ;

And forth at midnight's hour he onward comes
To gain the ear of Conway (who had late
With vast pretensions come to Freedom's shores,
A wanderer in other climes, and here
Had found employment ; gained too easily),
And him excite to asperse the character
Of Freedom's Chief ; and, too, awake high hopes
That he a reputation should uprear
Upon its ruins, and full soon would be
To the grand post of Washington assigned.
Forth then, and slowly, glides the fiend along
O'er earth, till to the Schuylkill's mouth arrived
He sinks therein ; then up the channel moves,
And rising from the river as a mist
Through which the stars scarce twinkle, hovers now
Slowly, on towards the camp and Conway's tent :
Lest, if aught other form assumed, and he
Be recognised, he'll forfeit pay full dear
Nine thousand years (years such as Saturn marks)
Chained in the midst of hell's grim raging fires ;
Meed of temerity that thus should dare
Intrude within th' inclosure guarded by
Celestial Hierarchs and Powers of light
By Heaven appointed to o'erwatch the camp
From the malignant influence of Hell
And all th' infernal Powers ; for, if unwatched,
Success had crowned their oft attempt to raise
Dissatisfaction, and Erinny's reign
Among Columbia's freemen, 'mid their woes
And misery so great : And hence the form
So dim and vague assumes he ; not alone
T' avoid the glance of human scrutiny,
But their keen search : not knowing, that t' assume
So vain and dark disguise is needless now,
As Heaven determined is that Hell may prove
The wished attempt, by Satan long desired,
To asperse the character of Washington ;
The which result should blast with shame his foes.

Then deeming he'd succeeded, and the ken
Of angels 'scaped unrecognised (who had
Beheld, with laughter much, his sly assay) ;

He now to him his embassy o'ertells
 While he continues slumbering : Conway ! sure
 You recognise your friend, so tried and true
 In Europe ; but who's passed from earth away
 Since here you've come ! In life I stood your friend ;
 Your truest friend : and now from earth though gone
 I am permitted on you to attend
 Till your frail life too close. But ah ! what fame
 Is yours, ere shall you close it ! Have you here
 Not come for high emolument ? But sure
 You seek it strangely, Conway ! Washington
 Endures no foreigner who him excels
 As you, in knowledge of the Art of War,
 And talents so transcendent : And your hopes
 Of being e'er preferred while he commands
 Give to the winds, they 're light as gossamer.
 I once believed I ne'er could interest find
 Again in earthly scenes and human life ;
 Yet for my friend I willingly forego
 The joys of Plato's converse—(*Hist ! Hist ! Hist !
 Does Abdiel discern me ? Hist ! he's gone !*)
 I'd e'en to earth return could I secure
 The fame which is your meed. Here the Great hold
 The honors which on earth were theirs ; and I
 Had higher 'risen now, had I aspired
 To higher earthly honors. How hast thou,
 My Conway ! slighted been, by Washington !
 Thou who his post should hold ! Ah, thine are woes
 Which may not ask for sympathy (*Hish ! Hish !
 And does Ithuriel seek me ? Hist ! he's passed
 Again nor me discerned !*). Shall Washington
 On vague presumptions dare—self vaunting man !
 Pronounce you meritless ? as sure he will
 Unless his pride is humbled ? But if he
 Can be, and through your means, removed, e'en though
 You'd not at once succeed him, as you yet
 Are to the army scarcely known, you shall
 Most surely second be to whom succeeds ;
 As I in fate's unerring book ahead
 Spelling from stars in their conjunction met.
 Conway ! and can you slumber here, and thus ?
 Arise and say how suffers Freedom's cause

From his so ill-timed policy! Arise!
 Lee will, and Gates join in the clamor huge,
 Expecting high from victory recent gained.

Now from the drums as day dawns on apace
 Rattles the reveille, and Conway 'wakes
 Still conning deep the hell-begotten scheme,
 And much rejoices o'er it; and his love
 Of self hopes soon to satiate; for he
 Had sought the shores of freedom to obtain
 Wealth to his heart's content; nor cared for else
 Nor how he this accomplished: and would e'en
 Hurl discord 'mid the ranks of liberty
 To gain such end. Oh, cursed thirst for gold!
 How dire thy influence o'er the hearts of men
 While Satan's kingdom o'er the earth remained!

Meanwhile to Gates and Lee had gone the fiend
 And them by his curst influence prepares
 ('Too well, alas, already thus inclined!)
 Conway to aid in the dark enterprise;
 And when the scheme they deem full well matured
 'Tis to 'Sylvania's representatives
 In Congress (late convened anew, who chose
 Laurens their President, nor nobler soul
 E'er laid his ample all at Freedom's shrine)
 Unfolded artfully, and underneath
 Well-feigned pretence of favor to the State
 Whose capital so long had captured been;
 And which had untold sufferings endured
 Through the whole war; 'tis urged that though the chief
 Is an accomplished warrior, and full well
 Beloved of all, yet change may doubtless be
 Desirable: For, if upon the field
 Burgoyne could vanquished be so easily,
 Why thus the war protract, so tedious grown?
 Since sure Columbia could in open field
 Conquer aught other army of the Crown.
 Then that rotation such, in office is
 Not for the wise encouragement alone
 Of worthy officers, but, lest should one
 (As Cæsar), whom through custom long the troops
 Had followed, think pre-eminence to claim,

And seek a diadem when was dethroned
 The despot now so nearly overcome.
 The representatives ev'n list, âlas!
 And deem herein is reason, nor suspect
 The villain cloaked, nor vileness of the scheme.

The arch-intriguer, Gates, commencing then
 To act in person, now no more requires
 Conway and Lee his representatives;
 But deems the plot full ripened even to broach
 To the Columbian officery, and sow
 Dissension and distrust, whereon to 'rise
 Still higher by destroying Washington.
 Oh strange compound of weakness and of strength!
 Of vice and virtue, loveliness and shame;
 Blind by ambition, whither wouldst thou now,
 Thou once so valued friend of liberty,
 And of Columbia? Stay! stay thy steps,
 Nor further go. Ambition! What's thy aim?
 To stand unpitying 'mid thousands slain,
 And there recount thy horrid trophies o'er;
 The slaughtered husbands, parents, brothers, sons,
 The widows and the orphans thou hast made,
 And ruin of thy country's dearest rights!
 Of all regardless in the hot pursuit
 Of thy cursed projects. Thus would conscience now
 The warrior call to reason, who, alas!
 Could now to it ne'er listen. On he hastes,
 And coming first to Morgan, thus begins:
 My bold compatriot, may I your ear
 In confidence address? Our army brave
 Is now with Washington dissatisfied,
 Whose movements so prolong this tedious war,
 Nor is this all. His reputation, too,
 Is rapidly declining. Officers
 Of highest worth have purposed to resign,
 Unless in the department occupied
 By him a change be made, and speedily.
 Let but such change occur, my friend, and we
 Who've in the war so oft together stood,
 Will with our gallant forces meet the foe,
 And show Columbia that she shall be free!

To whom, and in an instant, fathoming
The aim of his commanding officer,
Morgan with indignation frowning, thus
Sternly returns: I have one favor, sir,
But one, to ask of you. Never again
This hateful subject name to me. No, sir!
Under no other man than Washington
As chief commander will I ever serve!

Crest-fallen, though undiscouraged, he retires
And Mifflin seeks; a zealous patriot
Of merit high, whose sanguine temperament
And great activity him rendered quite
Insensible to the true value of
The coolness and the caution requisite
And all essential to preserve in being
An army such as Washington commands,
Amid its difficulties oft and great;
And influenced thus, he even awhile avers
His preference of Gates to Washington,
As chief commander, and too sought to gain
Others, mistaking sad his country's weal,
To deem as he, his judgment erring deemed.
Thus darkened by an artificial night
The harmless pigeon, with her eyes upsealed,
Soars heavenward, and in fear and huge amaze
Flies with an undiscerning wing, nor knows
She thus the fatal instrument becomes
To lead her own defenceless kindred down
Into the snare of deadliest enemies.

Meanwhile by Conway's arts the fame extends
By public prints throughout the colonies
And army all; and as one man them 'roused
To indignation at the miscreants such
Who durst the scheme devise; and dire alarm
Lest Washington, his feeling wounded thus,
Might ev'n resign. Nor had the plot his ken
Escaped from first: Yet on his steady mind
Makes no undue impression; nor could change
Aught of his measures. For, his sentiments
Were not of wounded pride, but such as 'rose

From apprehension for his country's cause
 And patriotism. And his continuance
 In the high post was from conviction firm
 That in this station he could useful be
 To her best interests ; nor a wish beside
 Possessed his heart. Yet ready to resign
 He stood if should his country so desire.
 But north, south, west, and east, the army all
 Clung to their chief commander, nor could aught
 Loosen the hold, while indignation loud
 Burst from all parts at whom so traitorously
 Such scheme designed, or now durst prosecute.
 So mustering clouds their mutterings begin,
 And, edged with lightning, pierce the darksome night,
 Till now the thunder breaks with hideous roar.
 Nor the brave army, late victorious
 Over Burgoyne, e'er hesitate ; but vow
 They'll own no leader save their Washington.

Now sad perplexed the adherents of the scheme
 All unprepared for this so strong display
 Of virtuous indignation, which so swift
 Burst on them, scarcely aught resource can find ;
 But Lee and Gates deny and instantly
 That they had e'er in the obnoxious plan
 Participated, or had thought of change ;
 And Mifflin was deemed honest in his aims ;
 But no resource had Conway, who'd full oft
 To many boasted of the foul design.
 First he of Washington forgiveness craves
 And then for Europe starts, nor e'er again
 Presumes to return. And though with dusky wing
 Envy, by numerous nursed, until this hour
 Pursued the way of Washington, as will
 The shadow substance, thence full glad was she
 In darkness and in silence to abide.

Meanwhile Paul Jones and Barney on the main
 In frequent conflict with the Albion powers,
 Wherein full numerous prizes they secure,
 Exalt their country's naval character
 In the world's estimation, and, as when
 Through rolling clouds some twinkling star forth shines

To light the traveller on his weary way,
Direct her thoughts to naval conquest ; where
In coming years victorious she rules
The mighty main as England erst had done.

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BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

As it now appears evident to England that France would aid America, she, fearing for the safety of her fleet and army at Philadelphia, supersedes Howe in the command of those forces by Clinton, and orders him to evacuate the city. The cautious movements of this great officer described. Washington, foreseeing that such a movement would soon occur, stands on the alert ready to take advantage of it. Clinton, as Washington had foreseen, determines to pass through Jersey to New York. A council of war. Battle of Monmouth.

The suffering condition of the American forces from destitution described. Washington's appeal to Congress in their behalf. Efforts of the American ladies to afford them present relief. Apostrophe to John Quincy Adams.

The efforts of Congress being still unsuccessful to supply permanently the army's wants, Robert Morris is appointed to the financial department. The full success which crowns the efforts of this illustrious patriot.

But now to England evident it seems
That Gallia, her rival eminent,
Whose naval force a fleet immense proclaims,
Could ne'er spectator unconcerned remain
Of the Columbian war, and that, if sought,
Would aidance freely yield the Colonies ;
Which to the Albion powers the city makes
Of Philadelphia perilous extreme
As a position, and induces soon
The Administration Howe to supersede
In the command by Clinton, and enjoin
The fleet direct the Delaware to leave
(The forts thereon evacuating too),
While the land forces shall o'er Jersey move
To New York with their military stores.

Then Clinton, straight these orders to perform,
Commencing, finds his aim by Washington
Suspicioned, though his preparations all
Are quietly conducted, and the troops
Themselves expect no movement. While all calm
The city lay, as the autumnal eve,
When ocean's bosom feels no ruffling breeze.

But Washington hovering around is seen,
All ready for the fray ; and Clinton feels
He soon must thence remove, as even one hour,
If lost, may wreck his army and his hopes.
And now his enemy he to confound
Endeavors, and by simultaneousness
Of movements, feigns embarkment of his troops,
And march through Jersey, nor no clue affords
Which course he shall pursue. Yet Washington
Ne'er is by such manœvering deceived ;
For calculating which the preference
He should himself assign, he thence concludes
It is the plan his cautious foe would choose :
Nor this alone ; but of such movement thus
By him anticipated, he resolves
At once to take advantage full, as though
By Clinton 'twas acknowledged. Then his each
Detachment calling in, he too requires
Of the State Governments to hasten on
The march of their new levies. While, compelled
By fear, his preparations Clinton hastes,
Till 'tis revealed he must through Jersey move.

Then Washington, a council summoning
Of general officers, requires of each
To speak their free opinion on the plan
To be pursued : Shall we a battle risk ?
Or suffer Clinton unopposed to pass ?
And if a battle risk we, shall it be
General or partial ? My own views, matured
By much reflection, are, that we should ne'er
Him unmolested suffer through the State.

Whereat Lee thus in answer quick returns :
If I my sentiment would freely speak,
I am against all measures to assault
Clinton in moving on, and should esteem
It criminal our country's fortunes now
To risk upon a battle. The army which
Clinton is leading now comprises men
One myriad and effective, and our force
Numbers the same. With such equality,
To risk an action when so unrequired

By any circumstance which us affects,
 Or interest of our cause, and when alone
 We stand, expecting aidance, too, of France,
 Appears to me fool-hardy in the extreme ;
 And so would martial writers all declare,
 If to authority you'll deign to hear.
 Then 'tis to risk our army and our land ;
 It is to risk our freedom at a blow ;
 And sure to this we ne'er exposed should be.
 Nor is it possible that we should bring
 A partial action on, unless at risk
 Of its becoming general. For how
 Could this avoided be, suppose the foe
 Should choose it ? since the troops which might engage
 Must be in pieces cut, unless support
 Were them afforded. A general action now
 Surely ought not be hazarded, except
 The advantage is and manifest our own.
 Is this the fact, then, with us ? No, sir ! no !
 The foe's superior discipline alone
 Him gives the advantage, though but half the force
 He have which we command. Since here my view
 Is asked, you freely have what I advise.

To whom thus Wayne of Stony Point renowned :
 Could books decide this question, sir, 'tis clear
 The orator is right. In theory,
 As by him stated, it appears full well,
 And all the German schools, perhaps, with all
 The English and the French authorities
 (Which he, if wished, could cite), decide most plain,
 That, when in circumstances such as he
 Hath represented us, *Ne'er hazard war !*
 But we from theory to fact appeal
 Now, as we have full frequently afore :
 For, had we on authorities relied,
 We'd long ere this been slaves. Who could believe
 That we, with forces disproportionate
 So greatly to our foes, success should find,
 Deciding it from books ?—those worm-ate tomes
 Now here referred to ! Then in the dire fray,
 Where perished Erin's generous son, whose fall
 Saddened all hearts and filled all eyes with tears,—

We love that name ! Great man ! *thou* ever wast
True to Columbia ! Well Erin may
Of thee, Montgomery, boast ! Thy name shall live,
As some bright star, to light on eminence
Her sons, when, too, they shall for freedom strike,
In coming years ! Yet, sir, although it failed,
'T was through his fall alone ; for, had he lived,
The Canadas would at this day be ours.
Yet text-books were against the emprise grand,
And so were they who trust them. But we've had
Full specimen of such sage counsel given
Below ; as Rutlege can or Moultrie tell.
The General plead authorities, as he
Beheld the Albion fleet approximate,
And was for leaving Charleston to the foe,
Advising thus : A British man-of-war
Will knock you fort about your ears ere pass
Not half an hour ! for so his books averred.
And Charleston and the State now lost had been
To us and freedom, had his books been heard.
They led him on, as now, in error's maze,
Like the pale beams at midnight hour discerned
Glowing upon the graves of mouldering dead,
And leading clowns to follow at their cost.

We ask, Shall Clinton pass us unwitstood,
Because his numbers equal are to ours ?
Or that we are expecting aid from France ?
Or partial brings a general action on,
If should the foe an action such desire ?
And, sir, to assay such query to decide
By stale authorities here plead, appears
To me full like his course, on whose soft skull
The moon in change hath shed her influence bale ;
Who, not from use but beauty judging, culls
The gaudiest flowers for medicine ; nor mean
I this as aught reflection personal.
But say that Clinton should victorious prove ;
Is he in aught condition to pursue
His victory an hour,—encumbered as
He is with baggage trains, twelve miles in length,
Moving through hostile regions ? Never, sir !
But if he be defeated, all is lost

To him this side Virginia's Old Domain.
 Should we then risk defeat ? (scarce possible !)
 Why not, I ask, when in such circumstance ?
 Where, while the risk is small, we may secure
 A victory which terminates the war,
 I gaze to hear our friend of prudence tell !
 That he once needed it, his capture late
 Fully has shown ; that he has it acquired
 Will joyance doubtless to us all afford
 Full soon, as evident the fact appears.
 As Agamemnon great, the King of men,
 Who Troy's destruction sought, that Paris had
 Decoyed a strumpet from his brother's arms,
 And yet the black-eyed damsel could perforce
 Wrest from Achilles ; so to me his course,
 Contrasted with his principles appears.

As Clinton now the Delaware hath passed,
 My voice is, Hasten, while the brow of night
 Is thick bespangled with the wandering fires
 Set burning at creation, and prepare
 By the next dawn, when sounds the reveille,
 To strike, and victory's ours. Yes ; I predict
 Their brightest star shall set upon the field
 Whereon we meet them, if we meet them now.

But Lee, sore angered at the keen retort,
 Nor longer now respected since he sought
 The chief of freedom's sons to supersede,
 Returns (while from his dark and fiery eye
 Flashed passion, raging fever of the soul):
 What *can* we lose ? Sir, this is not the question !
 What *have* we lost already by the course
 Thus here pursued ? It ne'er can be disguised !
 By recklessness and passion we've o'erthrown
 More than our enemies ! Nor augur I
 Vainly of peril to our cause, if now
 The course here recommended should be ours ;
 And shall rejoice if our now brightening hopes
 Be not enshrouded sudden by despair,
 As drops yon sparkling meteor from the heavens !

Nor of the council none save Washington,

Cadwallader, Wayne, Lafayette, and Greene
Approve the measure Clinton to assail :
Hence on his own responsibility
Proceeds now Washington to lead th' emprise.

Meanwhile had Clinton Philadelphia
Evacuated, and the Delaware
Crossing at Gloucester Point, on towards New York
Proceeded, till at Allentown he camped.
While Washington, the stream o'er crossing, too,
At Coryell's Ferry, he possession held
Of the high grounds, the choice thus to retain
Of bringing on, or to avoid the fray.
Till now, resolved to bring the action on,
He, as the foe towards Monmouth Court House moves,
Sends Wayne, who, with his thousand troops select,
Should join the corps advanced ; while Lafayette,
To whom the tour of duty Lee resigned,
Advanced with troops four thousand to assail
The Albion rear near Englishtown (and led
Now by Cornwallis), soon as should it move
From its position ; and upon whose flank
Dexter was Morgan hovering with his corps,
And Dickenson with his upon the left.

Lee then perceiving that the officery
United in attaching to the tour
So late by him resigned, importance high,
Entreats the post again ; and Washington,
His wish to indulge and feelings to relieve
Without the other's wounding, sends to aid
The Marquis two brigades additional,
Under command of Lee ; yet stipulates
That if aught enterprise by Lafayette
Had been already formed, it promptly should
Be carried into execution full,
As though unchanged the officer had been :
Whereto accedes he readily, and thus
Direction of the front division gains,
Now numbering thousands five of troops select.

The heights nigh Monmouth Clinton occupies,
Where in the skirt of a small grove he posts

His dexter wing ; and sinister secures
By a dense forest, with a deep morass
Running on towards his rear, and rounding too
Upon the left : while covered is his front,
And wholly, by another forest dense.
Within four leagues he stands of the high ground
Near Middletown, whereto could he attain,
His force from all assault would be secure.
But kenning that the force of Washington
Is in the neighborhood, the line of march
He changed ; and in Knyphausen's care bestowed
The baggage, with injunction on to move
Towards Middletown ; while with the strength and flower
Of the whole army, unencumbered, he
The rear division forms, under command
Especial of Cornwallis, and with whom
He stays, in aidance of the war procinct.

Positioned thus they o'er the night await ;
While Lee commanded is to assail the rear,
Soon as it should its present post resign.
And now, as from the orient the morn
Onward comes blushing, veiled in clouds of gold,
Expelling night's drear glooms, while feathered choirs
Hail with their witching melody his beams,
Earth's bright illuminer, Cornwallis moves
From Freehold's heights, descending to a plain
Extensive, that Knyphausen time might gain :
Into the rear of whose command he then
Takes up his line of march. But as he thus
Removes, Lee brings the action bravely on ;
Till, kenning that the rear far stronger is
Than he supposed, and that aback his lines
A marish lies, which reinforcements sent
In aidance must impede ; he hastily
Falls backward to the heights Cornwallis had
So late forsaken, where intends he straight
To form again and charge. But Washington,
Hearing the cannonry and platoon's charge,
Advanced with the main body rapidly
Lee to assist, whom he with grief intense
Learns is back falling, while in hot pursuit
The foe on move ; then hastening to the line,

Who read the air with, *God save Washington!*
(For none ne'er knew why Lee had backward fallen)
He thus: My heroes, dare ye meet the foe?
Whereat with loudest cheers the air resounds.
Then he: Face right about and charge! And swift
Against the foe they turn, by Washington
Thus led, who mingles in the hottest fray,
Where warred the gallant regiments in command
Of Stewart and of Ramsey, whose stern power
Now check the coming foe, then them repulse
A season brief; and thus, afforded time
To form, Lee in good order brings his force,
When from the field compelled, and forms anew
In rear of Englishtown: while Washington
Returns to arrange and onward lead the reserve.

The foe thus checked, the opportunity
Is gained the left wing and the second line
To form upon an eminence, whose front
A morass bounded; while by Stirling (him
Who the left wing commands) is rapidly
Brought the artillery of Carrington
In line, and other cannonry, and pours
Full streams of vengeance on the Albion powers,
Who had o'erpassed the marsh and now pressed
Speedy on to the charge, but who aback
Fall rapid as they'd come and fly the field.

And now Cornwallis aims the flank to turn,
But too is sore repulsed; who then assays
The right, but meets the like result from Greene,
Who with two regiments and artillery
Had to a plat commanding moved in front,
Which not alone defeats the bold design
Of turning the right wing, but enfilades
The party yet remaining in the front
Of the left wing, and strews the ground with dead.
While Wayne, advancing with his infantry
At the same moment, full in front assails,
And with so fierce and well-directed charge
As drives them through the ravine speedily
Even to the ground where first the strife began,
When to the field had Washington arrived.

Swiftly they fly, and 'mid huge slaughtered heaps
 Of grenadiers leave gallant Monckton slain :
 Nor nobler son had Albion on this field ;
 Yet soon of her forgot, his resting-place
 Neglected stands, till scarcely now 'tis known.
 But night advancing stays the bright career
 Of the Columbian arms, as Washington
 Arrives with the rear body all prepared
 To aid the war, and from the field compel
 The foe, or him to capture ; and upon
 Their arms they lay till morn, all confident
 Of victory then ; while 'neath a giant oak
 Reposed their great commander. Yet full soon
 As night her spangled mantle o'er the world
 Had cast, in silence deep Clinton his force
 Moves off and gains the heights of Middletown,
 And on the following day New York attains,
 Even as the sun is darkened suddenly
 By an unlooked eclipse ; whereat thus he :
 Yon sun would speak the estate wherein we come.

But while this action (yet upon the field
 Fell Dickenson and Bunner, freedom's sons,
 Regretted deeply, with full numerous
 Of friends and foes) the character upraised
 Of the brave veterans who it achieved,
 Whom Congress with the fostering dew of praise
 Fed, for it was their meed ; yet still permits,
 How inconsistent ! them to languish from
 Need of life's necessaries : and although
 Harvests abundant through the land had been,
 Food was still needed in the camp of whom
 Had spilt their blood the country to redeem.
 Their sufferings so dire they cheerfully
 Sustained through previous winter's cold intense,
 Assured that, when spring opened, all their needs
 Should be supplied and fully ; yet the camp
 Is destitute for weeks continuous,
 Through negligence in the State Governments ;
 And they were left with want to struggle thus,
 Whose blood so oft and freely had enriched
 The soil, whence harvests copious had been gleaned.
 Yet with heroic fortitude they still

Ingratitude, neglect, and want endure,
Supported by their love of liberty
And of their country, till approximate
Winter again, nor nature more can bear.
Then from the camp towards Congress regiments two
Move on, determined to insist upon
Conditions stipulated when had they
Enlisted ; but, by Washington appeased,
They now full soon return, while Congress he
Acquaints that must the army soon dissolve,
Unless it be, and speedily, relieved.

In the meantime its sufferings so great
Roused Philadelphia's daughters fair again,
Whose liberal and generous regard
Long them distinguished through the country had,
As purest patriots in the cause of freedom.
Nor had they, when their country's prospects seemed
Dreary and dark, of her success despaired.
In vain the foe, when he their city held,
Strove them to intimidate ; who 'd still proceed
By contributions to afford the troops
Encouragement that they'd remembered be
Gratefully, and by them be e'er sustained,
Until victorious freedom's cause should prove.
Nor could the enemy, with all his wiles,
Threats, guards, and watchings, ascertain in aught
How they so universally succeed
In sending their supplies to Washington.
Such were they when the foe their city fair
Possessed, who now removed, prove still the same.
Once more then it apportioning in wards
Entire, they by their oft committees next
Make efforts to relieve the army's need
Immediate, and resolution show
Ne'er known nor felt by Greek or Roman dames.

Thus labor they ; and contributions large
Having collected, too them onward send
Even to the army, whom they thus bespeak :

You've found, brave men, the women of our land
E'er since began the present struggling dire,

Amid its gloomiest and most trying scenes,
 Resolved their utmost to perform to aid,
 Encourage you, and your hard trials soothe.
 In this, by purest patriotism fired,
 Great is our sorrow that as yet we've been
 Hardly enabled in effecting more
 Than what may trivial seem, while we have stood
 Expectant of so much. We have aspired
 E'er since your toils began useful to be,
 Not nominally only, but in deed,
 Howe'er we may 've succeeded; and we find
 Unfailing still this sentiment prevail
 Not partially, but throughout the land,
 Declared and acted on by all our sex.
 Remembering, too, the virtuous fame of those
 Examples of our sex, who formerly
 Discarded ease and comfort ere they'd yield
 Aught principle, we would like them desire
 Never to shrink from duty. They have shown
 Declaredly, that, if in nature's force
 They may not hope to excel, yet that, if ne'er
 Held back by public scorn from eminence
 In stern devotion to their country's weal,
 Ready they stand to evidence by deeds
 Their love for public good. To see how they
 Yielded to none in works commendable;
 Toils, sufferings, and hardships, scarce surpassed
 (Hardships 'neath which even men have sunk and died),
 Regardless of them all, affording aid
 Ever to virtue's cause and human rights;
 Each of us herein glories, while these bright
 Examples e'er before our eyes appear.

With admiration we to mind recall
 Those acts of courage high, and constancy,
 And patriotism pure, which history
 Transmitted to us hath. When we reflect
 On Israel, from such destruction foul
 Preserved by Deborah's virtues; and the zeal
 Of Judith; or our Esther's high resolve;
 Or when we think on the stern fortitude
 Of she, the Maccabean mother, who
 Resigned her sons to perish in her view;

Or Rome, from a victorious enemy
 Saved by the efforts of Volumnia
 And other Roman matrons ; or upon
 The sieges famed, where women have forgot
 The weakness of their sex, and aidance given
 In walls erecting with their feeble hands ;
 Or trenches excavating ; or furnishing
 Arms to their brave defenders ; or darting ev'n
 The missiles on the enemy (as late
 On Monmouth's plains you witnessed, when had fallen
 A noble warrior at his cannon's side) ;
 Resigning, too, their fortunes cheerfully,
 Apparel, and their ornaments, to raise
 Means to relieve their country from the foe ;
 Or, when their efforts failed, prefer to die
 Beneath its ruins ; or into the flames
 Casting themselves, ere the disgrace endure
 Of tame submission to the enemy ;
 We ne'er can deem we've nothing to perform,
 Because our sex is weak, but stand assured
 That he who'll not applaud our efforts thus
 To relieve the gallant armies who defend
 Our lives, possessions, and our blood-bought freedom,
 Loves not his country nor deserves her love.

The situation of our soldiery
 Has been to us declared, with all the woes
 Inseparable from war your spirits firm
 And noble have enabled you to bear.
 'Tis said, brave men, that you may apprehend
 That in war's tedious courses your so long
 Distresses and your gallant services
 May be at length forgot. Forgotten ? Never !
We answer in the name of all our sex !
 No ! brave Columbians ! your constancy,
 Courage, and grand disinterestedness,
 Will by your country ever dear be deemed,
 Long as she shall a claim to virtue hold.

Thus distant from war's theatre, we know
 That if tranquillity we now enjoy,
 It is the fruit of your unceasing toils,
 Your faithful watchings, and your dangers great ;

While in our families we, free from war,
 Now happy live, and planted is in peace
 Our fields, o'er which the golden harvest waves ;
 And while, surrounded by our offspring loved,
 We safely press the youngest to our heart,
 Nor longer fear that 'twill away be torn
 By a ferocious foe ; and while the house
 Wherein we dwell, our orchards and our barns
 Are safe from the incendiary preserved ;
 We know that, 'neath our God, we owe it all
 To your hard toils and sufferings untold.
 And shall we then, or any, hesitate
 True gratitude and thankfulness to evince ?
 To wear a simpler clothing ? or to wear
 Our hair less elegant attired ?—while we
 Shall, at the price of such privation small,
 Aidance afford to soothe your woes intense ?
 There's none of us will not with joyance high
 Renounce these bauble ornaments, when she
 Discerns that liberty's defenders brave,
 The virtuous and the valiant, will secure
 Advantage from the treasure she'd outlay
 To purchase them, and that you'll better be
 Protected from the seasons, and receive
 Amid your painful sufferings and toils
 Some sweet indulgence and unsought relief :
 While ev'n, perchance, these comforts you'll esteem
 At value higher, since you can declare,
Such is the offering of our country's Dames !

The time's again arrived for us to evince
 The sentiments which every soul inspired
 At the commencement of this grievous war,
 When we the use of teas so free renounced
 Ere deign to receive them from our country's foes.
 We then those haughty persecutors taught
 That we could former necessaries place
 In rank of trifling superfluities,
 When right and freedom interested were.
 Our hands then spun the flax for our brave troops,
 And thence prepared the linen. Fugitives
 And exiles as we were, we could endure
 With constancy and courage all the woes

Which are the dread concomitants of war ;
Nor now shall lose a moment, but shall be
Off'ring the homage of our gratitude
At valor's altar. And while hired slaves
War that they may compel you to partake
With them their manacles, ye gallant men
Receive our offering—'tis the purest which
Can to your patriot virtue be assigned.

In Baltimore and Charleston, yea throughout
The cities of the whole confederacy,
Like efforts were by the Columbian fair
Accomplished to relieve their armies' need.
Nor now alone they labored thus, but through
The entire war their patriotism was
And conduct uniform. They shared with joy
And gaiety the sufferings, and all
The numerous privations unto which
Their country 'midst the warfare stood exposed ;
And every stage of trials so severe
Gave but to them the occasion to unfold
Virtues sublime, ne'er to their sex ascribed
In times afore,—scarce deemed to be possessed
By human kind. And all that could by them
Accomplished be, to cheer and save the land,
Performed they e'er ; and with a constancy,
Lamenting ne'er the sacrifice required,
But with an acquiescence readiest
And firmness ever cheerful they upyield
The delicacies and conveniences
Furnished by wealth, relying on their farms
And on domestic industry for food
And raiment all. Nor this alone ; but too
Consent to share the produce of their toils
With the distressed soldiery, and yield
Proportions large of clothes and covering
Needed by their own families ; while they
The sigh involuntary e'er suppressed
Heroically, from their bosoms reft
By the departure of their sons, and brothers,
And husbands for the field of gory death.

Yet did the sons of the bold sires who warred

Upon the Revolution's gore-stained fields,
 So deep degenerate through the fell curse
 Of slavery as to refuse with scorn
 In Congress Halls petitions proffered by
 The daughters fair of these same noble dames,
 When with like noble spirit they appealed
 For the down-trodden slave! Yea, too, even dared
 Deny their right of interceding thus!
 Women whose mothers aided to obtain
 The liberty these miscreants only lived
 To abuse, who could such sentiment avow!
 And thou, Great man, the Muse she speaks of thee!
 Defender of petition's sacred rights
 Against a base slavocracy, whose might
 Exerted constant was to crush thee low
 Beneath their liberty-polluting feet,
 Posterity the debt will thee repay,
 The debt thy country owes thee! Already have
 Envy and malice ceased through very shame
 To hurl, as erst, their venom'd shafts at thee,—
 Thus to obscure thy virtues and impede
 Thy towering fame; blest earnest of the meed
 Of glory that awaits thy noble stand
 In freedom's strife! Friend of the slave art thou!
 Down-trodden and imbruted though he be
 By petty tyrants, whose grand chivalry
 And deeds of fame in this encircle now,
 To lash the men, and women too to lash,
 And prey upon their unrequited toil!

Ag'd though thou be, thine eye a soul reveals
 Still in possession of the energies
 Of youth with its full fire, and thus unites
 Youth's ardor with a wisdom practical
 Scarce e'er excelled by mortal! Thou, the friend
 And the associate of Washington,
 And of the illustrious band, who, at his side,
 Stood braving death their freedom to maintain,
 Wast, and shalt be co-partner of their fame.
 Thy name with theirs shall be the polar star
 To guide the nations through the darkened wave
 Of foul oppression, rolling still between
 Them and the Elysian shores of liberty.

And now the Legislatures of the States
(Abdiel proceeds) by Congress sternly called
For aid their gallant army to sustain,
Seek to comply : yet the proceedings move
Slowly, till Morris, by the Congress called,
Begins his mighty efforts for relief ;
While they to him the management assign
Of the finances all. His character
Combined an enterprise mercantile with
Talents political of order high,
Credit and information, equalled scarce
By aught in other lands. He first the scheme
Of legal fraud and violence condemns,
Already practised long the country o'er ;
And seeks the general restoration of
Lost confidence, and by the only means
That could restore it. Huge as was the task
In the existing state, so sad deranged,
Of the Columbian finances, he yet
Enters courageously thereon, and it
Nobly performs ; and by his energies,
So unsubdued, so irrepressible,
Revives high confidence throughout the land.
He then the plan of a bank national,
Whose notes as specie from the States should be
Into the public treasury received,
Next brings before the Congress ; which, approved,
Is by an act incorporated soon.

Yet this upon the future enterprise
Bears of the army only, while 'tis found
All requisite some measures to pursue
For its immediate relief ; and grand
As is the emergency, approves himself
Equal thereto and fully, though had failed
All who therein precede him. 'Tis required
By the occasion, that, in aidance of
The resources of his country, he should bring
His private credit, and himself to pledge
Extensively, for requisite supplies
Not else obtained. Yet hesitates he ne'er,
But pledged his ample all ; and thus, upon
His credit furnishing supplies to meet

The moment's pressing wants ; likewise propounds
To Pennsylvania, and the task assumes,
A task how arduous ! of compliance with
All the specific requisitions made
On her by Congress, and on taxes paid
By law for reimbursement to rely :
And thus supplies, which Government could ne'er
Have furnished, were by Robert Morris raised.

Yet did thy country's fell ingratitude
Repay thee, thou unequalled patriot !
In after years, when from thy losses great
Thou wert involved and sorely, and for lack
Of her remembrance, thou through life wast even
(By harpies who'd have coined thy heart if gold)
Deprived of liberty, which, but for thee
And thy hard toiling, she had scarce obtained !
Oh curs'd ingratitude of human kind !
But this damned spot upon thy country's fame
She hath, as well she might, washed out with tears.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Franklin, who had been sent (with Simeon and Elias Deane) commissioner to France from Congress, at length succeeds in interesting the Court in favor of the American struggle for liberty. Enthusiasm of France in favor of America, whose independence she at length acknowledges, and enters into a treaty of commerce and alliance with the States, and subsequently a treaty eventual and defensive is concluded between them; and Spain, soon after, unites in the treaty. Rejoicings of the Colonies hereupon, and celebration of the event by the army.

England resents this alliance, and, after declaring war against the friendly powers, her warfare in America assumes a still more vengeful aspect than ever before. Grey enters Acushnet river, and burns the towns of Bedford and Fairhaven, and destroys the merchant vessels. Then proceeding to Martha's Vineyard, he destroys its merchantmen and salt-works. He then proceeds to Tappan and massacres Baylor's regiment of cavalry. Massacre at Cherry Valley. Horrid massacre and destruction at Wyoming.

Now Franklin, who on embassy had gone
The aidance to secure of Gallia's throne,
And to obtain the recognition of
His country's independence, soon awakes
The fears of England (lest the Colonies
Now triumph in the war) who straight displays
Anxiety to terminate the fray.
Burgoyne, her favorite general, had failed,
Which through the Isle astonishment aroused
And indignation; who'd expected thence
Success so brilliant, when result occurred
So ignominious. Her high-blown pride
Its tension lost and flagged. Yet is enhanced
The bitterness of her vexation keen
As learns she what the course her enemy
And hated rival Gallia pursued,
When to her Franklin and the associate
Commissioners in embassy had made
Their strong appeal, aided by influence high
Of heavenly Powers, sent thither to arouse
A sympathy for virtue so oppressed
By heartless despotism, and too the hope
Of ousting Albion's haughty sway, which now

Seems to portend her aim at sovereign rule
Throughout the world. For thence, Columbia,
Her minister, her struggles and success,
Become the themes of popular discourse
And universal eulogy ; and long
Ere by the Cabinet the fact's avowed,
It was to her propitious, and permits
Arms covertly from public arsenals
To be to her conveyed, and at the sale
Of prizes captured by her privateers
Likewise connives in all her western isles,
Yea, even within the ports themselves of France.

Then England, seeking to prevent at once
The alliance (for the deep impression made
By Burgoyne's capture reached the Cabinet,
Maugre the perseverance of the Throne),
Offers the States, and, by resolve of North
And vote unanimous of Parliament,
Upon condition of admitting peace,
The privilèges all by Congress sought
Afore the war ; and likewise promising
No tax by Parliament shall be imposed,
Or any duty, payable within
The Colonies, unless such toll alone
As may for purposes of commerce be
Expedient to require ; while even of such
Taxation the net produce shall be paid
And to that colony's own use applied
Wherein 'tis levied, as in manner like
All other duties are collected by
The authority of the State Governments.

Then authorizing the appointment of
Commissioners by the Crown empowered to treat
Either with the existing governments
Or individuals in the Colonies,
And with full power immediate to proclaim
Cessation of hostilities in all
Or any of the States, and pardon, too,
To grant to all offenders (all which bills
Unanimously both the Houses pass) ;
He the commissioners swift sends to announce

To Congress the conditions ; nor untried
Leave they no means that may induce to yield
The proffered terms ; but vainly ! for at once
Congress unanimously them disdains.
Their efforts honorable failing thus,
They next resort to bribery to attain
The end so wished ; and Reed, a General
In high repute throughout the colonies,
A member too of Congress, though of wealth
Possessing none, is by them earnest urged
To employ his influence a peace to obtain
Upon the terms proposed ; whose recompense
Should be of pounds ten thousand sterling, with
Aught office in the monarch's gift within
The Colonies entire ; but unto whom
Thus he ; I'm poor ; nor worth the purchasing !
Yet England's King has not the wealth to buy me !

Now by La Sensible the cheering news
To Freedom's shores from Gallia arrives
That she the Independence of the States
Acknowledged has ; and treaties too were formed
Of commerce and alliance between herself
And the United States ; and likewise too
That his most Christian majesty resolves
Not merely to acknowledge but sustain
Their Independence ; while the only terms
Which he as a condition should require
Are, that the States their Independence ne'er
Shall yield in any peace thereafter made ;
Nor e'er allegiant be to Albion's throne.
Whereto when Congress cheerfully accedes,
The Cabinet Versailles, a courier
Despatches to his Catholic Majesty,
With information of the course herein
France shall pursue ; upon whose soon return
Is the negotiation earnestly
Pressed, and atween the two a treaty now
Eventful and defensive is confirmed :
And which requires that if a war shall rise
'Tween France and England, while the one remains
Which England and the States are waging now,
It shall the common cause of both be deemed :

And that with Albion's Government no peace,
 Or truce concluded be by whom herein
 Contracting are, till each had formally
 Thereto assented. Next they mutually
 Agree the warfare still to prosecute
 Existing now with Albion, till, in form
 Or tacitly, by treaties or by treaty,
 The Independence of the Colonies—
 The United Colonies, shall be assured :
 Who now thus aided still more clear discern
 The end of all their woes innumeros,
 And the attainment of the benison
 Desired so long, yet by their powerful foe
 So long withheld. Thus 'round the far spread oak
 Whose leafless branches, by the lightning riven,
 It lifts aloft in air, the ivy twines
 Inclothing it anew with foliage bright,
 And with her soothing tendrils binding close
 Its boughs so shattered by the fiery stroke.
 But Albion instant on the notice gained
 Of treaty such existing, war proclaims
 Against the Gallian and Iberian Powers ;
 And likewise offers to the Colonies
 Th' acknowledgment of Independence full,
 As price of a peace separate ; who spurn
 The proffer, nor an instant will regard.

Meanwhile th' intelligence, that Congress had
 Negotiated with the Court Versailles
 A treaty of alliance, Washington
 Announces to the army ; and requires
 That it so grand event should celebrate :

Companions in the long and bloody fray
 For Freedom's rights, it having ever pleased
 The Almighty Ruler of the Universe
 Propitiously to aid our country's cause
 In battles oft ; and now by raising up
 For us at length so puissant a friend
 Among the mighty potentates of earth
 To establish on foundations firm and sure
 Our Independence, Rights, and Liberties ;
 'Tis with your high approval that a day

For graciously acknowledging this deed
Of goodness so divine, we now appoint
Whereon th' event to celebrate which we
To His alone benignity ascribe.

Hereon the service of the day he too
Enjoins ; and at th' appointed time, convene
All the brigades by hour of nine ; whereat
Their chaplains the intelligence promulge,
And offering a thanksgiving too, pronounce
Discourses to th' occasion suitable ;
And Dwight, thy voice was heard, and, Barlow, thine.
Then at a signal from th' artillery
The troops to their alarm-posts all repair,
Where Washington with the chief officers
Review them ; till the signal now renewed,
The several brigades their march begin,
Wheeling by platoons to the right ; and on
Proceed the nearest way unto the left
Of the encampment : where, at signal, now
The cannonry discharge ; and, as the last
Is thundering, a running fire begins
Of infantry at right of the front line
And through its length continuing ; till now
Commencing on the left of the next line
It to the right moves on. At signal then
The cheers awake, *Long live the King of France !*
Th' artillery next their thirteen rounds repeat,
Succeeded by like charge of musketry ;
Whereon at signal given again they cheer
Long live the friendly European Powers !
The firing then repeated, they once more
Loud cheer, *Hurra for the Columbian States !*
And thence, upon its annual return,
The day's devoted to festivity.

And now by thirteen cannon is announced
The arrival of the Gallian minister
With an Iberian nobleman (designed
Not as a formal minister by Spain,
Although in all reality the same ;
But ah, how soon is hence by Death removed !)

Who say to Congress that the Gallian fleet
Is following swift to aid the Colonies.

But Albion hereon having war proclaimed
With Gallia, resents th' alliance too ;
And angered deeply that success had ne'er
Her numerous efforts, to negotiate
Peace with the States, attended ; on her part
The warfare wears a vengeful aspect, more
Than had it heretofore, and murderous.
By massacre and fire her minions spread
Destruction where they can ; nor Washington
(Who, since the Monmouth vict'ry, had attained
The highlands on the Hudson's rolling stream)
Was able it to impede, unless by means
Of fierce retaliation ; which his soul
Permitted ne'er, nor Congress would advise.
Grey entering Acushnet stream, destroys
The merchant vessels ; and by fire consumes
The towns of Bedford and Fairhaven : then
To Martha's Vineyard sails, and too destroys
Its salt-works, merchantmen, and dwellings all :
While a detachment large, which Clinton leads
From the huge force now on Manhattan Isle,
Is desolating the New England coasts.
Then soon as from the Vineyard Grey returns
He to Tappan moves secretly along ;
Where, with his regiment of cavalry
The gallant Baylor had his post assumed ;
And in a barn capacious. Then procuring
A tory him to lead at mid of night,
Grey soon the barn surrounds ; and having learned
Each sentry's post, he, in the darkness dense,
Succeeds to slaughter each sans aught alarm.
Then, while unconscious all of danger near,
The troop still slumbered, Grey the signal gives
To advance, and suddenly is every door
By him secured, lest should one foe escape,
And the dire work of massacre begun.
Their offers to surrender, and their cries
For quarter, he as erst all disregards ;
And giving to his troops the stern command
To make no prisoners ! the horrid work

Proceeds ; till now, supposed to be complete,
The wounded are collected, and despite
Entreaty, murdered all. He then requires
The barn to be o'ersearched ; and some who had
Therein themselves concealed, are found and slain.
Yet, was the massacre not all complete,
Because of the humanity of Serle,
An officer of Grey's, who disregards
The orders of his leader, and permits
To the fourth troop with Baylor quarter full.

Nor here ends England's hate ! the savages
Are called to aid extermination's work,
As means that ' God and Nature had devised '
To whelm with ruin Freedom's sacred cause.
All Hell the loud-tongued orator applaud,
Suffolk, who thus in Parliament advised,
And soon through Pandemonium resounds
His fame pealed by the mighty cherubim
With sounding alchymy ; heard far and wide
Beyond Hell's concave ev'n to where old Night
His ancient sceptre sways : and soon in throngs
On come the fiends accursed to aid the war,
And rouse the savage tribes to vengeance dire :
Who now by Hell inflamed, at Albion's call
Forth speed, not in the field as erst to war,
But to o'erspread with massacre and fire
The entire land. First Cherry Valley feels
Their vengeance and fell rage ; where Alden brave,
A Colonel of the continental troops,
Was slaughtered, with innumerable habitants,
Men, women, and even sucklings : next they move
To desolate fair Susquehanna's vale,
In Western Pennsylvania : and when now
Within two leagues of Wyoming's loved town
(Whose troops with Washington were far away),
Arrived, their hordes ferocious halt, and there
'Midst venerable oaks and solemn groves
Whose waving arches groaning to the gale
Or whispering to the quivering breeze, afford
An awful shade ; where horrid cliffs, and rocks
With mossy cells the deep, dark rolling flood
O'erhang ; await in gloomy solitude,

Till Night rolled down her shadows to the plain.
 And, as draws near th' appointed hour, they 'round
 Their far-famed chief, Gienggwatoh, convene,
 List'ning his direful words ; who thus prepares
 Their vengeful souls for rapine and for blood :

Children ! there was a time, long, long ago,
 When all these rivers, meadows, lakes, and woods,
 Where'er the eye can reach, or foot can pass,
 Were by our fathers owned, and always owned
 Till, from the great deep water where each day
 The sun climbs up the skies, a race of men
 On came, and took our country as their own.
 But I will tell you all the story now,
 And how they got possession of our land ;
 As here we shall remain until the hour
 Arrives when we to Wawwoming shall move.

Long ere mankind existed, or the world
 Created was, there were three Spirits Great
 And Good ; but one was greater than the rest ;
 And he it is who's worshipped by our tribes.
 Then when more moons had passed than we can count,
 The time at length arrived when he resolved
 That man should be created : and he said
 Unto the Second Spirit ; *Make a man !*
 He, taking chalk, made paste, and moulding it
 Into the human shape, then put therein
 Life from himself, and to the Great Spirit brought him ;
 Who, when he'd seen it, said *This is too white !*

Then says he to the Third, *Go make a man !*
 He, taking charcoal, made it into paste ;
 And moulding, gave it life, and brought it to him ;
 Who looking on it said, *This is too black !*
 Then says he, *I'll go now myself and try !*
 And, taking red earth, made it into paste,
 And, forming it like man, he gave it life,
 And said, I now have made a proper man !
 Thus all mankind created were ; although
 Each Spirit loved his own creation best.

This world was not yet made ; but waters deep

Covered the place ; though far up in the air
And on the top of that blue sky you see,
There was a world where the Great Spirits dwelt,
And there they placed the men : one far at east,
Another far at west ; while the red man
Was in the centre placed. All things were there
To make them happy. The woods with game were-filled ;
The lakes with fish and fowl ; the trees and ground
Loaded with fruit ; all for the use of man.
No winter there could come, nor frosts, nor snows ;
The sun was ne'er eclipsed ; and clouds and storms
Never were in that happy region known.
Man never died ; nor suffered pain nor sickness ;
Nor e'er was jealous of his fellow man ;
Nor hatred, malice, nor revenge indulged.
All there were happy ; and to that fair land
All go who love their country more than life ;
And all who free their country from a foe.

But now the Spirits next resolved to make
Another world, and fix it on the waters
Far down below that happy world where they
And man were thus existing. But lest it
Should sink, they called the animals who dwelt
Down in those waters, and of them inquired
Who would be willing to sustain its weight
And let it rest on him ? First the Sea-Bear
Came forth and said, I'm strongest of them all
And I will bear it ! But upon his back
The Loon, and Mink, the Otter and the Beaver,
And other animals all clambering ; soon
He sunk beneath the waters, and then said,
I am not able to sustain the world !
Others then came and tried ; but also sunk
Upon the trial ; till at last the Turtle
Came modestly and said I wish to try !
Then on his great broad shell soon mounted all
The animals, but could not sink him down ;
So the great Spirit placed on him the world.

Now when the world was made, the Spirit takes
The red men, and them in the centre placed ;
And took the white and black men and them placed

On little islands in the waters far
 Which little turtles kept from sinking down :
 And then he said, Be good ! and when you die,
 I'll take you to the happy land again !
 And here we lived content, till the white man
 Came from his Isle to steal from us our land ;
 And he has taken much, and wishes all.

But ere they came who now our lands usurp,
 Millions of moons ago there tried to come
 Others, but always failed. The first who tried,
 Called themselves Scandinavians ; and they told
 Our fathers that they lived in a great land,
 Greater than this and very far away.
 They said that first they to an island went
 Called Iceland, and it peopled : and that next
 They went far north and Greenland colonied ;
 Then from Cape Farewell crossing o'er the Straits
 Of Davis to the coast of Labrador
 (For these are names they to the places gave),
 They reached Aquidnink Island (which ev'n then
 The sires of Miantonimo possessed) ;
 And the Blue Hills, the Massachusetts' home,
 And there they tried their weekwams to upraise.
 But soon our fathers finding they were foes,
 Slew most of them and hunger killed the rest.
 The last survivor with a knife engraved
 Upon the rock at Dighton, near the Bay
 Of Barnstable, the history for their friends
 Who here might come their fate to ascertain.

Then others came two thousand moons ago
 (From off a little island in the sea),
 Whom Prim and Popham brought. And when they came,
 Wicked Dehamda and Sketwarroes led them
 To Sagadahock river, there to dwell.
 And soon the wicked Sagamore, Sassenow,
 And Aberemet made the Basheba
 Treat them with friendship. But from plague they soon
 And famine perished : and we killed Sketwarroes
 And too, Dehamda, who encouraged them
 To take from us our fathers' lands away.

Then other white men tried ; but they were all
Destroyed before they could their weekwams build ;
For the Great Spirit never did design
That white or black men in this land should live ;
And he desires that we should kill them all.
Our fathers still increased in numbers great ;
And in the Blue Hill land, so numerous
Were they and happy, that no foe could e'er
Encroach thereon ; and nothing did they fear.
But now a ship upon their coast was wrecked ;
And when the Wampanoags took the crew,
And killing were, one begged they'd spare his life ;
And said that God would kill them if they killed him.
Squanto then wished to save him ; for he felt
A great cold fear within his breast arise.
Still they ne'er listened ; but said boastingly
We are too many for your God to kill !
And this by the Great Spirit too was heard ;
And he became much angry, and at once
Sent on the Wampanoags, the great plague
Which o'er the Blue Hill country rapid swept,
Making one Tawasentha of the land ;
And in each weekwam death so fast appeared
That they who were therein, in heaps sunk down,
And they who sought to flee away too died
In passing through the woods : till in each house,
And through the forest all, were none but dead,
And they had died so fast that none were left
To bury any, in a little while ;
And those who it attempted, also died
While they their friends were burying ; till at last
Of all that tribe, Squanto alone remained.

'Twas in that very year, Abamocho
A vessel sends from England to Patuxet :
And as there then was none to hinder, soon
The white man built his weekwams o'er the land.
But Squanto saw them come, and went afar
To Massasoit telling him ; but he,
Believing that because the Wampanoags
Had killed the white men, the Great Spirit sent
The plague upon them ; and as Indians none
Were living at Patuxet ; them permits

E'en to retain the land. But Squanto went
 And brought the Powwows from afar that they
 Might curse them : and for three whole days they cursed
 And called Abamocho to kill them all ;
 Not knowing that he was the white man's friend.
 Then Massasoit made them cease to curse,
 And said, *White man is good !* And Samoset
 (Who was the first red man these whites had seen,
 And hastened now to meet them on the shore)
 Cried, *Welcome, English ! Welcome, Englishmen !*
 And Squanto then became the white man's friend ;
 And none were left that would oppose them now.

Thus came the wicked Pale Face to our land !
 And now, by all they treated were as brothers.
 Helpless they were, our fathers gave them aidance ;
 Naked they came, our fathers clothed them warm
 With skins of buffalo, and deer, and bear.
 They hungry came, our fathers gave them food :
 And thus, from weakness, they becoming strong,
 Next turned as enemies against our fathers.
 Hunt stole great many, taking them to Spain
 To sell as slaves. Then they Iyanough kill,
 Peeksuo, Wittuwamet, Aspinet,
 And Coneconam ; and raised dreadful wars,
 And Philip killed, and many Sagamores.
 And then along the coast they rapid spread
 And through our woods, and on our streams and lakes :
 And wheresoe'er they came, warred on our sires
 Them capturing and destroying. Children ! yes !
 The very fathers of yon Wawwoming,
 Which we this night shall sweep with death and fire,
 Thus recompensed our fathers' friendly aid !

They built them walls of stone which we could ne'er
 By violence enter, nor by flames destroy ;
 Then from these fastnesses, and covered o'er
 With shells like armadilloes' which could ne'er
 Be by our arrows pierced ; forth they would come
 And with new arms such as we'd never known
 Shoot fire and leaden balls amongst our tribes ;
 Or on fierce beasts, large as the buffalo,
 Such as our fathers ne'er had erst beheld

In all our mountains, forests, or our prairies,
So strong and swift that fight or flight were vain :
And mounted thus, they'd range our country o'er,
And in their fury kill th' resisting all ;
And slaughtering too who'd venture to submit.
Not ev'n the Piasa so thinned our tribes.
Some they would take and slay with tortures dire ;
And some they'd hunt with dogs and shoot in sport,
As we would shoot the buffalo or deer :
And some they'd send in caverns there to dig
The white and yellow metals ; or them keep
To till the land, while other tyrants came
And ate its produce : Then when mines and toil
And sword and torture had these hapless slaves
Destroyed, and they no more of us could find ;
They others bring, not pale-faced like themselves ;
But black (ev'n they whom the Third Spirit made !))
Who, like our sires, soon die of toil and woe.
And now they tell us how humane they are !
They who have slain, or have enslaved our fathers !—
They who our fisheries and hunting grounds
Have seized upon ; and far away have driven
Us from each rich and pleasant tract of land !
And what is their so great humanity ?
Ugh ! such humanity ! They'll never kill us,
Save when we fish or hunt on our own lands !

Their Long Knife took Fierce Eagle, who the Chief
Was then of all our tribe ; more numerous then
Than any other tribe below the sun,
And him they tortured long, and till he died.
But to the Long Knives and their brothers ere
His soul departed for the Spirit-land
He told that his descendants should avenge
His cruel murder. Children ! now is come
That time ; for until now his murder is
All unavenged and you can now revenge it.
I see his spirit hovering o'er us there,—
See ! children, see ! he waits to lead us on !
High o'er his head behold the lofty plume
Forth nods, while on his shoulder dreadful gleams
The battle-axe ; yet through his form I see
The stars of night to glimmer. He has come

From the far spirit-land to aid us now !
 For now the hour approaches when the pride
 Of usurpation shall be crushed, and all
 Our sufferings and wrongs be full avenged.
 These foes rapacious on each other war,
 And to the hatchet all their claims refer,
 And ask us to assist them. Thus, we war
 For the invading party ; not that we
 Prefer their tyranny to those now here :
 No ! let them try the hatchet's edge upon
 Each other's scalps, and weaken mutually,
 Till we can rise and crush them all again,
 And own once more the land our fathers owned.

This night we'll boldness need and firm resolve :
 Is there among you one who is a coward ?
 Let him go home and wear a woman's clothes.
 Is there one here like Wingohocking, who
 With Logan changed his name, to show he was
 The white man's friend, till Colonel Cresap made
 Him change it back again ? Or is there one
 Like Malanthee, Elsenore, or Hendrick,
 Or coward Muskingum, or Ganganimo ?
 Let him go home and wear a woman's clothes,
 For he is but a squaw and not a man !
 You are the white man's friend, if now you spare
 A single foe of all you here may find.
 No ! kill them all ! be to Fierce Eagle true,
 And to your fathers and your country true !
 And as you burn and kill, remember too
 That every pale-face slain will free our country
 From one who's but a robber and a tyrant.
 Spare not the aged ; for their aged have
 Themselves assisted to enslave our fathers !
 Spare not their pretty squaws, nor mind their screams,
 Or they may make you friendly to their brothers !
 Spare not th' papooses ! for if them you spare,
 They will in time their fathers' death avenge.
 Rise ! rise, my children ! Areouski calls !
 And see, the star is setting ! Follow now !
 No one in Wawwoming must see the morn ;
 And now its name must be *the bloodier field !*

Thus spoke the dreadful chief; and as they list
Their souls become enkindled with a fire
Madding; and now they move at his command
In single file, with serpent-gliding spires,
On towards the settlement with noiseless tread.
Still on their dark forms glide, half viewless, 'mid
The glooms of night, like visages of ghosts,
Or hellish phantoms, till within one league
Of the now fated Wyoming they stand,
And into four divisions separate
It to surround, and at the signal given
Concert to rush unitedly thereon.

Deep silence reigns through all the settlement:
Nor candle stone, for lights had ceased to gleam
Longer from any window, and within
All slumbering are, and happy dreams employ
The fancy, and secure of harm they lie:—
When lo! a dreadful sound the ear assails!
A sound portentous! and the huge uproar
The startled sense surprises, and appears
To rend the lofty concave of the heavens,
And shake earth's deep foundations. Instant all
Upstart from slumber; for the astounding din
Seems to forebode some desolation near.

As on his prey the fiery tiger springs;
Or the swift leopard through the forest ranges,
With hideous howl, in quest of prey and blood;
So now upon the settlement they rush,
With screams and yells, and rifles frequent roar.
As when a flock unshepherded is found
By prowling wolves; so start the habitants
In wild amaze; and as the electric shock,
Flies the swift word through the whole settlement,
Arise! arise! the Savages are here!
Then bursting from distracted families,
Parents and husbands rapidly convene,
And grasping firm the implements of death,
Prepare for bloody fray: while, frightened sore,
Mothers forget their babes, and safety seek,
But seek in vain! The prowling foe arrests
Whom thus their habitations leave; who, quick

Gashed by the murdering tomahawk, sink down,
 Quivering in deathful throes. Others, o'ercome
 Of fear, can neither fly, nor even assay
 Concealment, but their offspring loved enclasp,
 Resigned to Heaven's disposal, and the blow,
 The fatal blow await; while, terrified,
 The lisping prattler to its mother clings,
 Asking, *O where is father?* But at length
 A band of souls heroic are convened,
 And in the streets now furiously contend
 With the blood-thirsty demons: yet in vain!
 And vainly, too, the aged or the young
 Would shun by flight death's fatal dart; for blind
 By fear, and by the raging war perplexed,
 The clashing steel and rifles' flash and roar
 Resounding, they to ruin only haste,
 As from the settlement they seek to pass.

Thus 'round Niagara's thundering cataract
 The dense and murky fogs ascending soar
 Ev'n to the clouds, the day obscuring all,
 Wherethrough the partridge, blackbird, and the stork,
 With darkening flocks of pigeons, on their way
 To southern climes, their venturous passage take:
 But the loud cataract's astounding din,
 As now amid the vapor they swift move,
 Appals them with amaze, who then essay,
 But vain, some shelter or escape to find,
 Or to return; yet wheresoe'er they flee
 The huge dense clouds their vision all impede;
 Till now, their wings impregnate with the mist,
 They fluttering sink and perish in the deep.

And now, intent on prey, the savage powers
 With battle-axe crash through the doors, and seize
 The spoil desired. While here a virtuous few
 Of venerable men, determined no'er
 The ruin of their lovely Wyoming—
 So long their happy dwelling—to survive,
 Assembling in a little silent group,
 Calm and serene the fatal stroke await,
 By piety sustained, and all unmoved
 Amid the hideous wreck which them surrounds.

And as through age they can nor fight nor fly,
They nobly now disdain life's trivial toy,
Though freely proffered to them by the foe,
Ev'n by Gienggwatoh ; whose heart relents
At their great age and venerable mien,
Which to his mind hath suddenly upcalled
The image of his father, far away :
But soon his fury rising, as the boon
Thus proffered they with sternness all refuse,
Unless their intercession should avail
For fated Wyoming ; he gives the word
Which them to horrid massacre consigns.
And as the shark, the ocean's tyrant dread
Roams, and commits his ravages among
The inoffensive finny tribes, imbrues
His horrid fangs and marks his track with blood ;
So roam the savages, marking their way
With human gore. Nor age can now, nor sex
Pity excite ! The infant's plaintive cry ;
The virgin's shriek, and widow's wail ; still heard
'Mid the wild din of war, and clashing steel,
And battle's maddening shouts ; sound in their ears,
More sweetly sound than music's happiest strains.

Now all around the flames aspiring roll
And toss their blazing billows to the skies :
Whereat all suddenly from the fierce hordes
Awakes the hideous war-whoop through the town,
Chilling the blood and sickening the heart ;
Nor e'er the note of famished prowling wolves,
Nor jackal's yell, nor midnight howl of curs
Portending death (to superstition's ears),
Sounds as the war-whoop dreadful ; nor can chill
The soul with half the terror it inspires !
Horror each visage blanched, of whom remain
Still faithful to their trust, and would defend
Their wives and sires, and their loved little ones
From the curst foe ! And now the o'erwhelming blaze
Rages along, as when some prairie fire
Urged by the rapid breeze rolls madly on
In one unbroken front of towering flame
Curling aloft to heaven, with hideous roar
And crackling, and upsending in huge clouds

The blackened vapor. Now the ear is stunned
 As wakes the sudden crash of tumbling walls,
 And houses falling. Now the lofty spires
 And holy temples sink in ruin down ;
 While veiled in flames the mansions reel and fall ;
 And beauteous Wyoming all disappears
 Fast as the shadowy forms of rolling clouds
 As fleet they o'er the plain ; nor fiercer burns
 The height of Ætna, when by night discerned
 Spouting her horrent cataracts of fire
 Wide-deluging the land ; while high in air
 The frequent brands and flakes wildly are hurled
 Scattering o'er earth afar ; and far around
 The distant hills and forests are illumed
 By the vast lurid blaze. In dire dismay
 The habitants surviving, Heaven implore
 To yield protection ! Then once more entreat,
 How vain ! the bloody savage ; Yet if life
 Cannot to us be granted, spare ! Oh spare,
 Our offspring innocent ! they ne'er have harmed
 You, or aught living ! But unheard they plead
 Or for themselves or others ; for the foe
 Soon silence all entreaty as they drive
 Deep through each brain the tomahawk of Death.

Meanwhile upon the skirts of Wyoming
 To Bedlock's stately mansion (he who'd taught
 The savage race throughout that region all
 To pay the respect of fear to valor's arm
 By him e'er wielded), they a guard despatch
 While is the town assaulted. But a horde
 Now hither haste ; where, with his family
 And Dennison, a warrior renowned,
 He's kept by the fierce sentinels until
 Is Wyoming o'ercome ; and soon they hear
 The horde with frenzied yells on hastening,
 Who open dash the door : But Dennison
 And his compeers the savage force repel,
 Yet in the strife he falls ; whose comrades now
 With pistol-charge assaulting, soon the foe
 Back fall, twelve leaving slain. Then grasping swift
 The battle-axe, and following in pursuit
 They send nine others to the land of shades.

Yet in returning (for the foe full soon
By numbers thickening is reinforced),
Bedlock is captured; and with fiendish joy
Some pierce with knives his flesh, and place therein
Splinters of knotted pine; which now soon fired,
His agonies deride they till adown
He sinks beneath 'em. But in the meantime
The horde assembling round the mansion stand;
And, fearing it to enter, hurl thereon
And through the upper windows, flaming brands,
Which, fed by zephyrs, through the mansion spread;
Till bursting forth in fury, suddenly
With blazing timbers and horrific crash
The roof comes tumbling in, and, while aloft
Dense clouds of sparkles 'rise and flakes of fire,
The last convulsive shrieking dies away.

And now of all who'd dwelt in Wyoming
One little band alone remains; yet they
All unappalled are found. By Durgee led
And Ranson they their post maintain, resolved
Ne'er to survive their Wyoming beloved.
They wept as they their beauteous town beheld
Fast sinking into ruin; dearest friends,
Parents, and loving wives, and lisping babes
Sinking in death or numbered with the dead;
They spoke no word, but tears their utterance gave;
Tears which alone the o'erfraught heart can soothe:
Nor yet of weakness weep they; nature called
For her own tribute, nor could they refuse.
And as they see the foe now drawing near
For deadlier combat, joyful they prepare
To meet the murderers, though all inhemmed
They find themselves to be on every side.
On still with hideous yells the savages
Approach encircling, and the fray renew
With charge incessant of the rifle blast,
And the far-darting tomahawk, swift hurled
With aim scarce erring from the mark designed;
Which, oft as reached, the frenzied war-whoop wakes
From him who hurled. As when in Afric's wilds
The savage Boor and Hottentot bold seek
The forest's monarch, who majestic moves

Slowly to some known eminence, and waits
Thereat his enemies, who soon appear
And him surround, yet fearing to approach.
They from a distance take the coward aim
Or urge their curs ; while he defiance growls
And proudly shakes his long dark shaggy mane
Round his gigantic shoulders ; or in sport
Tosses the yelping cur. But nearer now
The Bushmen on him charge, who feels the smart,
And furiously his glaring eye-balls roll ;
And bounding forward suddenly, the foe
Swift from the field retire ; when nobly he
Scorning retreating enemies to assail
Resumes his wonted station. But again
They now return, and with a deadlier aim
Frequent him pierce ; whose noble blood forth flows
And all around him gluts the sandy soil ;
Yet in his dying struggle still his foes
Fear to approach : Thus stood this gallant band,
Until by rifle-bullet pierced, or gashed
By the keen tomahawk, each one had fallen ;
Yet while life flowed from gaping wounds, fight on,
Or animate their friends ; till suddenly
The foe intrushing tomahawk the whole,
Or hurl them in the glowing embers' midst.
And where so brief the hour since joy diffused
Her presence, Death and foul destruction reign
All mournful as 'mid silence of the tomb.

So o'er the ocean rolls some gallant bark,
Freighted with passengers all blithe and gay,
Expecting soon to meet the joys of home
And friends fond hoping ; when all suddenly
Afar at north the darkening clouds upheave,
And the impetuous Boreal blast awakes,
While gleam the frequent lightnings, and high roll
The billows tempest-lashed, hurling the bark
E'en 'mid the clouds : Meanwhile night's thickening shades
Rapid descend, and on an unknown sea
She now is driven ; where all in vain they strive
To steer her from the nigh and rock-ribbed coast ;
For soon her canvas all in fragments torn
She now with scraping keel, then hideous crash

Striking, afar upon the rocks is swept
By the wild dashing wave. And now her seams
Dividing, she indrinks th' unwelcome brine ;
While a huge sea swift sweeping o'er her stills
The shrieks of agony and wild despair.

Now in the east the clouds with silvery edge
Bespeak the moon behind the mountain firs
Slow moving up the heavens : In waning form
All pale and sickly, up through heavy clouds
Her way she heaves : while, with the pitch-pine torch
The savagery traverse the ruins all
With vulture's ken, thence to collect the scalps
Of all the victims of their fell revenge :
And as along they glide their eye-balls glare
As glare the panther's when at noon of night
He seeks his prey. But some, who'd rapid fled
From Wyoming when first she was assailed
Had hastened swift five leagues to Sullivan
(There passing, late sent on by Washington
Into th' interior to check the war
Of savage inroad), and had him apprised
Of the assault, who rapidly returns
With Sinclair's corps, and Stewart's gallant troop
(New Jersey's warlike son) : yet fades the night,
And, in the east, upon the mountains glance
The eyes of morn, as west the darkness rolls,
Ere he the scene of ruin can arrive ;
Though winged with swiftest speed his every step
Was o'er the lengthened way, hoping to find
The foe still toiling, ere had such success
Their hellish effort crowned ; but vain ! for e'en
As when the sun new wakes the blushing morn,
Painting the orient skies with radiant beams,
And darts his rays o'er forest, hill, and glen ;
Giving the predatory fox and wolf,
The fierce hyæna and the shaggy bear
The signal to retire ; or as, when fiends,
Who, having desolation spread upon
Some fated town or empire, disappear
When comes a seraph from the world of bliss
By Heaven's appointment to relieve the just ;
Thus vanish in retreat, this murderous horde

When far upon the hills, they Sullivan
Discern advancing : who, arrived, beholds
Naught but vast heaps of smouldering ruins, where
So late had stood the Pride of all the land.
Her ruins yet were burning. Fragments too
Of human forms in the decaying fires
They see ; and too with saddened heart discern
And tearful eye, heaps of the mangled dead
Their path obstructing. Here all slaughtered lay
Festering in gore the hoary patriarchs
And sires of Wyoming : while faithful still
In death, the parent clasps her helpless babes ;
And with the blow that reft their lives away
Was likewise slain. While here the virgin fair,
And virtuous patriot, they too discern
All weltering in their blood with gaping wounds !
Who thus the price at England's stern demand
Had paid, ere Freedom on their native soil
Could live and reign, and coming ages cheer.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

After expelling the British from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Washington assumes possession of the Highlands of the Hudson; there to await the arrival of the Fleet from France, intending to cooperate with it in an attack against Rhode Island and the city of New York. In order to do so efficiently, he deposits his chief military stores at West Point: which post Arnold endeavors to betray into the hands of the enemy.

ETERNAL Spirit! Source of light divine!
Who sweet inspired the ancient prophets' song,
Far my delight above all other song!
Thou whom I daily seek, and nightly seek,
'To attune my lay which tells of heaven's Supreme
When, with a mighty hand and arm outstretched
He led through horrid war to Victory
Thy once so feeble band, my country loved!
And gave to Freedom triumph through the world;
Oh! still thine aidance grant me while I sing
Theme this beyond the fell Achilles' ire;
Or hers, which so long Cytherea's son
Compelled o'er boisterous seas and lands unknown
'To wander sorrowing: Would that my song
Might theirs who sung hereof as far excel
(Or equal thine, blest Bard of Paradise!)
In usefulness to the loved race of man
As does my theme! Nor less of Thee I crave,
Giver of Heavenly Light! Nor would invoke
In aidance heathen Deities accurst.
E'er since my years infantile, when with joy
I learned the story of our virtuous Sires
It my delight has been, to ponder o'er
Their names and patriotism, and noble deeds,
Beyond all love of Greek or Roman fame
Early in Plutarch read; yea, e'en beyond
All that can Homer's numbers now awake
Or Maro's lovely strain. By day, by night,

E'er since this mind could think, that Sacred Band
Has it with love inspired, when thought upon :
Love with the milk imbibed, whose grandsire fought
When from th' artillery rolled the deathful charge
At Trenton's heights renowned, and other fields
Bloody, on Jersey, and 'Sylvanian soil ;
And scarce six summers old, with war's array
I formed acquaintance in my father's tent ;
And saw when on the field in martial pomp
At clarion's peal the lengthening line was formed,
And roared the cannonry and platoon's charge.
But now once more thy heavenly aid I ask,
Spirit Divine and Good ! that I may sing
In numbers worthy of th' exalted lay
How Heaven, when TREASON raised the blood-stained hand,
Blasted with ruin swift her foul design !

Now Washington (thus Abdiel) soon as were
The Albion Powers from Jersey State compelled,
His force convenes on Hudson's lofty grounds ;
There to o'erwatch the foe, and too t' await
The coming of the Gallian naval powers
Expected soon ; that thus, therewith, might he
In readiness be to coöperate
At the first opening of the next campaign ;
Designing 'gainst Rhode Island then to move
And the Manhattan city. And meanwhile
Collects he diligently at West Point
The needed stores armigerous, for use
As Spring returning summons him once more
To try the hard-fought field. But while he thus
Convenes the stores so needed to insure
Successful movements of the Allied Powers ;
The fears of Clinton hugely are aroused
At such bold planning for the next campaign :
And, though expecting reinforcements great
In ships and men and stores from Albion soon,
He too their aim to frustrate much desires ;
And long endeavors ; and revolves his plans ;
Till, prompting Treason, she with deep-laid scheme
Seeks to bewray to him the post desired
Where lay the warlike stores of Washington ;

That by removal thus of means to war,
To crush the budding hopes of victory.

Arnold you've seen in Freedom's war engaged ;
Nor was a bolder champion of her cause
In all Columbia. He loved to stand
Where rings war's clarion, and bayonets cold
Are in life's fountain warmed ; and cannonry
Roll heavy clouds of smoke, with bickering flame
Wide sweeping o'er the field ; and the red globes
Dart forth in streams of lightning on the foe :
And in Fame's high pursuit, that on his name
Futurity might gaze, would Death outbrave.
For this, mad rivers forded he ; for this
Outmarched e'en Hannibal ; and Britain's fangs
Harpyian tore from many a State oppressed :
Nor had she aught who durst in battle pitched
Encounter him, since sunk through him her hopes,
Her proudest hopes on Saratoga's plains :
Nor on the field could naught which bears upon
The day's success, escape the ready glance
Of this grand warrior : who yet, with all
His talents and transcendent bravery,
Stood destitute of principle ; and warred,
And bled, and ventured thus, not that he loved
His country's more than her oppressor's cause ;
But selfishness the sole exciting spring
Was of his actions. Fame, emolument ;—
These sought he ; these alone ! and hence, when aught
Induced, that could cupidity awake,
Or fell revenge ; or both ; a traitor he
Becomes ; and with the self-same earnest zeal
That previously he had to Freedom given
Warred now for England. He'd from earliest youth
A character evinced which promised true
Such after life ; for much he loved to rob
The nests of warbling songsters of the grove,
And mangle would their young, that he might be
Diverted by the parents' anxious notes
Of agony. Nor was he e'er withheld
By fond parental discipline ; whereof,
Poor child ! he no example had ; whose sire
Intemperate and abandoned was, and died

As worthless as he'd lived. And thus incurbed
 By aught restraint upon his native bent
 And vile propensities, he to a love
 Of mischief strong unites a temper rash,
 Impetuous, and conscience all obdurd,
 With passions fiery and inhumane.
 Throughout his youth from childhood's earliest years
 His recreations all, and pleasures were
 Of an unfeeling cast and criminal ;
 And as he older grew, crime kept him pace
 Steady, as did his shadow ; increasing still
 As down the horizon now his day declines ;
 For age his passion's fever ne'er subdued,
 Which but enkindled more as years advanced.
 Nor friendship cherish'd he, nor aught regard
 Possessed for public feeling, and herein
 Betrays an absence all of sympathy
 With rectitude and virtue ; and all want
 Of principle. With disposition vain
 And haughty, and, of mind, though destitute
 Of grandeur, yet not vulgar, he possessed
 Talents of order high, whose great self-love
 Excites him constantly to aspire to gain
 Power pre-eminent, and venture all
 Color to give to his pretensions high ;
 Till aiming now his country to bewray,
 His once surpassing glory disappears
 As lightning's gleam amid night's gloomiest shades.

Arnold pretending that his services
 For liberty, would him entitle full
 To adopt whatever course he might pursue
 For his emolument, and to maintain
 His high extravagance of life, wherein
 He sought nobility to emulate,
 And regal splendor ; often had hereon
 To such excess presumed that Congress now
 Advised if honor did not them require
 His services in future to decline.

While the Canadian expedition lasts
 He'd been in a trifold capacity
 (Paymaster, Commissary, and Commander)

Constrained to act ; wherein advantage he
Assumed to bring against the Government
Claims all enormous and unjust, and found,
On due examination, destitute
Of aught veracity, which are refused
At once by Congress, who still further learn
That he, at Montreal, on the retreat
From Canada, had seized and borne away,
For his own use, plunder of vast amount ;
And later, when had Philadelphia been
Evacuated by the Albion force,
And he therein appointed to command,
The outrage he'd repeated ; seizing even
The property of all whom he averred
Unfriendly were to freedom, and converts
It to his private use. Until at length
When fully was his course herein divulged,
The Executive of Pennsylvania State
Charges prefer against him ; which are found
To lie, by a Court Martial, who assign
That he, from Washington, a reprimand
Should now receive, which Congress too approves.
But Washington his feelings kindly spared,
From his high service done to Liberty ;
And by reproof that scarce was censure deemed,
Sought his return to virtue and to fame.

But he by passion's fellest rage aroused,
Sought only for revenge ! and now o'erpaced
His room, and cursed the cause for which he bled ;
And cursed his country, Congress, and his friends
Not less than enemies ; when suddenly
His relative and friend, Antonius,
Enters ; who had for martial enterprise
Talents excelling ; yet was all unlearned,
Had scarce a book, not ev'n the Bible read !
Artful he was, as ev'n Iago's self,
'Though few excelled him in the camp or field ;
Wherein full oft his bravery was known.
He'd fought at Lissa's fray, and Europe o'er
Had 'neath the standard marched of Ferdinand,
And too in Indus served, and Canada,
When Amherst humbled Gallia's towering pride.

Religion, he had none! nor could define
 Christian from Pagan; but amalgamates
 Strangely, in his imagination, all.
 But Clinton, who, since Philadelphia
 He had resigned, had correspondence oft
 Held through the wife of Arnold,—traitress fair,
 Though well-dissembled friend of Liberty;
 By her advice had sent Antonius
 To feign desertion, that he might access
 Obtain to Arnold's ear; a place he knew
 He'd gain full easily; as intimates
 In childhood they had been. And Clinton much
 Desired the warlike soldier to corrupt
 And lead from Freedom's ranks. And deeming now
 The opportunity all fair to sound
 And gain him to the Crown, Antonius
 Thus feigns by words to calm his angry soul:

“Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;
 All pomp and circumstance of glorious war,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.”
 Curse on! let country, friends, and enemies
 All go to wrack together! yes, curse on,
 You have no need of friends, I trow; no need
 Of country! Ha! an angry man how wise!
 Jove is not wiser! I've but now returned
 From camp, and, when I find my only friend,
 Hear him denouncing me as all accursed;
 If so, Othello's occupation gone;
 I'll to the wars no more! To whom thus he:
 Trouble me not, I hate the name of friend!
 The crime of Judas was, compared with theirs,
 Pure spotless innocence in white enrobed!
 Curse on the treacherous crew, and be my name
 For ever cursed, if, Samson-like, I soon
 Shake not the pillars of their Freedom Dome
 About their ears; the traitorous crew accurst!
 Whereat Antonius thus: You mean it then?
 You mean in earnest what I deemed but jest?
 And have you cause my friendship to suspect
 That you so indiscriminate denounce
 Me in your fiery passion! Must your rage

Thus friends along with enemies proscribe ?
What have I done, since we in childhood's hour
Each other knew, that now I am denounced ?
Or since for you I George's cause forsook ?
Save that too well I've served you ? Arnold ! Yes,
By Jove and Juggernaut, and Polypheme,
You know the hour ne'er was that I'd refuse
For your proud sake to suffer, bleed, and die ;
Plunge headlong midst the thickest flames of hell ;
Betray my friends, or set the world on fire !
You've often proved my love, but ne'er repaid
Until this moment ! Now I'm recompensed
For all I've suffered for you ; for my watch
Night after wearied night, as low you lay
With wounds yet green ; for all my days of toil,
And danger, spent but to approve my zeal,
To one who can with cursing all repay !
When first I learned how was their worthiest chief
By Congress recompensed, I hither came
With speed that has outstripped the Eagle's wing,
To aid you to acquire what'er redress
True principles of honor may demand.
And my reception's thus ! Met as a fiend !
Numbed, like torpedo's touch, with words more vile
And more unkind than ever fell upon
The ear of mortal ! Though I might return
Your fury, so all undeserved, I bare
Aspire to show resentment nobler still
And give you fuller proof that I regard
Your interest and honor o'er my own.
First be advised, and tear at once away
The drapery that mantles o'er with gloom
Your spirit, that we freely may discourse
Upon what now the occasion high demands.
Who had e'er thought that such a soul could shroud
Itself in passion's fever till ev'n friends
Are not from enemies discerned ; and night
Frowns from his furious brow even blacker than
That Egypt overspreads. I blame you not
That at a cause so vile you angered are.
No ! let them learn his power whose wrath they've thus
By thoughtless provocation now awoke ;
And by deep injury. But must he then

Because at some vile traitorous slaves enraged
Denounce his friends as traitors? Arnold, shame!

Whereat thus Arnold : Sir, I never meant
To call in doubt your high sincerity ;
Nor meant I to denounce you. Curse their souls !
Their blind infatuate confidence shall prove
Death to their proud expectance ; so I swear !
Their scoffing ignorance has vilified
And dared condemn what they, to understand
Never were competent, and I must now
Disgrace, in the world's estimate, endure,
Which should to their low ignorance attach.
But, wretches ! you shall know I've learned to deem
Life less than honor, perish else my name !
To whom Antonius thus ; Othello's self
Such wrongs would not endure ! That pampered Congress
That pass their lives in idle luxury,
And eating out the country's substance, send
Us forth to fight their battles and defend
Their homes and altars ; which, when we've achieved,
We at these ingrates' hand must be repaid
As parsimoniously as from his chest
The miser hands his gold ! If now 'tis so
When at their doors the enemy appears,
What may we hope, when is the foe o'ercome
And from these shores compelled ? What may we hope
When peace returns and dangers all are o'er ?
Ah, friend ! may not your treatment specimen !
I tremble as I think that when our days
Are numbered into age, and all our strength
Worn down, in serving her, we shall remain
As evidence to prove Republics are
Inherently ungrateful ! Soulless things
Are corporations all ; even though therein
The best of men combine ; as every day
Full evidence affords. But still, ne'er think
Friend of my heart, that I the sacred cause
Of liberty abhor, for which so oft
Our blood has flowed ! No ! 'tis your wrongs I feel !
To you I know the country is unkind ;
Nor you alone has wronged : She has approved
Herself unjust to me by wronging you.

But can we find aught remedy ? 'Tis best
 Perhaps to bear it calmly, for redress
 Is not, that I perceive, within our power.
 From this curst Congress there is no appeal ;
 And Washington, even should he so desire,
 Could not redress the wrong. But you are deemed
 A good philosopher ; and Philosophy
 May teach us patience in enduring wrong.
 How oft have benefactors of their race
 Ingratitude received ! How oft have they
 Who've proved themselves their country's truest friends
 Endured as grievous trials ; and been left
 To sing their *Date Belisario* !
 When Brutus fell by Cæsar's steel accused
 His country hailed the murderer with joy.
 You know what wrongs the brave Othello bore.
 Why, if we'd all the lives of Plutarch's self,
 And should them sacrifice in Virtue's cause,
 'Twere insufficient to secure a friend
 Should e'er our needance ask our country's aid.

Then he ; Philosophy ! You jest, my friend !
 I'd almost said how fine a chaplain was
 Bespoiled when you devotion paid to Mars.
 Philosophy ? I'd rather bear the fires
 Of hell, and deep damnation's endless pains,
 Than unavenged dishonor to endure !
 And he who'd counsel me such wrongs to bear,
 Whatever else he is, is not my friend.
 Curse on their impudence : who ever bled,
 Or who has suffered for their cause as I ?
 But no ! it sha'n't be so ! Redress I'll find,
 Redress they'll never dream, till suddenly
 I like a whirlwind shall against 'em come !
 Arnold has promised ; Arnold will perform !

And now when by Antonius is despatched
 The purport of this interview, direct
 Clinton through him a correspondence close
 Begins with Arnold ; and ere long desires
 That he of Washington the chief command
 Of the West Point should seek, it to upyield
 To Albion when required, at price full high

As Arnold might demand ; a scheme which well
Accords with his fell spirit of revenge.
For it is now the fortress most desired
Of Clinton on the continent, and more
Desired the longer his condition he
Surveys, with that of Washington ; and which,
With its dependent posts and garrisons,
Boats and provisions, military stores,
Cannon and vessels, to attain, is deemed
An object vast of moment ; for 'twould bring
'Neath his control the navigable stream
Of Hudson, and his needed intercourse
With Carleton expedite ; and must derange
The intercourse between the Middle States
And Eastern. Then he, too, expects results
Of greater present consequence. The fleet
And numerous force of France, led by Ternay
And Rochambeau, and lately now arrived,
Were to Rhode Isle and speedily to move,
As he had learned, and there with Washington
Co-operate against the Albion arms
Soon as shall opportunity afford.
And hence believes he, too, that an assault
Against Manhattan 's meditated soon
As can full union of the Allied powers
Concerted be ; and which to execute
'Tis requisite that in some Depot they
Large magazines of rations should collect,
With military stores ; and which depot
He knew none other than West Point could be ;
But which, could he obtain it, must defeat
The project wholly of combined assault ;
And, too, each force distress, by them depriving
Of their alone supply of food and stores,
Which must in the Columbian ranks awake
Dissatisfaction, and desertion cause ;
And discontent among the Gallian powers :
Upclosing thus in triumph his campaign.

Then he his plan thus makes to Arnold known
(Whose pledge to aid the effort had been given),
That he, so soon as had the allied powers
Their magazines ingathered all, and had

Commenced their operations 'gainst New York,
Should yield the West Point posts and garrisons
To forces which should Clinton thither lead :
Whereon must Washington immediately
Retreat from Kingsbridge, or surrender ; while
The Gallian troops upon Long Island left
Without support, must to their fleet retire
With speed, or to the Albion standard yield.

Meanwhile had Arnold no anxiety
Undue evinced to gain the high command,
Lest might suspicion 'roused, success impede ;
But to the delegation from New York
(Where unimpaired his reputation stood),
In Congress first applied, who cheerfully
The application make to Washington ;
And soon thereafter Schuyler it repeats
(Who judged of Arnold's virtue by his own)
In person, at his instance, and obtains
For the request a favorable regard ;
Whereon, as though to him were all unknown
These oft endeavors, Arnold, aided by
Antonius his friend, solicits thus
Of Washington, by letter, the command :—

Potosi's mountains glittering with ore,
If my inheritance, ne'er could have given
My soul the satisfaction I've enjoyed
(During my recent trials so severe)
From your regard, loved leader ! As the flower
Sun-scorched revives by gentle rains, my heart
Has been by your so constant kindness cheered.
Time I have had for full reflection, too,
And, thinking o'er the sad dispute atween
Me and our honored Congress, candor does—
I say with tears that candor does require
Of me that I should speedily concede
Myself in fault far more than once I deemed,
By passion blinded. You my heart have known
Full well, and know conviction stern alone
Of error, could extort confession such.
I've wronged that worthy body ; and have seen,
Through your attentions kind, and now deplore

My error in condemning what I'd thought
Had been unkindness to me ; and forgot
That treatment of me such as I desired,
Had sheer injustice to my country been,
To whom, if heaven assist me, I shall make
The honorable amend. I much desire,
Though crippled sorely by my recent wounds,
Still to assist my country and her chief
In giving freedom to a world enslaved,
And should the service of the field prefer,
But fear I'm still unable it to resume ;
Yet shall my future labors make amends
For where I've failed in duty, howsoe'er
You condescend to employ me. Much I wish
That the small spark of fame by me acquired,
Should not be left to languish and expire
Through inactivity, when Freedom's cause
Our service so demands : And you, great man,
Will free accede that the desire of fame,
If to some healthful end, through upright means
Directed, is full lawful. Such a fame
You have for aye acquired : and may your life
Full long be spared our country still to bless
Through coming years, as past ; and your fair fame
Continue brightening still, though round your brow
A radiance of undying glory shines.
My highest ambition is to aid you still
As in the foughten field I aided once ;
And may I hope that you'll to me assign
Some station where I can efficiently
My country and the cause of Freedom serve.

To me it is a source of grief all keen,
That my last wound, instead of healing, still
Continues as before ; and leaves me e'en
So much a cripple as must me unfit
For active duty in the camp or field.
Hence, the appointment you've so kindly made
I yet must wait to accept, and fear, indeed,
I must decline, howe'er reluctant, lest
Should my infirmity retard instead
Of aiding operations. Our kind friends,
Who know full well how my condition stands,

Have deemed that as West Point is destitute
Of a Commandant now, albeit to us
Of such importance, it might suit my wish ;
Yet by your will I'm happy to abide.

Whereto thus Washington direct returns :
I sorrow much, my gallant friend, to learn
That those so honorable wounds remain
As yet unhealed ; although I joy to find
That though a cripple, you are Arnold still,
In stern resolve to aid your country's war.
The frank acknowledgment of error has
(Though mingled with obsequiousness I ne'er
Desire, and with a flattery I loathe)
Increased for you no little my regard,
Ne'er small, for your high talents ; and may Heaven
In kindness to us soon once more restore
Our gallant brother soldier. I meanwhile
To you, with pleasure all unfeigned, accede
The post you have solicited, assured
You know full well its value to us now,
Related to our hopes of victory.

Soon then as thus appointed, he upon
The duties enters of his post ; and next
Clinton apprised that now success had crowned
Thus far their high endeavors : who, to him
The plan for its surrendry then declares.
Yet Arnold no anxiety evinced
In aught, unless to aid his country's cause ;
But calm, though zealous, e'er to Washington
Appears, while are his plans maturing thus
To take a signal vengeance on the land
For whose grand claim he oft had fought and bled
And suffered much. Yet could no fiend from Hell
In its excess of cruelty transcend,
Or equal thy dire temper, when, as now,
Aroused to vengeance ! Much thou didst rejoice
In fell anticipation that the scheme
Now fully planned, success assured must crown !
Yet cautious Clinton, confident to be
That danger none exists of counterplot ;
And full to comprehend how Arnold should
Yield upon th' assault his force and troops ;

Perceives it requisite, by other means
 Than writing, to consult ; and by request
 Of Arnold's self André appoints, who was
 The British army's Adjutant (and known
 To Arnold too in former years) ; with whom
 'Tis too arranged, that on the following morn
 He should up Hudson pass to Point Verplanck,
 Where, for consulting, Arnold should appear.

But on the night ere he would thus upyield
 Beyond retrieve his country's hallowed cause ;
 As lay he sleepless tossing ; suddenly
 A groan, a dismal groan his ear arrests ;
 And, turning whence it 'rose, he sees approach
 Slowly ; and weeping tears as 'twere of blood ;
 The Shade of great Montgomery his friend,
 Him who at Quebec fell ! The traitor feels
 A chill of horror creeping through his veins ;
 And, all aghast, essays in vain to speak,
 For terror chokes his utterance : while upon
 His countenance the Spectre steady gazed ;
 And with sepulchral voice as though it 'rose
 From the deep gloomy caverns of the dead
 Him thus ; And durst I but one moment brief
 Unveil to you eternity's dread scenes !
 And th' effects as there displayed of crime,—
 CRIME, Traitor ! such as you contemplate now,
 I'd drive your frightened ghost from earth away
 Amid hell's surging fires ! Can you betray
 To barbarous enemies your country's cause !
 The cause of blood-bought freedom ! Can you bring
 Upon your soul storms of tempestuous fire,
 And billows of Almighty wrath for aye ?
 Pause, Arnold, pause ! You'll even in this world
 Blast with deep infamy your name once high ;
 Which shall to coming ages all descend
 As him who could the human race betray,
 And aim to enshroud the world in endless night !
 Pause, Arnold ! Freedom's war is dear to Heaven !

He said ; and glided into air unseen
 Before the Traitor's tongue could utterance find.
 But all his terrors fled with evening's shades ;

And at th' appointed hour, he, Andrè meets ;
 Who form their plans and thus : Andrè returns
 To the Manhattan city ; and upon
 A day selected, soon to occur, the troops
 Of Albion embarking, on pretence
 Of expedition to the Chesapeake
 (For now by Washington the grand design
 Against Rhode Isle abandoned is, until
 The effort shall against New York be made),
 Will ready be the Hudson to ascend
 E'en at one moment's notice : while West Point,
 By such a disposition of its force
 As must a troop exceeding small permit
 For its defence, should weakened be ; for soon
 As Arnold ascertains the British are
 Ascending Hudson, parties shall be sent
 To distant points and gorges of the hills,
 From out the garrison ; under pretence
 Of meeting there th' approaching enemy :
 E'en while the Albion force, debarking, move
 Upon the garrison through routes diverse,
 Nor shall encounter opposition aught.

E'en thus were all things ready to complete
 The foul design : but Heaven now interposed,
 Blasting the scheme profound ! Smith, he who had
 Brought Andrè from the Vulture (a war-sloop
 Wherein from New York city he'd arrived),
 And waited had throughout the conference
 Lasting o'er night e'en till appears the dawn,
 Intending him to re-accompany
 On board, refused to venture on the stream ;
 Nor names the reason why he now refused
 A task he'd freely offered to perform.
 Nor threats nor promises could him induce
 Even to think thereon : who, slumbering, while
 They long consulted, had in vision seen
 Hell's horrors dire all opened to his view,
 And, by a Goblin damned had been assured
 That he'd by water thither quickly pass
 Should he on water venture for a time.
 Nor finding other aid to reconvey
 Him o'er, must Andrè now by land return.

Arnold then granting passports to White Plains,
Or lower, should occasion ask ; full soon
As Phœbus from the horizon had sunk down,
Andrè and Smith begin their darksome way ;
And on proceeding till King's Ferry reached
They cross from Stony Point to Point Verplanck,
And pass uninterrupted ; until now,
Nigh Crompound, by a sentinel they're hailed ;
And on inquiry, learn that Boyd commands ;
Who, having all o'erheard, straightway appears,
Demanding thus, What business can require
Your duty here at such unseasoned hours ?
To whom thus Smith, My duty me requires
To yield obedience to the high command
'Neath which I'm acting. I from Arnold hold
A pass, nor can to tarrance here upyield !
Whereto dissatisfied, thus Boyd returns,
Then may I ask how far upon your route
You mean this night to travel ? Unto whom,
When Smith replies, the answer but increased
The embarrassment of Boyd, who then requires
Their pass, which seen, he knows is genuine.
Then taking Smith aside, he earnestly
Entreats to be informed what business could
Induce to travel thus at night a road
So dangerous and near the Albion lines ?
To whom thus he (for uninformed he stood
Of the dire treason in its whole extent) ;
Arnold hath us employed, intelligence
To gain of moment vast, from one, who us
Will near the White Plains meet at early dawn.
Then Boyd more anxious seems, and magnifies
The perils of the way till Smith agrees
There to remain o'er night ; and are received
With welcome kind. But Andrè feels the Hours
To move on leaden wings their weary way ;
And oft in plaintive breathings whispers forth,
What cause detains the morning star so long !
Wearied and restless lay he, and the night
Spends without slumber ; nor secure could feel
With watchful Boyd so near. And as the star,
Morning's fair harbinger, now glittering peers
Over the fir-capp'd mount with coral ray,

He Smith awakens thus, See, morn's bright beams
Glance on the mountains; haste we onward now
And gain lost time. Then mounting, they assume
The road to Pine's Bridge leading, and arrive,
As on the hill the resplendent beams appear
Of the long-hidden sun; and nature wakes
To life; and wakes the music of the grove,
While darkness to the western hemisphere
Takes up its passage swift. Then brightens too
The countenance of André, erst all sad,
As he discerns him now beyond ev'n reach
Of the patrolling party. At the Bridge
They separate; and André towards New York
Proceeds alone. And crossing o'er the bridge
Turns towards the Hudson river, blithe and gay,
And takes the road leading to Tarrytown.
And now each moment brings his well-planned scheme
So near its consummation, that I felt
At every step—But no! to mortal ne'er
Can be rehearsed what guardian Spirits feel
When their fond hopes are slain! For we are ne'er
By Heaven permitted to foreknow the doom
Of those to us intrusted. Hence our hopes
With fears altern, and waken all our care.
I saw my Washington lie low in death,
Pierced by the murderous enemy! I saw
His country's cause down-trampled; and the sons
Of Freedom all o'ercome, dispersed, or slain;
And loved Columbia, at every pore
Bleeding in all the bitterness of death;
Nor none to comfort her; nor none to stand
In Liberty's defence! I burst in tears!
But now a voice I heard which sweetly said,
Abdiel! why weepst thou? Thy Washington
And Freedom's hallowed cause are yet unfallen;
Nor shall the foe prevail! Yon loyal youth
Returning thus with plans matured, to crush
For aye Columbia's every cherished hope,
Life's race hath well-nigh run! His every scheme
Shall come to naught; so Heaven's high will ordains.

I then him follow on; and saw him smile,
And saw him smile complacently, as back

He looking, sees safe passed the sentries all ;
 And reining up his steed he onward pranced.
 Little he deemed how near the bloody Fates
 Stood hovering o'er. And as along he moves
 And joyful sees his well-concerted plan
 Completing now, he dreams the pleasing dream
 Of joys to come, and glory ; and now seems
 To grasp 'em as he on more swiftly pranced.
 He thinks of future honor and renown
 Which his allotment are, when by his aid
 Columbia to his Sovereign should upyield ;
 And thinks too of promotion, so desired,
 Which should his Sovereign grant him ; and too thinks
 Of plaudits from his grateful countrymen ;
 Of name emblazoned high, and writ by Fame
 Among the heroes of his country loved ;
 And intervening time already seems
 Annihilate, when suddenly he's hailed—
Stand ; or you die ! and from the woods emerge
 Paulding, Vanwert, and Williams ; and aroused
 At once from his too happy, happy dreams,
 He asks, Why hail me thus ? who him return :
 Your passport, if you please. Whereto he thus :
 I think you're from below,—New York he means ;
 But they mistake his meaning, and return,
 We are ! who quick replies, And so am I :
 I am a British officer, and have
 On business of vast moment to our cause
 Negotiating been ; and cannot stay.
 Whereto they thus : A British officer ?
 Well met ! Dismount, sir ! We're Americans :
 You'll please dismount, and with us march along.

As to the earth the lily in a shower
 Bends down, so all o'erwhelmed with grief he stands,
 Cursing his heedlessness, and thus returns :
 Detain me not ; I'm, gentlemen, in haste ;
 And have in conference with Arnold been
 To make a full exchange of prisoners.
 My name is Anderson. See, here's my pass,
 In Arnold's own handwriting. Fare ye well.
 Then they : Stir but a step, and it will lead
 The way you'll ne'er return ! You have bewrayed

Confusion ne'er accountable, if you've
On lawful business been. For why, then, thrust
Within your boot that paper, and so quick,
When first we hailed you? Sir, we would you search,
Could you from Washington a pass display.
Whereto thus he: My hours are counted all,
And I've already them exceeded far,
And in New York should be. He then dismounts;
And, as the search begins, he thus again:
I'll, sirs, reward you handsomely, if you
Without detention let me but proceed.
'Tis not your search I fear: you might me search,
And freely; but affairs of moment high
Demand my presence; and my character
Will suffer much by longer aught delay.
Then they: Our search will briefly you detain;
And had been finished in far shorter time
Than hath this parley lasted. As you own
A pass from Arnold, should we not discern
Ground for detention, you can then proceed.
To speak plain truth, we much suspicion you;
For if on business lawful you have been,
Why fear dismounting? Why so terrified
When we accosted you? Or why so dread
A search, and it delay till time had passed
Sufficient to have searched you ten times o'er,
And still aver the search will take too long.

Meanwhile they search, and in his stockings find
A plan of the conspiracy against
Columbian liberty. Then trembles he,
Ev'n as the aspen leaf; and them entreats
To suffer him to pass: I will bestow
My steed upon you; and this watch; and purse,
Bloated, you see, with gold; and will thereto
A pension add for life; and here remain
Will I, until shall one of you proceed
To Clinton, and security obtain
That all shall be accomplished. But to whom
Thus they: We're countrymen of Washington,
And offers such insult us! Time requires
We should be on our way. We'll follow now
If you will please precede. Then onward he

Moves all forlorn, to think how soon his plan,
His mighty plan, was frustrate, and his hopes.

So, on the prairies, glorying in his strength,
The wild horse snuffs the air of liberty,
Nor dreams of servitude ; but courses wide
Over the plains with gay compeers, or nips
The tender herbage, and with ears erect
Neighs to the passing breeze ; till bounding on
He's in the Indian's strong-set crafty toils
Sudden entrapped. Vain are his strugglings now !
For soon the hunter comes, and round his neck
The lasso flings, and him, affrighted, leads
Towards the inclosure. Softly he trots
In his own native wildness ; and with ears
Up-pricked, and tail outstanding, and each hair
Of his long-flowing mane with fright erect,
Moves on with starting eye, and nostrils wide :
Then bounding suddenly, he dashes round
To the full stretch of the far-lengthening tug.
Yet vain his efforts all ! and pausing, now
He on his captor fixes steadily
His almost bursting eyes ; then casts a glance,
A lingering glance, upon the happy plains
Where at full liberty he'd proudly roamed.

And now to Jameson (commander of
The scouting parties there) is André brought ;
Yet, thoughtless of himself, he Jameson
Induced to send to Arnold by express
That Anderson was captured : And when thus
To him the opportunity had been
Afforded of escape (who had thereon
In terror to the Vulture fled, whereby
He reached the city soon), he straight proclaims
His rank and office in the Albion force.
And brought to trial soon, is, as a spy
Condemned to suffer death, which sentence he
Hears calmly ; yet of Washington entreats
Th' indulgence of a death adapted more
To the feelings of a soldier, than to die
Upon a gibbet : who, disposed to grant
Him all indulgence, it at once refers

To the same Council who the case had tried,
And who are much inclined to recommend
That his desire be granted, whereupon
Thus Greene, the council's President, arose :

The prisoner is a spy or free from guilt.
If free from guilt, and we him execute,
We guilty are of murder. If a spy,
The mode of death is by the law resolved.
Thus stands the case ; nor can we change the law.
Nor is this all : the public safety calls
At this alarming crisis of affairs,
For an impressive precedent, nor can
Aught satisfy it, save we execute
The prisoner as a common spy : for he
Has of this character convicted been,
And clearly, by his own confession frank.
My feelings are with yours. Who can but love
This noble youth ? Sure none ! But be aware
How feeling gains o'er judgment victory.
Indulgence, though to one, may thousands slay,
And through mistaken sensibility,
Humanity itself may wounded be,
And Freedom's cause an injury sustain
Beyond our utmost power to remedy.

Then, if you grant a soldier's death, instead
Of that by law provided, you'll excite
Suspicious which you never can allay.
You'll public sympathy awake ; and soon
Will the belief be general, that e'en
Exculpatory circumstances were
Found in the case of André ; and which him
To lenity entitled, e'en beyond
What he received,—perhaps to pardon full.
We must then set him free, or he must bear
The penalty which is by law assigned.

Thus vote they all when now the subject is
And fully reconsidered : Yet to spare
The delicacy of the prisoner,
No answer is by Washington returned.

But Andrè fears not death ; for long had he
 Learned as an officer to yield the love
 Of life to love of honor. Yet full sad
 He feels, as slow he overpaced his room
 Brooding upon the scenes through which he 'd passed ;
 And present prospects ; while he muses thus :
 Oh dying world ! thy pleasures are but dreams !
 And all thy happiness, and all which men
 Misname delight, are silly mockeries all !
 They leave unfilled the hand that them would grasp ;
 They leave unsatisfied the heart that most
 Pursues thereafter. Yes ! how earnestly
 I 've sought for reputation and for fame ;
 And fancied that I held them in my power !
 But in my grasp they 've vanished, as a flash
 Of lightning in night's gloom ; and leave my soul
 In utter darkness ! On the scaffold die !—
 Stay ! stop—I dream,—no, surely not ;—how strange !
 Yes, but 't is even so ! I thus must yield
 My life, hopes, honor, all a sacrifice !
 Thou whom I 've ever sought, nor vainly sought
 In times of trial, my Almighty Friend !
 Since taught by my fond parents Thee to seek,
 Ne'er cease thine aidance now ! Hear me, my God !
 I plead through Him who once for sinners died !
 Then calm with resignation, thus again
 He utters forth the musings of his soul :
 As onward by the rapid breezes pressed
 The ship glides proudly o'er the swelling waves ;
 Leaving no path nor trace ; so, heedless glide
 We down life's rapid stream ; and joys, and hopes,—
 The fleeting visions of the mind soon pass,
 And soon our name and place are all unknown !

Meanwhile the ardent soul of Washington
 Desires the prisoner's life to save, not else
 To be attained, unless could Arnold be
 In any wise secured ; and hence he stays
 The execution long, till stratagem
 Shall make the essay : which, if should success
 Attend, shall Andrè be at liberty
 And Arnold hanged. Then, too, as he the plan

Maturing is, he likewise ascertains
Through confidential agents in New York
That Arnold's treason also implicates
A Major General, and officers
Whose names are given (though soon he finds that 't is
But a false rumor by the foe upraised
Suspicion to awaken and distrust
Within the army); and the truth desires
And anxiously to ascertain: and now
Matures his plan which way attain the whole;
And it to Major Lee (a bosom friend
And one of Freedom's noblest warriors),
Who lay with Greene nigh to Tappan makes known;
And seeks of him a man well qualified
To undertake the arduous enterprise:
Who shall desertion feign, and on proceed
To New York, there th' intelligence to prove
Of the reported treason; and by means
Suggesting to him there, Arnold secure
And André thus relieve not else redeemed.

Lee then selecting Champè, it propounds.
Who scanning o'er the scheme at once replies,
I like the plan: And gladly would perform
Aught that would not disgrace me, could I be
Thereby the instrument to save the life
Of gallant André. Nor am I deterred
By all the difficulties of the scheme
Or dangers which I must so often meet
In execution of it. But to endure
Desertion's ignominy, and assume
The vile hypocrisy of closing with
My country's enemies; which must for aye
Bring Slander's scorpion tongue against my name;
'T is this perplexes me! To whom thus Lee;
Forget not, friend, that, when we e'er attempt
An enterprise at instigation of
The Chief Commander, though it e'en involves
A going to the enemy, 'tis ne'er
Desertion, but observance of command.
And finally persuaded, he resolves
To enter on at once the perilous scheme.

'Twas mid of night ; and Cynthia's silvery lamp
 Sinking below th' horizon, had resigned
 The world to darkness ; when, as Champè now
 Begins the enterprise, he Lee enjoins
 Long to withhold, if possible, pursuit ;
 And on towards Hudson's woody banks pursues
 His rapid way, aided by starry fires.
 Yet scarce the moiety of an hour elapsed
 Ere Lee by the Day Officer's upcalled
 And quick informed that Champè, a dragoon
 And serjeant major, had the camp forsook ;
 And that a party ready for pursuit
 Were waiting only till should they receive
 The major's written orders. Lee assumes
 To be but half aroused ; and him requires
 The story slowly to repeat ; and then
 Suggesting that some error lurks herein,
 As Champè's faithfulness is known of all,
 He changed the officer that leads the troop
 Pursuing, thus to gain what time he could
 Ere should the party move. Yet all delay
 That Lee could interpose, retards pursuit
 Only until a single hour was gained
 By Champè on the party : who now swift
 Follow, as on the track of deer late-roused, }
 The yelping pack tumultuous sweep along.
 On, on they rapid drive ; and when at dawn
 They reach an eminence at Bergen's north,
 Him, full in front, though distant half a mile
 They scan ; who them descrying to his steed
 Gives the keen rowel to outstrip pursuit ;
 And aims to reach two Albion galleys, west
 Two leagues of Bergen. Onward, on they fly,
 Through woods, through vales, o'er rocks, brooks, ditches,
 fence ;
 And now pursuit him neared three hundred yards ;
 When he abreast the galleys quick dismounts,
 And hasting through the marsh, plunged in the stream
 Calling for aidance ; which they straight afford
 By firing on the party, and a boat
 Sending to meet him ; who is thence conveyed
 Soon to New York with letters, which narrate

From the commander of the galleys, all
That had transpired ; which leaves on Clinton's mind
No doubt of Champè's high sincerity.

Yet failed the plan in all ; unless to relieve
The officery aspersed : for on the day
By Champè fixed the Traitor to secure,
Arnold removed his quarters to o'ersee
His troops, now destined to the south, embarked :
Else had success the gallant effort crowned ;
And that same night saw Champè safe aboard
The fleet of transport (for more easily
To gain access to him, he'd in his troop
Enlisted) ; nor could he thencefrom escape
Till in Virginia had the troops debarked :
When to his regiment soon returning, he
Is hailed with joy soon as the story's known.
But Washington, aware what doom must now
Champè befall, should the vicissitudes,
So sudden oft, and unforeseen, of war,
Place him at the disposal of the foe,
Anticipates munificently all
His wishes ; and a full discharge bestows
From any further service in the war.

Meanwhile, as time on passes, Hamilton
(Nor had Columbia e'er a nobler son !),
With Scammel, oft on André call ; who them
Desired to spend with him what time they may
From duty gain : and much they love the youth ;
Their equal in th' accomplishments of life,
In genius and in science. Nor alone
Had he their love acquired ; but the esteem
Gained of the army ; and of Washington :
Who, with the ink that his death-warrant signed,
Mingled his tears, nor scarce could trace his name.
Not selfish is affection ! It e'er shines
Brightest when most the object needs its aid :
As children's love and kind attentions e'er
Increase as grows the illness of their friend.
And oft with him communing, Hamilton
The hours would spend, to whom would André thus
Pour forth his feelings : Life a meteor is,

Which for an instant dazzles, then expires.
 A tale of real woe ! To whom thus he :
 Say rather, Life's the pilgrimage to bliss,
 Of those who virtue love ! and when is past
 The last great struggle, all our sorrows end.
 Sweet, as when through the raging seas, the bark
 In safety gains the port, 'tis to the soul
 To rest, when is life's fitful fever o'er.
 There's a repose which sorrow ne'er invades !

But, Hamilton, my honor ! ah, my honor !
 How has it fled for aye ! For hopes to be
 And honor blasted all as mine have been !—
 I ne'er consented to enact the spy,
 Yet I must on the scaffold die to-morrow !
 Die as a spy ! the hated odious name !
 Not that I fear to end my life to-morrow ;
 For I've long since stood ready to upyield it
 At Heaven's command. Yet, who can help but feel
 The deep disgrace of dying as a spy,
 When you the office so despise, and ne'er
 Consented to perform it ! Hale I know
 Thus died ; and nobly died. But willingly
 The office he assumed—not so have I.
 To whom thus he : To me it is not clear
 How shall in aught your honor tarnished be.
 Though as a spy condemned to death you stand,
 It is by all conceded that you ne'er
 The character intended to assume.
 And in our camp lives not a single soul
 Who owes you aught but sympathy ; and grieves
 The stern necessity that speaks your doom.
 Your hopes I own are gone. Would that we might
 Restore Fame's honors to you in pursuit,
 Nor prejudice our country's sacred cause !
 But Heaven is wise, who disappoints full oft
 The cherished hopes its providence appeared
 To lead us to indulge. Man's intellect
 So limited, can never soar beyond
 Earth's sphere confined, to pierce the purposes
 Of the Eternal Godhead towards us here
 While on probation, till the lease it holds
 To this frail tenement of dust expires.

Then if our pleasing hopes and prospects fail,
Why let them go! Such is the lot of man.
Brief as the odor of the burning incense
Life's pleasures pass away: but when once fled
Let's not deplore them. If thus swiftly they
Haste from our grasp, not so the happiness
Which true religion yields us,—the blest spring
Whence flows the only draughts of real bliss
Found in this darksome world. If then with life
Expire your hopes of glory here, and fame,
By gloomy clouds and darkneses absorbed,
Let it not grieve my friend; but him excite
Upward to brighter worlds his hopes to raise.

Yet could he ne'er be fully soothed: the change
So sad his brightening prospects underwent
Oppressed his soul,—whose soul was honor's gem
As pure as sinful nature e'er could boast.
And fearing now lest in the world's esteem
That honor should be sullied, as he had
By Arnold (though in violation of
His sacred pledge) been brought within the lines,
When they for conference met; he sinking down
Upon his couch as night draws on apace
And it revolving o'er; contrasting too
With hopes which him so late inspired; and hopes
Which, when in childhood's hour his spirit cheered
With bright expectancies of high renown;
The scene all suddenly is changed: his mind
Now meets his own loved family at the close
Of war so tedious; and his mother loved
Clasps to her aged bosom the dear son
So dutiful and kind; while tears of joy
Roll down her furrowed cheeks, that he, the prop
Of her declining years, was spared to cheer
And to sustain her 'lone and widowed heart:
While all o'ercome with joy, and sobbing loud,
His lovely sisters hang upon the neck
Of their fond only brother, now returned
From war's dire perils all; while tears, too, course
Adown the aged servant's manly cheeks
To see his loved young master once again;

In whom resemblance strong, he finds to him
 His honored master, whom so many years
 He'd served, and now whose death he deep deplores.
 Here André sees the garden, which so oft
 He tilled in childhood's hours; and where he nursed
 Lilies white-bosomed, and the marigold,
 The tulip and carnation, and the rose,
 With most of Flora's train; scarce now discerned
 O'er Autumn's russet plains; save faded all.
 The vine he planted ere he went to war
 His sisters show him, large and vigorous now,
 And with rich clusters hanging. Now with deep
 Emotion enters he the arbor fair,
 His father there had placed, a season brief
 Ere sickened he and died. His thoughts revolve
 The scenes of childhood when the knee he climbed,
 And o'er his father's eyes the kerchief bound,
 Then briskly skipped away: when to his prattle
 His parent bent his ear, and in the sports
 Of childhood's happy hour an interest took;
 And sported too; and as a child became,
 Because so much he loved to see him pleased.
 Then with his mother and his sisters seated,
 He tells of wounds and blood, and war's dread scenes;
 Of laurels won, and dangers now—now—o'er—
 But soft! the scene it fades, 'tis all dissolved.
 Where am I? he, awakening, exclaims,
 And finds 'tis but a dream! Ah, here I am!
 A prisoner, doomed to a hated death!
 I'll not repine; my God, thy will be done!

Then thinking o'er his happy dream, he thus:
 Yes, thou dear home of infancy, I ne'er
 Shall thee forget! Though from thee far removed,
 Still, my fond home, each hour I visit thee!
 My sainted father!—No, thou art not there,
 Thou lookest on me from heaven! how memory dwells
 On the loved scenes I once with thee enjoyed
 When childhood's hours, so swift but sweetly passed.
 How does it 'wake the fond remembrances
 Of happy days, now never to return;
 And make the burial-place of memory

Give up her dead, when I those scenes recall !
My mother !—my fond mother ! Sisters loved !—
Farewell, I'll see ye ne'er on earth again !

But now the fatal morning is arrived ;
Yet finds him ready, for his work is done.
What he his duty deemed, he had performed
For king and country ; and through life had stood
The sympathizing friend of virtuous need.
And as his life he now prepares to yield,
Him Scammel thus : Should you th' occasion wish
Aught to remark, the time it offers now.
To whom thus he : You'll for me witness bear,
That I my fate have met, as meets the brave !
And then, without a struggle, bright and fair
His ransomed spirit fled from earth away
As fades from view the radiant morning star.
Yes, rest thou undisturbed ! Upon thy grave
The widow's and the orphan's tears shall fall ;
And tears of foe and friend ; till watered thus
The laurel into life, shall shooting throw
Her verdant honors o'er thy peaceful head !

On that mourned eve, as Arnold o'er his room
Paced sad and lonely ; suffering anguish keen
That he the cause of André's death was deemed ;
He sudden starts ; resolved the company
To seek, of jovial friends ; thus hoping even
His troubled soul to calm. But, as the door
He opens, a sensation strange, which chills
His blood comes o'er him : for, full suddenly
Rushed by him a cold air, which to him seems
Occasioned by th' approach and passage swift
Of somewhat all unseen, that glided past
With contact scarce into the room he'd leave.
And at the thought a haze obscures his sight,
And chilling dew his temples overspreads ;
And shivering seized his limbs, which 'neath him bend,
As turns he towards the room instinctively,
Where shines the dying lamp so faintly now
It scarce can banish thence the dreary glooms
Of hovering darkness. Yet, as now he turns,
A sudden glimmering from th' expiring lamp

An instant shows each object in the room :
And by that gleam, he sees, or thinks he sees,
Standing therein and nigh, the form of Andrè,
Pale, as it seemed to him, and dim, and shadowy,
Gazing on him with mournful countenance.
He rushes forth, and with a hideous howl,
Sinks all o'ercome and swooning to the ground.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

Arrival of the Count D'Estaing with the French fleet and land forces. Clinton then transfers the seat of war to the Southern States. Prevost is besieged by Lincoln in Savannah, who aided by D'Estaing also assaults that city, but is repulsed. Exploit of Colonel White. Withdrawal of the French fleet, and consequent distressed condition of Lincoln. On being reinforced he is directed by Washington to proceed to Charleston and fortify therein. Clinton leaves Knyphausen in command of New York with a force sufficient to require the presence of Washington, and proceeds South to conduct the war. Besieges Lincoln in Charleston; who ultimately surrenders. Clinton then leaves Cornwallis in command at the South, and returns to New York. Movements of Cornwallis. The Baron De Kalb. Gates is sent by Congress to take command in the South. Enthusiasm of the South hereupon. But he, rashly proceeding against Cornwallis at Camden, is totally defeated, and his army dispersed. Efforts of the gallant De Kalb. His death and character.

But scarce from Monmouth's plains had Washington
The enemy expelled ere to their aid
Large reinforcements at Manhattan Isle
Arrived from England, led by Arbuthnot;
Though not in force sufficient to allow
Offensive operations; which had been
Resolved upon, for following on, and ere
Could Clinton for the next campaign prepare,
D'Estaing, in aidance of Columbia's cause,
Had with huge naval power arrived her shores;
Whose destination was the Delaware
Deeming therein the Albion fleet to find,
And in Penn's city too the force of Howe;
But storms adverse his voyage o'er the main
Retarded had (for not to France would Heaven
Permit the honor thus to end the war!)
Until the fleet had to Manhattan sailed,
Which straight he following on intends to assault
Within the harbor, but a gale impedes.
Yet the arrival of the armament
Expected long, Columbia fills with joy,
Who now discerns the end is drawing nigh
Of all her toil for rights and liberty.

As when from clouded heaven the driving rain
 Pours down incessantly, the æther blue,
 Although afar, is seen through falling showers,
 Giving sweet earnest that the storm will cease
 However heavy now. So hope and joy
 Fill the wide continent when Gallia thus
 Unites her lot thereto ; and confidence
 Inspires that soon Columbia shall stand
 Among the nations of the far-spread earth.

And now prepares she straight her guests to receive,
 Who'd thus her interest with glowing hearts
 Espoused, and had arrived to share her toils,
 And draw in foreign fields the vengeful sword
 Against her enemies ; while Lafayette
 Them, and in order, leads to Washington ;
 Great Rochambeau, Ternay, Girard, De Grasse,
 De Barras, Chastelleaux, Viominel ;
 D'Estaing, Du Portail, Choisy, and D'Estouches,
 With other mighty Gallian chiefs as brave ;
 And thus to him bespeaks : Our gallant King
 Who loves Columbia, and Freedom loves.
 Sends thee in aidance these, who've left behind
 Superiors none on European soil
 If the confession of our enemies
 Be heard in evidence. But to o'ername
 To thee, each one, most noble Washington,
 Is all that needful is, to designate,
 Whom thou hast known by Fame and long admired.

Then naming o'er their names, him Washington
 Returns and thus, Most noble Lafayette,
 We them as brothers greet. Great Rochambeau,
 And Gallia's noble sons, words ne'er can speak
 The obligations we to Louis owe ;
 Nor speak our gratitude. The Albion King
 Hath strove to strangle Freedom in its birth ;
 And as a blighting mildew has o'erswept
 Our fair inheritance ; but now his power
 Is doomed to wane upon Columbian soil
 Through aidance by the mighty Louis given.

To whom now Rochambeau, who thus arose

On inspiration's wing, and uttered forth
The feelings of his soul : Illustrious man !
And do I then embrace thee ? Do these eyes,
So long desiring, see thee ?—thee, whose name
Hath 'roused the world to Freedom ! Will you deign
Us to receive as allies in a cause
So glorious and so sacred ? 'Twill, till death
Disrobe our spirits, be our proudest fame
That we've 'neath Washington for Freedom warr'd.
The treasures and the armies of our King
Are yours till triumph shall the effort crown.
And now, great Leader, we your high command
Await to wield our swords against the foe,
And while we've blood to pour upon the field
That Eagle ne'er from its proud height descends,
Nor those fair stars and stripes that ride the air !
The troops awaiting 'round, listen his words
Which fall upon the soul more sweet than falls
The breathing music, 'rising from the band
Upon the placid lake in Summer's eve ;
And strike upon the ear, as sweet as strikes
Upon the soul the breath of Summer's rose
Besprinkled o'er with pearly drops at morn.

Then Clinton by the allied arms o'erawed,
Despairs of aught accomplishing at North,
And to the South transfers the seat of war ;
Yet leaving at the North sufficient power
To hold the force of Washington employed
(Lest, southward moving, he should frustrate all
The hopes of conquest o'er his generals there) :
He too intends a mightier force, and 'neath
His own command, that warfare shall assume
Soon as the army huge, in England now
Awaiting to embark, to him arrived.
He had Prevost sent previously asouth
Campbell to supersede in the command.
And who, a futile effort having made
Charleston against, it seeking to surprise,
By a long wearying march (whereon his troops
Plundered the habitants of all their wealth,
Apparel, watches, jewels, and furniture),
Was now besieged by Lincoln (who had Lee

Succeeded), and in helplessness remained
Within Savannah, which had in the year
Preceding been by Campbell gained from How
The American commander, who'd with troops
Six hundred only, well sustained the siege.
And though by Clinton lately reinforced,
Naught could Prevost perform, while in his front
And round his whole entrenchments stood the force
Of Lincoln, with whose high experience
And science in war's art, vainly Prevost
Successfully would strive. From earliest youth
He had for Freedom and his native land
Labored unweariedly in peace and war,
And stood among the first of Freedom's sons.
To intrepidity e'er cool and calm
In battle, he unites the virtues all
That human life, or Christian's faith adorn.
Frugal, methodical, and temperate,
And mind e'er cheerful midst war's trying scenes,
He sought, by aiding man to happiness,
The glory of the Godhead to proclaim.

And now united with the Count D'Estaing,
Whom with his naval power had Washington
On sent, full soon as Clinton had Prevost
Large reinforcements given, he urges on
The siege, by thousands three of Gallian troops
Assisted, lately from the fleet debarked,
And on by regular approaches moves,
Which, in one week the garrison must give,
And town to the besiegers; for the first
And second parallel completed are,
And too the third in state of forwardness;
When now the naval forces of D'Estaing
Unwilling to consume the time required
(As winter is at hand, and for the fleet
The coast all insecure), desire the town
To carry by assault, and straight begins
The horrid fray of death; and for nine hours,
Nine dreadful hours they face the furious charge
Coolly and all undaunted, and full oft
Behold their brave companions from their side
Blown high in air in numerous fragments torn;

Till now unable to sustain the fray,
The force of Lincoln from the field retires.

Freedom here mourned her slain ; nor thy loved name,
Wilkins (South Carolina's son), shall be
Forgot till time expires ! Nor, Huger, thine ;
Nor Roberts, thine ; nor Jasper, Bush, or Hume !
Here too Pulaski, Poland's noble son,
Of rank and character exalted high,
And known at Brandywine for deeds of fame ;
Whose enterprising soul had rendered oft
Grand service to the cause of Freedom, fell,
And long his fall the country all deplored.

He came from far, and on Columbian soil
Found Fame's fair wreath and died ! Oh, could he still
Have in her struggle worn it ! But the hour,
The fatal hour had come, and thou, great man,
Must lay thy hard-earned wreaths of glory down.
When dust and smoke the day had all obscured ;
And hissing bombs mad drive, or, as they strike
Upon the field, the soon displosion, none
Within Death's reach escape ; he, unappalled,
Stood at his warriors' front, or leads them on
Through smoke and carnage, as through earth's damp shade
Struggles Hyperion. And now his voice
Onward them cheers : Upon the hallowed soil
Of Liberty, 'tis not for us to yield.
Come on, come on ! we can, when need requires,
Life offer on her altar ; but, to yield,—
No, never to yon foe ! As they've the war
Raised by their foul oppression, let them learn
That warfare such can but augment the power
And vengeance of the oppressed. On us the blood
Of Freedom's martyrs calls, and loudly calls
For vengeance ! Onward now ! On ! on !—
Even as he spake Death's fatal javelin came,
And, as the syllable his last is heard,
Heavily he strikes the earth a gory corse.

Now Lincoln, all unaided by D'Estaing,
Raises the siege, and o'er Savannah's stream
At Zubley's ferry with his force recrossed ;

Pitching his camp in Carolina South,
Till Congress reinforcements on should send.

But, Muse ! speak now the fame of gallant White,
Who, when the siege concluded here, performed
A deed deserving high the meed of praise.
Removing from its operations all,
Of purpose to o'ercome a hostile power
Belonging to Delance, of regulars ;
Encamped, says Abdiel, on the Ogechee, he
Retrieved the army's fortunes, and a deed
That will in proud remembrance e'er be held
While gallant enterprise is known, performed.
Hard by the river lay the hostile force,
Attended by four vessels armed ; but White,
Regardless of the dangers that opposed,
Taking his band,—a band of four alone,
Of volunteers, or, with his servant, five
(Nor more, if failed the plan, desired to lose !),
Leaves, as the night draws on, his post concealed,
And heaps up piles of fuel on the hills
Nigh, and far 'round the foe. Then fires the whole,
Designing in the appearance to evince,
In every road whereby they'd aim to flee,
Such an encampment as must them withstand.

By sound of trumpet, then, and horrid threats
Of foul extermination, should they dare
Resist a moment o'er the allotted time,
Next he the leader thus requires to yield :

I grant yourself and forces one half hour
Now to refuse or take our proffered terms !
Prepared full well to enforce them we have come
Here with an army yours outnumbering far,
Intending you to us or death shall yield.
Little shall we to your entreaties then
Attend, should you us to the assault compel,
Determined as we are the blood you've spilt
E'er since the war begun to avenge, and here
Limit your progress in such massacres.
Perchance you deem that uninformed we are
How you the plea for quarter late refused !

I've heard of all your murderous deeds accurst,
And should direct repay them, could I deem
Justice requires the vengeance ere is given
A proffer to avert it. But I yield
Negotiation none or aught delay
Unto such miscreants! Choose, or quick refuse!

As we desire, if possible, your blood
(Richly deserving to be spilt!) to spare,
You're offered now these terms: You will proceed,
The instant that have thirty minutes passed,
Hence to yon plain, with officers and troops
Entire, to pile your arms, and too will yield
Each crew, each vessel, with marines, entire,
Into our hands, with cannonry and camp;
Giving us, too, possession full of all
Held in your stores, and at discretion yield.
These are the terms,—the only terms we grant.
Hear and regard! for, as the allotted time
Expires, we shall the fierce assault begin
Immediate, and a full recompense
Grant for your treachery and murderous deeds!

Hereon, intimidated and deceived,
The leader, French, for quarter sues, and yields
Entirely at discretion; marching forth,
Ev'n with his sailors and marines (nor none
Now would the terms avoid), and ground their arms,
Hoping to 'scape the massacre; and then
Unto a post American are led,
Nor leave one soul behind. Rapid they haste,
Dreading the troops on following, lest their dire
Resentment on them burst, for they are by
Etholen, who them leads, assured that all
Demand their entire slaughter: Yet I hope
At length to gain the place of safety, where
Naught shall befall you! On more rapidly
Desire they now to move, all winged by fear;
Nor slack until miles twenty-five away
In safety at the fortress they arrive.
Nor can they thanks and gratitude bestow
Enough upon the high humanity
Of whom have them from massacre preserved.

But now through needance of supplies desired
 Is Lincoln's gallant force distressed full nigh
 Beyond endurance, and unable stand
 To meet the enemy in open field,
 Or a defensive attitude sustain
 Against their inroads. Which, when ascertained
 By Congress, she requires the Georgian State
 And Carolina North to hasten on
 Their promised aidance. While the regiments
 Unfurnished yet of Continental troops
 Completed are, and rapidly on sent.
 And when thus reinforced he is enjoined
 To move to Charleston straight and fortify ;
 Whose troop yet numbers but two thousand strong.

And now their lengthened march his wearied troops
 Complete ; and, when arrived, the habitants
 With zeal untired aid them to fortify :
 Who first the houses in the suburbs all
 By fire destroy ; lines and abattis then
 Across th' peninsula, between the streams
 Ashley and Cooper, carried are ; while on
 The whole extent, at proper intervals,
 Bristled the dark-mouthed cannonry, deep-charged.

But Clinton, soon as he'd the tidings learned
 Of the disaster which had late befallen
 The allied arms, in their assault upon
 Savannah, speedy preparations makes
 Asouth to move : which, when completed, he
 New York and its dependencies resigns
 To Knyphausen's command, and southward moves
 With thirteen thousand warriors of the line,
 Borne by the naval power of Arbuthnot,
 Whose passage perilous and long affords
 Time to Laumay, a noble son of France,
 To strengthen still the works, and fortify
 The town at every point accessible :
 Who sconces now upraised along the lines
 O'er the peninsula ; and in whose front
 Appear the abattis strong, and a wet ditch
 And deep ; and formed by passing a canal
 From heads of marishes. While 'tween the lines

And the abattis at brief intervals
Deep holes are dug. Then, on the right and left
Th' redoubts are so constructed, as to rake
The ditch from end to end. While to secure
The centre, a horn-work he too erects,
Which shall, on being closed, a citadel
Form through the siege. Works likewise are upthrown
On every side the city, where is deemed
A landing practicable. And now the fleet
Arrive at North Edisto's harbor, where
The troops debark upon the Isle of John ;
Whereof and Stono Ferry they assume
Possession unresisted. Slowly they then
And cautiously to Wappoo Cut proceed
Across the Isles of John and James ; and soon
The town invest ; approaching regular
By land ; until within but twenty yards
They're of the lines arrived. While too the fleet
Crossing the bar, pass Moultrie's fort ; and soon
Possession of the Charleston harbor gain.

Then Clinton, full assured of victory,
Summons repeatedly the garrison
To a surrendry ; threatening, if refused,
To leave the town at mercy of his troop :
Yet by the tact of Lincoln is the siege
Protracted still a month, although for half
The period is his force by want reduced
To shortest allowance : and embarrassed too
Is he by obligations to consult
The views and interests of the citizens.
Till now by the incessant cannonade ;
And bombs like rockets sweeping through the air
Constant ; the lines defensive being destroyed,
He's to the last extremity compelled,
And hope of aidance from the States upyields.
And now expecting hourly an assault
He's to capitulate at length reduced,
Through the entreaty urgent of the town,
And on the terms presented by the foe ;
Requiring that the town and public stores
Fully be yielded ; and the garrison
March from the town their arms depositing

In front of their own works ; although their drums
 Were not to beat a British march, nor should
 Their colors be reversed. The seamen all
 And continental troops permitted were
 Their baggage to retain ; but should, until
 Exchanged, remain as prisoners of war.
 While the train-bands were suffered to return
 Unto their homes as prisoners on parole
 (And so regarded were th' inhabitants
 Of all conditions) ; who, while they adhere
 To the parole, should unmolested be
 In person or in property. While all
 The army's officers and naval, were
 Their servants to retain, and their side arms ;
 And baggage, too, unsearched ; a vessel too,
 Unsearched, permitted should be on to pass
 To Philadelphia city to convey
 Unopened what despatches Lincoln sends.

The fall of Charleston and surrender of
 The army led by Lincoln, anguish spread
 With dire dismay throughout the Southern States ;
 And apprehension that the cause was lost
 For which so long they'd suffered now and warred.
 While Clinton knowing well th' impression made,
 And value of the hours which follow first
 Such conquest, straight his numerous force divides
 Into three sections huge, for action more
 Efficient ; and the first and largest yields
 He to Cornwallis, who it rapid leads
 To the frontiers of Carolina North
 Against the forces there assembling now ;
 But who, ere his arrival, thence remove
 Within the precincts of the Old Domain.
 The second o'er the Saluda proceeds
 To Ninety-Six ; while onward moves the third
 Augusta towards, and nigh Savannah's stream :
 Who in th' vicinity of Congaree
 And Santee rivers a strong chain of posts
 Erected, to secure the large supply
 Of harvest waving on their fertile banks.
 While in the proud expectance that the States
 South, must reunited to the Crown

Ere long become, Clinton soon reëmbarks
To lead the northern war 'gainst Washington :
Assigning to Cornwallis the command
Throughout the States asouth : who, soon as had
The harvest been ingathered, onward moves
To Camden, there intending to locate
His magazines and military stores :
And leaves in charge of Rawdon the frontiers.

But Washington (who had advised against;
The effort Charleston to defend, if should
The Albion fleet succeed to pass the bar
And Moultrie fortress) to the South had sent
A reinforcement Lincoln to assist
(Though ne'er arrived until had Charleston fallen),
Of the first regiment of artillery
And troops of Maryland and Delaware,
Led by De Kalb, Germania's gallant son,
And brightest ornament of mighty Daun
Upon the fields where Frederic's laurels died :
He'd 'neath the standard too of Broglio warr'd
At Bergen's strife and Minden's bloody fray :
And while thus crowned already with the wreaths
Of glory gained on European soil,
He early in the service of the States
Had entered, and upon Columbian fields
Soon gathered too the brightest bays of Fame ;
But learning as asouth he rapid now
(Embarking at the Head of Elk, and soon
At Petersburg debarking) onward moves
That Lincoln and his army captured are,
He to Deep River turns his course aside,
Through upper parts of Carolina North ;
And near Ford Buffalo at length encamps,
Uncertain all what measures to assay.

Meanwhile, aware how great the perils now
Which loss of Charleston had asouth exposed
The whole confederacy, Congress seeks
An officer for that department, who,
With martial skill and knowledge, should combine
A weight of character, which shall o'erwin
To him the resources of the Colonies.

And now on Gates their longing eyes they turn
 (Whose choice is unapproved of Washington),
 And fondly hope that Burgoyne's conqueror
 Would from oppression's grasp the South redeem ;
 Who, on the arduous duties of his sphere
 Ent'ring direct, is, by the brave De Kalb
 (Whose soul to jealousy a stranger stood !)
 Received with cordiality sincere :
 And soon the hopes of Carolina South
 Revives, and into action brings a spirit
 Supposed to be extinct ; subliming too
 The hopes of Freedom's sons throughout the south,
 Who onward to his aidance swift advance
 Thick as the autumnal leaves of forests dense
 When blighted by the early frost they sweep
 By winds along. While in the Old Domain
 Efforts unceasing all are likewise made
 His force to increase ; and numerous companies
 And large, of horse and infantry, that had
 Enlisted 'neath Cornwallis' standard late,
 Desert it, and their countrymen rejoin ;
 Which now Cornwallis learning, and the change
 Perceiving in the public mind throughout,
 Draws in and rapidly his outposts all,
 And into bodies large his troops convenes
 At different points, and then to Charleston moves.

But who can read the future ? Earthly hopes
 How evanescent are they ! As the colors
 Of the fair bow, that in the intervals
 Of showers appears resplendent, they are gone,
 Even while you gaze upon them ! How thy hope,
 Columbia ! now brightening, sunk adown
 More gloomier than erst, all through the fond
 Expectance and self-confidence of him
 Who might, had Prudence guided but his hand,
 Have saved thee many a woe ! and had the power.
 For straight, on his arrival, Gates requires
 The troops in readiness themselves to hold
 To march at instant notice ; and full soon,
 As are the gathering forces now convened,
 He puts them all in motion ; and, disregarding
 The strong remonstrance of his officery

Against on moving in the road direct,
He marches by the route the nearest, towards
The enemy's advanced position on
Lynch Creek, miles ten from Camden. Rapidly
Through a vast wilderness of sand-hills huge,
Swamps, and pine-barrens, move they, where of food
Naught could be found. While by the tedious march
Their strength 's exhausted nigh, and patience gone,
Till murmuring near to mutiny is raised ;
For well they know their leader's ne'er compelled
Thus to traverse the desert, while are roads
Safer and easier to the point desired,
Leading through regions where supplies are found
Plenteous ; and which shall more than recompense
For longer distance. But arriving now
In the vicinity of Clermont, where
Rawdon commandant is, he straight prepares
It to invest ; when Rawdon soon in draws
His outposts, and to Camden rapid moves,
Where had Cornwallis hastily arrived
From Charleston soon as he the scheme of Gates
Discerns, and the command assumes, resolved
To assail the force of Gates, who still retained
The camp at Clermont ; and who, sending now
His baggage all to Waxhaw settlement,
Determined is Cornwallis to assail ;
And, in despite entreaty, rapid moves
Towards Camden as the shades of night advance.

On haste ! (thus he) and, as the lines you reach,
Break with your thunder iron's soft slumbering,
To say that Gates is there ! a name Burgoyne,
A greater than Cornwallis ! learned to fear.
Make your swift lead sing madly through their ranks,
For from them we must free our entire soil,
Or death shall free us from their iron hand !
I'll teach you how to end this wearying war,
A war that still for years will drag along
If still conducted as it e'er has been.
Down with Cornwallis ! down with tyranny !
Thus loudly he exclaims, and onward moves
Full rapidly. Yet, at the hour when he
His march begins from Clermont to surprise

Cornwallis, that bold officer forth moves,
Intending him at Clermont to assail ;
And as the moon slow rising half dissolves
The dreary mid of night, the hostile vans
To mutual amaze encounter in
The wooded plains ; and at the primal charge
A portion of Columbian cavalry
Wounded are, and, fierce plunging, throw the ranks
Into disorder dire ; and all recoil
So suddenly upon the following troops,
That the whole column's broken, and quick driven
Into huge consternation. Yet the troop
Of infantry led on by Porterfield
(Who valor's wreath in Canada had gained,
And too at Brandywine, and other frays)
Check gallantly the advancing enemy,
Till at its head their noble leader falls ;
Whereon a portion from the field retire.
But, by another legion speedily
In aidance brought, they who their ground maintain
Forth rush, and drive aback the Albion van ;
Which to their forces order now restores.

Front, then, the battle-line 's directly formed,
And on the right the troops of Delaware
Are stationed, with the Maryland brigades.
North Carolina's troops are stationed too
Within the centre ; and upon the left
Are posted Old Dominion's sorted force.
Yet, as the ground whereon they stand, possessed
Advantage none, but leaves them all exposed
At right and left, De Kalb, in council, thus
Proposes : 'Tis my view, the lines aback
Should fall a little, where the ground is good,
And where we a position can assume
Of great advantages, and meet the foe
With lesser risk than should we meet him here ;
And so await the charge. Whereto thus Gates :
I ne'er, sir Baron, learned the art to retreat,
And am not skilled therein ; though in this land
It seems war's Alpha and Omega all.
I never learned the name, sir ; nor can find
It in my catechism : if in your's

You can, so be it. I have yet to be
With fear acquainted ; such acquaintance might,
Perchance, instruct me in this art high-prized.

Whereat, and instant leaping from his steed,
To attain on foot the head of his command,
De Kalb thus quick retorted : Well, sir, well ;
Perhaps a few brief hours will demonstrate
Who are the brave ! But let me, sir, too say,
That when a man would thus pronounce upon
The motives of another's heart, which none
But Heaven can read, he opes unwittingly
The secrets of his own ! Then, as morn wakes,
And flowers full-blossomed breathe an incense pure
From nature's fragrant dales, the enemy
In solid column, and for war prepared,
Appear advancing. Webster on the right
Leads the command, and Rawdon on the left.
And as, in order, Stevens his brigade
Leads forth to meet them, Williams too advanced,
Designing to extort by partial fire
That of the enemy, at distance great,
And thus the effect diminish ; but in vain !
For onward with impetuosity
And loud hurras they to the charge fierce rush,
While on the right their cannonry well-charged
Awake, as quick the fiery reed they reach
With nicest touch, and shook the hemisphere ;
While dire the iron typhon sweeps against
The lines Columbian ; till to the clouds
Th' augmenting smoke and flame aspiring roll.
Still on they rush, and still the artillery
With peals reverberating break, and hurl
The iron hail, while roaring musketry
Awake as rapidly the platoons charge ;
Till now aback the train-bands, terrified,
Fall slowly, and despite the exertions all
Of Stevens them to rally ; then apace,
They fly the field precipitate, pursued
As rapid by the foe's light infantry ;
Which sad example soon is followed by
The troops of Carolina North ; all, save
The regiment which the gallant Dixon led

(A valued Continental officer
 Of long experience and high repute),
 Who in their front stands firm ; and as the star
 Fixed in Heaven's north, that pours a quenchless ray,
 So all unmoved remains he, and inspires
 Them with his courage firm, until their fears
 All are forgot. And still uninjured by
 Each burning globe that rolls along the field,
 Or flies through air, he stands ; and on them calls—
 Defenders of your country's liberties !
 Ye guardians of her hopes ! you here must now
 This day to glory give ; or through all time
 'To infamy make sacred its return !
 While Stevens' voice in firmest tones is heard,
 Aiming to inspire with confidence the line
 Now backward falling, and reanimate
 Those who still faithful stand : yet all in vain !
 The terror to his own command is now
 Communicated, who adown their arms
 Fling, and with rapid flight their General leave
 All unsupported ; who still scorns to resign
 His post, and warring to the last, is slain.
 A patriot pure was he, whose fervent zeal
 And ardor in his country's sacred cause,
 Nor suffering could damp, or peril cool.
 Courageous and intrepid in the extreme,
 Whose falling was that he unconscious seemed
 When danger and destruction on him glared.

And now the Tarleton cavalry fierce charge,
 And all impetuous on the breaking lines ;
 Whom Gates in person and his officers
 Essay to rally, nor can aught avail ;
 For as the alarm continues towards the rear,
 They, as some torrent swoln by sudden showers
 Comes tumbling down the mountain side, or as
 Some prairie fire sweeping the earth before it,
 Come rushing on, and all who stand o'erwhelm ;
 Till Gates, with Caswell, unto Clermont haste,
 Trusting that there within the ancient camp
 He might sufficient of the flight retain
 To shield the Continentals in retreat ;
 Yet still his hopes are disappointed all !

Then, leaving all for lost, he rapidly
Hastens to Charlotte, thirty leagues away.

Meanwhile the Continental warriors,
Led by De Kalb, are left so circumstanced
As would retreat have justified, yet from
Their courage taking counsel, they prefer
The nobler part, but ruinous, to maintain
Their now position, though exposed ; and had
Rawdon repulsed, who charged them gallantly
When the militia fled : but now again,
And reinforced, he on comes thundering,
With huge impetuosity ; but vain !
For now, resorting to the bayonet,
They charge reiterate in horrid fray ;
Nor cease till every musket is with gore
Filled to o'erflowing, and aback he falls.
But now Cornwallis in full force down bears
On these devoted brigades, who no ground
As yet had lost, albeit the battle raged
One hour in all its fury 'gainst their ranks ;
And too discerning that of cavalry
They're destitute, he onward his dragoons
Pushes against them, and, with bayonet fixed,
Charges at the same moment. The dire shock
De Kalb, with his few troops, another hour
Sustains, resisting thus the tide entire
Of the whole Albion army ; till had fallen
Around the undaunted hero hecatombs
Of faithful warriors mingled with the foe.

Yet in this last extremity his post
He scorns to leave ! and it maintains until
The glittering sword is in his bosom sheathed ;
And sinks he, falling 'neath of wounds eleven.
His aid, Du Buysson, in his arms receives
The dying hero ; and, as press along
The enemy, his nation he announced
And rank, and them entreats his life to spare :
And in the effort him from further harm
To shield, five wounds receives. Yet scarce De Kalb
The bloody fray survives ! And, as away
Life's current rapid ebbs, his latest breath

He spends, inditing for his Washington
A letter, speaking in affection warm
And admiration of the gallant men
Of his command. Then, as at death's cold touch
The lustre of his eye is dimming now;
A gallant officer of Albion comes,
Kindly with him to condole; to whom he thus:
Your generous sympathy demands my thanks
And heart-felt gratitude. But yet I die
The death I e'er desired! a soldier's death,
When warring for the rights of human kind!
The spark of life just brightens to expire,
For scarce he'd spoken ere the long last sleep
Of death steals o'er him, and life's current fails.

When we, loved man! beheld thine ardent zeal,
And scars obtained in many a well-fought field,
We felt that God—the God of freedom—would
A lengthened life on thee bestow, to aid
Throughout the bloody war her hallowed cause.
But no! the generous stranger, who afar
From his loved land had come, her bands to train
Of inexperienced youth, in war's dread art,
So necessary then! and who ne'er gained
A victory, but it caused him tears of joy;
Must nourish first with his heart's current warm
The tree of liberty, ere could the land
Partake its fruits! Loved hero, fare-thee-well!

Pure in thy bosom flowed the stream of love
For human kind, as ever mortal heart
Cheered with its current! When from strife afar
Beloved and honored in thy native land,
Soon as thou heard'st the sound of raging war
And freedom's clarion ringing, and beheld
Her sons, like rushings of the mountain stream,
Flock to her standard, by the scene aroused
Thou to her aidance came, and grasped the sword
Which thou hadst wielded on thy fathers' soil;
And with the band, which thou didst "Brothers" name,
Marched to the gory fray, and saw the foe
Scattered and sunk before thy matchless arm.
But chilled is now thy heart's rich tide, and dim

Thy fiery, flashing eye !
But while of thee I sing, how it awakes
The fond remembrances of boyhood's hours,
And images so lovely then, but now
To dwell henceforth in memory alone !
How rise they to the mind again, and friends
Whose death I've mourned ! How throng ye round my heart
In shadowy forms, whose image once so dear
In real life ! And ye, beloved ones, too,
Who blest my labors when I first begun
To sing my country's toils and triumph grand,
Pursuing freedom ; but who, ere the close,
The long protracted close, leave me to weep
Your loss, so sad to me ! and blighted joys
Of meeting your approval ; yours, beyond
All that to me survive ! And this my song
Perchance the cold neglect may meet and scorn,
Of whom the Poet's heart have never known,
When youthful fire impelled his soul to sing
The deeds which to his country freedom gave !
Neglect and scorn how vain ! for yet shall live
This song through coming ages, and endure
While stands my country, and while freedom lives !

Long all the sons of Freedom mourned the loss
When fell this virtuous hero ! Abdiel speaks :
Yet long he slept ere sculptured marble marked
His place of rest ; and long his veterans grieved ;
And grieved, too, all who knew the hero's worth—
To find, on visiting his patriot grave,
A spot where Melancholy spreads her wings,
Nursed by remembrance of ingratitude !

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

Results of the defeat of Gates ; as evinced first by its disheartening effect upon the country ; and also by the encouragement which it affords the enemy to persevere in their atrocious cruelties. Massacre of Colonel Green and troop. Sanguinary proclamation of Rawdon. Massacre of Colonel Buford and his troops. Cruel butchery of Colonel Isaac Hayne.

THE dire defeat of Gates, like pestilence
Spreads horror o'er the nation's wide extent
And prostrates in the colonies asouth
The lately brightening hopes of liberty :
For ne'er a victory was more complete
Than now Cornwallis boasted on this field.
Each corps was broke ; and in the forest's depths,
Or in the swamps dispersed ; while from the men
Their general officers all severed were.
Their baggage too, and military stores,
Small arms and cannonry were captured all :
Nor could aught force by Gates collected be
Who might the conqueror's advance withstand.
In agony intense he now bemoans
His laurels faded all ; which flourished once
So fair and blushing ! and his name forgot
(Or, if remembered, but to be denounced),
Though once upon his country's heart inscribed.
The grey-eyed Maid of furious war forsakes
The warrior who proudly counsel scorns !

As since the capture of Burgoyne, the foe
A sanguinary spirit had evinced
Beyond what had preceded ; as proclaims
Baylor's sad fate ; and fate of Wyoming ;
Of Cherry Valley ; and, more late, of Green,
The bold defender of the Mercer Fort ;
Who, with his regiment were, nigh Croton stream

Savagely slaughtered (and whose fate so sad
The gallant Flagg too shared) ; and too the fate
Of gallant Huddy with his patriot band :
So too asouth their cruelties increase
Against the friends of Freedom since the fall
Of Charleston ; whom, in violation of
Their compact sacred with the citizens,
The influential mostly of the Whigs,
They unto St. Augustine exiled send ;
Lest the vicissitudes of war afford
To them the opportunity once more
Of aiding Freedom and their native land.
And now, since the defeat of Gates, they hope
Fondly, by measures stern, to crush adown
The spirit of the people. The Earl Moira,
Likewise to check desertion from his ranks,
Announced that soldiers who are straggling found
Beyond the pickets sans a written pass
Be as deserters treated till is proved
Their innocence undoubted : while shall they
Who shelter such, or to them aid afford,
Bear, for offending thus, the penalty
Of scourging ; or imprisonment ; or even
Of banishment to the West India Isles,
To serve as slaves therein : And I will give
(Thus he proclaims) for a deserter's head
Who to the Irish Volunteers belongs
Ten guineas ; or, but five, if brought alive !

Soon too Buford was with his gallant band
Savagely massacred ! who stood encamped
Nigh Camden, when the news of Charleston's fall
To him arrived ; and who thereon retires
Towards Carolina North, as on advanced
Cornwallis swift : Yet with his stores and sick
And wounded cumbered, he but slow could move ;
Which, when Cornwallis learns, he Tarleton sends
(A prowling jackal, and the southern Grey),
Pursuing ; who flies rapid on his way
And him at Waxhaw settlement o'ertakes.
Who finding he's outnumbered far ; and thus
At mercy of his enemy ; he now
(For his detachment was of regulars)

Propounds to yield upon the terms allowed
The garrison at Charleston; nor can deem
That Tarleton will refuse, since the terms are
What Clinton's self to Lincoln had proposed:
And deeming thus, neglects he to arrange
His troops in line of battle, to withstand
The charge should they be charged upon; nor knew
The feline treachery of Tarleton's heart
(Whose aim was now not prisoners but blood);
Who, having feigned to hearken to the terms
Until Buford and troop from off their guard
Are thrown, at once, and unexpected all,
Breaks off the conference, and charges on
His unprepared foe: who, taken thus,
At disadvantage, sees resistance vain;
And, at discretion yielding, quarter sues:
Yet the petition Tarleton disregards,
Though held so sacred by the truly brave;
And, callous to the interceding voice
Of mercy and humanity, himself
Is foremost in the immolation found;
His hands imbruing in Columbian blood.
All slain, or wounded are! Thrice fifty slain;
And four times fifty so with wounds o'ercome
That they are left to perish on the field,
Unaided all: while fifty, able scarce
To remove, from loss of blood, are onward driven
To Camden, with their grievous wounds undressed;
As trophies of his boasted victory.

But Abdiel, speak, how suffered virtuous Hayne!
He, while the siege of Charleston lasts, had served
(And in preceding years) his country loved
As the bold champion of her liberties;
But now, as Charleston to the foe had fallen
Naught of alternative to Hayne remains,
Unless forsake his helpless family,
Or to be captured by the conquerors.
His family, with wife, and children six,
Of early age, and servants, numbering full
Five score, are too with the dire malady
Attacked of small-pox (raging fearfully
'Round Charleston then); and some were dying now;

While the infection still spreads rapidly
Through the survivors. Hence, all anxious he
To minister unto their needance great,
Concludes the course more honorable and safe
To return within the lines, and willingly
(For his plantation near the Edisto lay)
Upyield himself as prisoner, than await
And captured be ; as sure he must, and soon,
Unless he fled. Hence he to Charleston hastes
To give the assurance requisite, that, till
He is exchanged, he'll prejudice in naught
The Albion interest. But the high fame
Of his abilities pre-eminent
And influence, operates upon the foe
To refuse parole ; who him inform, You must
A subject of the Albion King become,
Or to confinement close at once upyield !
For thus they hope his influence all to crush
And render useless to his native land
(Else him to join the Albion cause compel),
Should war's vicissitudes again allow
Pre-eminence asouth to Freedom's arms.

Sad was the alternative ! The tender sire
And husband feels it so ! How can he leave
His ill and dying family thus assailed
By the dread scourge which then so fiercely swept
Wide o'er the land, destroying as it moves ;
And too, amid their sufferings them leave
To the vile insults of the royalists,
And heartless tories (let who has a heart
Strung to respond to love and sympathy,
And knows to feel the sufferings of whom
To us intrusted are, herein decide !);
Nor knows he how a government to own
Which he had now from principle renounced.
But now in his so great distress, he seeks
Ramsey, his friend, and hears his sentiment ;
Then thus the purpose of his soul declares :

If England would the indulgence but allow
To me, which in the day of power we gave
To her adherents all, and cheerfully,

I would, ere yield to her vile Government,
 Seek an asylum with my family,
 In the remotest corner of the land ;
 But as they no alternative concede
 Unless submission or imprisonment
 In Charleston here, and from my family,
 I'll yield at present to the stern demand.
 They can of me no service else require
 Than what the law enjoins ; which substitutes
 A fine in lieu of service personal,
 Which fine, I, as the price, will even pay
 Of my protection. Should my countrymen
 My conduct not approve, you'll witness bear
 That dire necessitude alone compelled
 The step ; and that the purpose I avow
 Ne'er to forsake my country's hallowed cause.

Then yields he ; by the Albion powers assured
 He ne'er shall be required arms to assume
 Against his country while the war remains ;
 Who yet is to his family scarce returned
 Ere they of him require, arms to assume
 Against the force of Greene (who late arrived
 Asouth to lead the war, and had obtained
 Possession of the country on the west
 Of the Edisto) ; and is threatened with
 A close imprisonment, and rigorous,
 Should he refuse the summons to obey ;
 Which him from all responsibilities
 Late entered into with his country's foes,
 Released at once ; and he her army joins
 In the command of forces lately raised
 In his own neighborhood. And sending now
 A strong detachment 'gainst a British force
 He them disperses, and their General
 Too captures. Whereat Rawdon swiftly sends
 The entire cavalry from Charleston's lines.
 By whom he is retaken ; and with whom
 Hayne's captured too, and to confinement close
 Consigned immediate and a trial denied.
 And though ev'n enemies him seek to save
 Assured that by his treatment late received,
 He is from obligations all released

That called for his allegiance to the crown ;
Or that, if were his actions criminal
Herein, it was a crime that ne'er required
The penalty of death. Yet all unmoved
Is Balfour, the commandant of the town,
Who him to death now sentenced, and untried ;
And Hayne for execution ordered is
Upon the following morn, though by request
A longer term is granted, till should he,
By closing up his family affairs,
A needed sustenance to them secure.

But he's prepared already for the hour
Of the stupendous change from sensuous life
To that wherein the soul from fetters all
Of earthly mould is freed ; where all is eye
And ear ; nor through gross sense perception comes ;
For, early taught the name revered to love
Of his Redeemer (nor in vain acquired
The lesson high !), the germ of heavenly life
Thus planted, and by special grace sustained,
Expanded had, till self was all absorbed
In the high aim to live for God alone ;
And for the happiness of human kind.
Hence, during the dread intervening days
Between the sentence and its final act,
A sweet serenity his portion was
Constant ; and such as is to them ne'er known
Who know no interest in a happier world.
And while his earth-bound prospects thus he yields,
They, as they fail, fade not to dark despair ;
But others, brightly rising to the soul,
Reveal the nigh approaching bliss of heaven,
And 'wake within the heart its rapturous joys ;
So when the latest hour of night's fair Queen
Beams o'er the mountain tops, Hyperion,
In golden robes advancing from the east,
Calls back from evening's duskiness the day.

How numerous were the efforts made to save
The virtuous Hayne ! All Charleston's daughters fair
Petition to Balfour ; and introduce
In their request those noble sentiments

Which, on the gallantry of officers,
 And the humanity of hearts though stern,
 Full likely, are to operate ; but vain !
 The lovely partner of his life thus left
 With five small children (one had lately died),
 His fate so sad to mourn, is suffered ne'er
 To call and speak a long, a last farewell :
 Yet she with resignation all endures,
 And fortitude, well knowing Jesus reigns,
 Though clouded and mysterious are his ways.
 At Mercy's blood-bought Throne she eased her heart,
 Unburdening its woes ; though nature oft
 Called for the copious tears : as freighted o'er
 With dew, the full-blown poppy leans adown
 And mourns its burden, which, by Phœbus sipped,
 It, fresh with beauty, lifts its smiling face.
 Thus is her heart relieved (and thus may all
 Earth's sorrows be relieved !), who still the beams
 Reflects of her bright Sun of Righteousness,
 As in the morning's ray resplendent shines
 Some faded flower empearled with evening dews.
 Yet now from watching o'er her offspring loved,
 Long suffering 'neath the malady so dire,
 She sinks to where the weary are at rest :
 And, ere their father perished, his sweet babes
 Are written motherless ! who then are brought,
 All pale and wan, as humble suitors
 To Rawdon, chief commander, and Balfour,
 Who, as Commandant of the town, retains
 The power to pardon Hayne, or him condemn.
 The weeping babes on bended knees entreat,
 Whose powerful intercession, numerous hearts,
 Unfeeling and obdur'd, with pity touch ;
 And even from eyes that never wept before
 Drew tears of sympathy, and Rawdon weeps ;
 Who, softened, now entreats Balfour in vain !

The eldest child, a son of thirteen years,
 Would never from his father's side remove,
 And oft, as he heart-breakingly weeps o'er
 The fate of his so loved and tender sire,
 Hayne seeks to relieve his sorrow-freighted soul :
 Son of my love, while in this world you stay,

You'll ever find hope's pictured dreams to fade !
True happiness and permanent will here
Your grasp elude, as it has mine, and too
The grasp of all who seek it this side heaven !
Pleasure is transient here ! nor ev'n is drained
One cup, by mortals, which unmingled is
With woe and disappointment. Such the lot
God hath to man assigned since here hath sin
Entered, and his so fair creation marred ;
Lest man should seek his portion in a world
Which hath forsook its God. Then, too, the scenes
Endeared, which here surround him, man must leave
(Nor knows he when or how !) and pass away,
As though he ne'er had been. But then because
Earth's promised joys will thus the grasp elude
Of their fond votaries, and we must leave
Its fair and smiling scenes ; while, like the flower,
The friends who are dearest to us fade and die
When loveliest they're blooming, shall we think
There is no happiness, no joy sincere,
No scenes that never fade ? and that for aye
The loved ones, who from earth thus pass away,
Are from us now removed ? No, darling boy !
Although rude storms around my path have loured,
I die serene and happy, and with hope ;
A precious hope, man ne'er can take away ;
Ev'n though my life they take. There is a world
Of happiness unmingled, where no more
Is separation known, nor griefs, nor tears.
There, through the Great High Priest of ruined man,
Who gave himself a ransom for our guilt,
I soon expect to be ! His precious blood
Shall cleanse my soul from every stain of sin,
And with a spotless righteousness enclothe.
Then sorrow not ! for, though your father dies,
He's only passing to that happier world ;
But seek yourself to follow thither too.
'Tis there your little sister's gone ; and there
Your loving mother, too, so lately passed ;
And there, my love, I hope to meet you all.
Oh thou blest Lamb of God ! to thee I look
In this so trying hour ! Take thou my babes

Into thy kind protection, that at last
We may all ransomed meet around thy throne.

And now the evening comes, the last sad eve
Before the fatal morn ; and as the sun
Takes his last farewell of the earth and skies,
Whose beams, yet lingering on the mountains' tops
And towering forest trees, Hayne views, until
Darkness comes on apace, and Hesperus,
Eve's fairest star, peers from the horizon bright
In all her loveliness, and would beguile
To cheerfulness his sorrow-weighted heart.
Then, turning, he discerns his loving son
(Fair as the leopard lily, and as frail !)
Now slumbering, o'erspent with grief ; and too,
Himself for rest prepares, which o'er the night
He sweet enjoys, until the blushing morn
Reminds that Death is waiting for his prey ;
And soon prepared, he thus his child bespeaks :
Weep not, my darling boy ; we'll meet again.

The streets, ev'n to the city barrier,
By myriads of beholders now are thronged,
Who wait, with deep anxiety, to gain
A final glimpse of whom they all revere :
Who so composed walks to the spot assigned,
As wakes compassion in his callous foes.
Then, having passed the barrier, as in view
Appears the scaffold, he his son bespeaks
As moves he sobbing at his father's side :
I trust my son will show himself a man !
Our separation will at most be brief.
Your mother lately died : to-day, I die ;
And you, though young, must shortly follow on.
Lay not my death to heart ; but in Him trust
Who will fulfil his covenant and ne'er
Forsake the souls that love him ! Calmly thus
He consolation speaks, and too surveys
His speedy end. As stands the sea-girt rock
By the huge tumult of the surging waves
Beset around, yet whose wild clamor 'wakes
Commotion none within, so, all unmoved

He stands, whose soul is far above the reach
Of human sorrows now, and earthly cares.
Thus when the earth in mists and gloomy clouds
Enveloped lies, and nature sorrowing weeps
In showers the absence of his cheering beams,
Her bright illuminer, Jove's royal bird
Through the dense mist aspiring soars aloft,
And, far beyond the reach of cloud or storm
Sailing, 'mid the clear sunshine's radiant blaze
Enjoys the sweet serenity of heaven.

Now with firm step, and aspect all serene,
Hayne mounts the fatal stand ; then speaks farewell,
And gives the signal for the car to move.
Yet long is he in dying ; and him speaks
His guardian seraph 'mid his strugglings dire :
Come, suffering spirit ! raise thine eyes and view
The world prepared for thee ; and all secure
Against or fall or forfeit. Leave now, leave
This tenement so frail and darksome too.
See the blest fields above thee ; spirit, come !
Come, haste away ! they wait for thee in heaven.
Now, now thy suffering's o'er, for ever o'er ;
Here, loved one ! 'tis thy guardian seraph, sent
To bring thee to thy rest. I long have stood
Here, hovering o'er thee, and have sought to attract
Thy gaze up towards the glory which has now
Full on thy vision burst ; 'tis not a dream,
Fair spirit ! no ; thy trials now are o'er :
Yon bliss so pure is thine ; that company
Comes forth to meet us. See ! thy partner loved ;
And see thy cherub babe ! Come, spirit, come.
Dread not from thine unworthiness to come ;
Thy Jesus gives a title to the bliss.
Beyond those glittering orbs, where thou behold'st
Such blaze of glory, and transcending, stands
His radiant throne, where all the ransomed dwell :
List to those fragments sweet of melody
That reach us now ! Come, come, sweet spirit ! come.

The little son incessantly had wept
Until he sees his father in the hands
Of the rough executioner, and now

Struggling in deathful agonies ; whereon
He stands from horror motionless, nor weeps
Thereafter, for the fountain of his tears
Was stanch'd for ever. On the scene around
He for a moment rolls his languid eyes,
Then, feebly shrieking, in a swoon sinks down.
But hardly now restored, away he's borne
Into the city ; but for aye had fled
His powers of reason : and along the streets
He wanders, calling oft his father's name,
And asking whom he meets, Can ye ne'er tell
Where I shall find my father who is gone ?
Then disappointed, sorrowing he'd recline
On the side-walk, and mournful thus is heard :
I had a father once, but he is gone !
They've taken him away, and I no more
Can find my father ! My father no more comes
To play with me, as oft he used to do,
And say I am his little General !
I had a father once, but he is gone !

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

General Greene is appointed by Washington to supersede General Gates: and soon reassembles the scattered forces of the South. Marion; Laurens; Morgan; Otho H. Williams; Sumter; Colonel Washington; Pickens; Davie; Campbell; Major Henry Lee; and Howard.

Battle on King's Mountain, and death of Ferguson, with the capture of his forces. Death of Williams. Movements of Cornwallis. Exploit of Colonel Washington.

The slaves arise to assist Greene in the war of liberty; in consequence of his advice to the Legislature of South Carolina recommending that the army be recruited by the enlistment of slaves. Apostrophe to Slavery! The Tories attack the slaves who arise to assist Greene; and are defeated by them: who finally succeed in reaching the camp of Marion; and prove faithful to the cause of Freedom.

BUT now by Congress is direction given
(Though by succeeding action disannulled),
To institute a Court of Inquiry
Upon the conduct late of Gates, wherein
He had so foully failed. She, too, desires
That Washington some other officer
Would send to supersede him in command.
Yet of his country Gates had ne'er despaired,
Although defeated; who retiring now
To Salisbury, labors to upcheer
With hope her drooping spirits: then removes
To Hillsborough; where soon a gallant band
Collecting, he advances to the South
And post assumes at Charlotte; where now Greene
Appointed late by Washington arrives
To take command: to whom though Gates upyields
The full control, still he with him remains
A season, frankly to communicate
The useful knowledge all which he'd obtained
Relating to the country and the foe.
Then ne'er upon the field again to appear,
He for the north proceeds; whose journey long
And dreary, may a picture true afford
Of fallen greatness! On him, not an eye

Beams with a cordial welcome! not a tongue
 With kindness him salutes! for, as on passed
 The hapless veteran, once deservedly
 His country's favorite, all recognise
 In him, not Burgoyne's gallant conqueror,
 But fugitive from Camden's fated field.
 But Greene appearing, reassembles soon
 The scattered forces; while the officery
 Around him throng o'erjoyed, that still they have
 A leader who their confidence commands:
 For through the south, the knell of liberty
 All feared was tolling, when the saddening cry,
Gates is defeated! 'rose from Rumor's tongue.

But, Abdiel, speak them o'er! nor call I on
 The Heliconian maids while such a guide
 Have I to lead my song: Tell thou the fame
 Of the illustrious band, who ne'er despaired
 Of freedom in the south, although thus thinned
 Of many a gallant warrior were their ranks
 By loss of two whole armies recently;
 But, in such season dark, stood firm resolved
 Death shall withdraw life's charter ere we yield!

First Marion came, the southron Washington,
 South Carolina's son; who'd early served
 Against the savagery and Gallian powers
 In wars preceding; and had aidance given
 The war for liberty since first it 'rose.
 No officer could more adapted be
 To times and circumstance, than Marion
 To those wherein he lived. Sagacity
 Possessed he too, and coolness ne'er excelled
 Upon the field: while he for strategy,
 And enterprise unlooked for by the foe;
 Devices, too, his movements to conceal,
 And his positions; eminent appeared
 With scarce a rival: and yet cautious e'er
 Of enterprise when doubtful of success.
 Beyond most partisans he generous stood;
 For ne'er throughout the lengthened warfare, 'midst
 His provocations often and so great
 From Tories treacherous; nor house, nor barn

Was by his troops destroyed nor pillaged ev'n ;
And this though oft he suffered, and his men,
From dire necessitude. Success his arms
Crowned constant, though his troops so straitened were
For weapons ev'n, that from the saw-mill saws
They're forced their swords to cut ; and, too, to employ
Pitchforks for spears : while oft exposed they lie
In open air for months ; nor ev'n a tent
Possess to shield 'em from the frosts and snows
Of wintry seasons. Such the force he leads !
And yet when confidence and hope had fled
From many a heart asouth, he still preserved
The spirit of resistance ; and repelled
The foe for ever from his district large.

Next Laurens came, the Warren of the South,
And aid of Washington (though soon recalled
To toil in northern warfare !) under whom
In every action of the war entire
Till near its close, distinguished he'd appeared :
Was first to penetrate the Albion lines
At Yorktown's heights, and triumphed there ; yet fell
In the last skirmish of the lengthened war,
The grief of all the army, once their joy !
As on some summer eve when torrid fields
Demand the showers ; and storms now rumbling 'rise ;
A meteor flaming in its pathway, fires
The skirts of the dense clouds ; then, falling, drops
Sudden into the gloom ; so sunk he down
From his career of glory to the grave.

To him her choicest gifts had Nature given
With hand profuse ; which still by science were
Expanded : while to knowledge rare he joins
The manners of the polished gentleman.
With military talents high, his fault
Was intrepidity which rashness seemed ;
For in war's tumult scarcely he discerned
When dangers call the Leader to retire,
Or hesitate his person to expose.
No foe unpunished on the martial field
E'er dared thee foot to foot, or thee opposed
When urging on in fight thy foaming horse !

Yet genuine philanthropy expands
 His noble heart ; and e'er a captured foe
 He as a brother deems, while of the right
 Of all mankind, a zealous champion
 And faithful stood he, and through life maintained
 The birth-right of all men is liberty ;
 Howe'er diversified by powers of mind,
 By country or by clime. Though born and reared
 Where Slavery uplifts its head accurst !
 Blasting the earth like pestilence and death,
 And blunting man's most tenderest sympathies,
 And nobler feelings all ; the downtrod slave
 Found in him e'er a brother and a friend.

Nor only in the camp or field (wherein
 He equal to the highest post was found),
 Appeared he eminent ; whose talents shone
 As brightly, in the Legislative Halls,
 And in the Cabinet, nor thrice nine years
 O'er him had passed. Hapless Columbia !
 How sunk thy joys when fell thy darling son !
 Fame had for him the unfading garland wove,
 And stood to crown him as the son who should
 When Washington had earth resigned for Heaven,
 Lead on, as he had done, his country loved
 Through years of happiness and high renown ;
 And through her bless the world, as should his soul
 Its mighty faculties in full unfold.
 But to no land will Heaven such boon assign
 As two such sons her destiny to rule !
 Hence the insatiate archer sped his shaft,
 His fatal shaft, and thy fond hopes were slain !
 As some magnolia blooming fair and crowned
 With all its July glories ; suddenly
 Is crushed beneath the rapid bolt of heaven ;
 So sunk his early honors to the tomb !

Next Morgan came—New Jersey's warlike son ;
 Who, through the war, with his dread rifle-corps
 Was England's terror. Though in early youth
 A reckless profligacy marked his course ;
 Yet soon as he upon the field appeared
 To aid his country's hallowed cause, his life

Was wholly changed, till he from vice became
For highest virtue known and eminent.
On the Monongahela's fatal fields
His valor shone, and too where Wolfe was slain ;
Then soon as had the brazen throat of War
At Lexington aroused the land to arms ;
He heard the call, and speedily convened
His rifle corps and on to Cambridge moved ;
And, though self-educated, he himself
Approved, in martial enterprise and skill
(As owned the foe at capture of Burgoyne)
Equal to any soldier of the king.
In piety his lengthened life he closed,
With brightest hopes of immortality.

Next Otho Williams came. Wisdom and wit,
Valor, and constancy in high pursuit,
Adorned his character ; to which he joins
All that can to the citizen impart
Virtue and dignity, and all that gives
To the commander excellence and power.
With person of unusual symmetry,
And knowledge various and extensive, he
Was yet by dignity and elegance
Of manners more distinguished ; which alike
Had graced a court or camp. Of courage firm,
He cautious was, nor prodigal of life,
Solid of judgment, and reflection deep,
His value was, in cabinet and field
Alike declared ; and whose capacious mind
And perfect self-possession (which to him
Had eminence in any station given),
Rendered him e'er the favorite of Greene,
And able counsellor throughout the war.

His gallant cousin follows, who, alas,
For Freedom and Columbia ! soon was called
To pour his life's blood on King's Mountain heights.

Sumter next followed, whose herculean frame,
And iron nerves, him fitted for war's toils.
With courage firm, and patriotism pure,
And intellect, of order eminent,

And perseverance e'er invincible ;
 He for a sphere of eminence sublime
 In camp or field was suited, and his deeds
 Proved he was not adapted thus in vain,
 For in the war, no southern partisan
 Of Freedom, more perplexed the foe than he.
 And actuated by that courage true
 Which, offered battle, can as easily
 Refuse as give ; he soared beyond the reach
 Of fickle fortune's frown, or vulgar praise.
 And aimed alone the welfare to advance
 Of his loved native land ; and but desired
 That share of man's applause, which virtuous deeds
 Had proved his own ; while his frank, noble mind,
 Though it with generosity awards
 To all their meed of praise, stood satisfied
 With the bare consciousness of duty done.

Next Washington the younger follows on,
 Who loved the battle as Pelides' self ;
 Delighting e'er upon the eminence
 To stand, where 'round him Death and Danger glared.
 Trenton beheld his deeds of fame, and owned
 How stern his courage, and his skill how grand.
 Impetuous in action, he his sword
 Esteemed his idol ; while, though suited scarce
 To plan (which he to others freely leaves),
 None better could perform than he, who wished
 But Mars' dread field and battle's tumult dire.

Next Pickens came, full worthy of the cause
 He had espoused ; whose living piety
 E'er looked for aidance to his covenant God,
 In efforts to repel his country's foes.
 Skilful was he in warfare ; who a band
 Of active, bold, and hardy patriots
 Convened around him, and with whom he stood
 Amid his country's hours of deepest gloom,
 A source of sure reliance, and a point
 Of rallying to the friends of liberty ;
 While in his district large her friends he saved
 From aught submission to the foe, and kept
 'The spirit of resistance e'er alive.

He saw that God was leading on the land
Through the dire scenes of war to happiness,
And played his part therein, albeit therein
Ne'er for an instant dwelt his sympathies.
With soul attuned to the melodious lays
That wake from heavenly harps, when come the sons
Of God (as rolls the frequent period round),
Joining in mystic dance before His throne,
And all heaven wakes in choral symphony,
He lived on earth as though of earth unborn ;
But as some sojourner, who, on his way
From heaven to visit vast creation's round,
Ranging from star to star, and sphere to sphere,
Should here abide a moment,—so he passed.

Next came Davie, Albion's accomplished son ;
Who, when Freedom early called her sons
To the fierce fray, which must for aye decide
If she may hold possession of the land
Herself had planted, or be thence compelled
Again to wander homeless through the world,
Heard her loved voice, and to her aidance came,
And made his efforts felt against her foes.
For martial air and tact, and comeliness
Of person, and equestrian excellence,
And powers consummate of field eloquence,
Few equals had he, though a youth in years ;
Whose high delight was e'er to lead a charge,
And to engage in single fight the foe.
While, to equip his legionary corps,
When from defeat of Gates his country's hopes
Asouth had yielded nigh to black despair,
He proved his friendship for the cause he owned
By free expending all he held on earth.

Next Henry Lee, Virginia's son, appears,
A youth of education high, whose skill
In discipline and gallant bearing him
Soon made the favorite of freedom's chief
(Who him and Morgan now asouth had sent),
With whom till now he'd served in each campaign.
The strong impetuosity of youth
He blended with the milder qualities

Of temperate age ; while his intelligence,
Decision, powers of combination strong,
And sleepless vigilance, and enterprise,
Shone in his grand exploits throughout the war,
And whose oft victories o'er the foe insured
Speedier success to Greene's renowned campaign.

Next Campbell came, Virginia's son, whose deeds
In battles oft fame's garlands bright acquired,
And love of all his country ; soon to mourn !
When, on the gore-stained fields where Santee drinks
The watery train from Eutaw's gushing springs,
He fell, with fairest wreaths of glory crowned,
As the full blossomed peach before the storm.

Next Howard, Maryland's noble son, appears :
Whose firmness, gallantry, and skill in arms
Were by no other officer excelled
Of equal rank upon Columbian soil.
Though young, in tactics he accomplished stood,
And in experience ripe, and now appeared
Full eminent among the virtuous band,
In whom the highest hopes of Greene reposed
When he assumed command, and firm declared :
I will the Southern Colonies regain,
Or in the effort die ! and who of him
(When gory Mars had ceased to rule) declares
No Greek or Roman hero e'er deserved
A statue, more than he, of purest gold !
His failings were like spots upon the sun,
And served by contrast but to evince more clear
The heaven-wrought virtues of his patriot soul.

On came these warriors, and numerous more,
To aid the war, soon as had fame announced
That Greene had been appointed to command.
While too, attending Greene, an agent came,
A volunteer, by Morris thither sent,
With powers to Greene unknown. But Morris had
To him th' instruction given to overwatch
The army's state ; and that, whens'er it seems
To Greene impossible to free his force
From aught embarrassment which might arise

From destitution, him to furnish straight
With drafts upon the Financier, for sums
Which would the army's pressing needs relieve ;
Who thus and oft unsought relief obtains.

Meanwhile, Cornwallis had from Camden sent
The dauntless Ferguson to Ninety-Six,
And western parts of Carolina North,
To embody all the royalists throughout
(Their efforts concentrating for the Crown),
And him rejoin at Charlotte, where should he
Meantime proceed. He was an officer
In whom Cornwallis prided as the first
Of his whole army. Of abilities
Superior, as a partisan he stood ;
And enterprising spirit rare excelled :
While to an eminent capacity
For planning great designs, he also adds
The practical abilities required
To execute them fully. Nor alone
In warfare's art stood he thus eminent ;
Whose soul high polished had by science been ;
And with the spirit of humanity
Deeply imbued ; that leads him to deplore
The violence that had the arms disgraced
Of England, in her efforts through the war ;
And, as his forces now prepare to move,
He utters thus his deep-felt sentiment :

Comrades ! we now an enterprise pursue
Which, if conducted as humanity
And duty to our King of us require,
Will to us bring the high awards of fame,
With true advantage to our country loved ;
But duty to our country and our king
Demand not that we cease to act as men
Towards the inhabitants through whose domains
We pass in arms, this conquest to secure.
I know what hath our armies' custom been
In passing through the country heretofore,
And know what desolation marked their way !
It fills my soul with grief, and 'rouses too

My indignation, as to mind I call
 Those cruelties and foul disorders which
 Reflect so deep disgrace and infamy
 Upon our nation, government, and cause ;
 And find that these disorders now are deemed
 A precedent for us to follow still !
 It mortifies my very soul to think
 I am an Englishman, when I recall
 These things to mind ! What ? were we hither sent
 To pillage, plunder, murder, and harass
 The inoffensive habitants who chance
 To dwell upon the routes o'er which we pass ?
 Are these the trophies of the fame you seek ?
 Is such the discipline our armies boast ?
 Such is, indeed, the fame you have acquired
 (Led by the example of our officery !),
 Till now, so execrated is our name,
 That through the entire land is every heart
 And every human dwelling 'gainst us closed.

These evils for redress immediate call ;
 And, as God lives ! I'll their redress attempt.
 How oft have I admonished and besought,
 And these results foretold ? How often too
 Have our loved Frazer and his great compeers,
 Breyman and Carleton, ev'n with tears besought
 That you'd the inoffending natives spare,
 And spare our cause from infamy's abysm !

Hear me, then, soldiers ! I the penalty
 By law assigned shall rigidly exact
 In every case where violence is done
 Against the inhabitants along our course
 Upon this expedition ! Since the terms
 Of kind entreaty heretofore have been
 So disregarded, I the force shall test
 Of law's severest penalty ; and all,
 Be they or officers or soldiery,
 Who law contemn, that penalty shall feel.
 I must, and shall, upon these things insist ;
 And, though redress be late, a late redress
 Is better than continuance of wrong.
 Now to your posts, and straight prepare to move.

Onward he hastens then, whose entire route
So lengthened, by no violence was stained
To property or habitants. But now,
As nears the time when he to Charlottetown
To meet Cornwallis should return (for Gates
Was there assembling rapidly his force),
Fame brings the tidings that Augusta is
By Clarke nigh captured (who'd a force convened
And it assaulted); whereupon he hastes
Swiftly to its relief; but ere arrived,
Learns that by Cruger Clarke is late compelled
The siege to raise, and safety seek by flight;
And, whom to intercept, now Ferguson
Turns swift aside, and, nigh the mountains come,
Hopes there to capture Clarke and forces all.

Meanwhile had Campbell been by Gates detached
(With whom M'Dowell, Shelby, and Sevier
And Cleveland, soon unite) to intercept
The march of Ferguson; which gallant band,
Soon as had Greene to take command arrived,
He reinforces, sending to their aid
The troop of Williams, who, thus reinforced,
Hope now they'll Ferguson surprise or take,
Ere he could with Cornwallis junction form.

But fame now brings to Ferguson the word
That Campbell is advancing, when direct
He on King's Mountain fortifies his camp;
Yet ere 'tis fully fortified on come
The troops Columbian, who their force divide
In columns three (the right by Sevier led
And Winston; while the centre Campbell leads
And Shelby; while the left by Williams is
And Cleveland led): who coolly now ascend
The mountain's sides full steep, and to the assault
With dire impetuosity immediate rush.
And though by Ferguson oft sore repulsed,
They yet the charge more fiercely still renew,
And in suspense the victory hangs, till now
Sudden is slain the gallant Ferguson,
With whom the courage of his troops expires,

Who at discretion yield, surrendering all
Their stores, and arms nine hundred thrice told o'er.

But ah ! on earth no perfect bliss is found !
Ev'n at the moment Ferguson had fallen,
Fate opes in Williams' breast the sluice of life ;
Who, sinking low, the thickening shades of death
Fast hover o'er his sight ; when suddenly
The thundering shout awakes throughout the field,
They cry for quarter ! Stop the work of death !
'Then starting from the grave's incipient sleep,
He opes his glazen eyes, and anxious speaks :
My God ! who ask for quarter ? unto whom
'The powder-blackened riflemen return ;
The foe ! the foe ! Then whispering, God be praised !
He bows his head in everlasting peace.
And art thou gone ? my beautiful and brave !
No ! thine example stands ! and thy fair fame
Shall never cease on earth while Freedom lives.
The laurel and the myrtle shall entwine
Their brightest garland for thee, warrior loved !
Oft hadst thou poured the dreadful tide of death
Against thy country's foes ; nor thus alone
Gave to her aid, when aidless nigh she stood :
But, as the heart its vital power on sends
Dispersing rapid through each artery
And vein minute ; so did thy well known voice
Arouse the drooping courage, and dispel
The every terror of thy native State
(South Carolina), when scarce hope remained.

The loss of Ferguson and forces checks
Cornwallis in his movements through the State
Of Carolina North ; and him compels
From Charlotte to retire, so lately gained
(And whence had Greene on moved towards Cheraw Hills)
And to retreat to Wynnsborough, atween
Camden and Ninety-Six, there to abide
Till reinforcements from the north arrive ;
Which Clinton soon by Leslie onward sends,
Three thousand strong. But, as from Charleston he
Moves slow and cautious, Camden to attain ;

Marion by one bold effort intercepts
The sole communication 'tween that post
And Charleston, which their only sea-port is :
Whereat Cornwallis, dreading what must be
The sure result and soon, unless unchecked
Is the Columbian force, detaches straight
Tarleton with his fierce cavalry against
The post by Marion now assumed and held,
Who soon therefrom retires : But brief the boast
Of Tarleton is ! For Sumter, who had late
Wemyss o'ercome (who from Wynnsborough moved
Him to assail), Broad River had o'erpassed,
And joining Clarke and Brannen, menaced now
The post of Ninety-Six : whereon direct
Tarleton is by Cornwallis swift recalled
And on despatched against him, and assails
With dread impetuosity his force
Upon the Tyger stream ; who first receives
The charge ; then as a scathing lightning drives
With sword and bayonet through his entire ranks,
Who back fall torn and bleeding from the field ;
Leaving thereon full half their number slain ;
Or dying ; or with wounds disabled all.
But Sumter following the charge amain,
They ne'er sustain it more ; but rapidly
Through forests, swamps, and marishes disperse ;
All, save the few who still to Tarleton cleave,
And are into the interior driven afar.

Next, Greene detaches Washington against
A troop of refugees, who late had formed
A point of rallying nigh Camden, where
They intercept full often his supplies :
Whom Washington perceiving, posted strong
In a logged barn by abattis secured,
And inaccessible to cavalry,
Assaults by stratagem : and felling now
A pine ! and shaping to a cannon's form,
He stains it o'er and on a carriage mounts,
Demanding their surrendry : who alarmed
At prospect of a cannonade ! at once
Surrender at discretion, which so oft

Successes raise the southern hopes still more
 And ardor; and to Greene on daily come
 Regiments to aid the war. While too a corps
 Numerous of slaves by southron Tories held,
 Rise to assist in Liberty's campaign.
 Encouraged by the counsel Greene had given
 The Government of Carolina South;
 And too resolved to die or freedom gain
 From the curst tyranny of those who dared
 Hold them as property.—Souls purchased by
 The blood and anguish of the Lord of Life,
 Deemed implements, and chattels personal
 By men, their brothers, and inferiors oft
 In mental as in moral excellence!

Slavery! thou hell-begotten fiend! thou nurse
 Of fell brutality and woe untold!
 How durst thou on the soil of liberty
 Presume to appear; and with thy impious hand
 Open the sacred volume which unfolds
 God's love to man, from thence to justify
 Thy barbarous deeds! as did thy father once
 (In tempting man's Redeemer) to approve
 His schemes infernal! No, foul despot! brief
 Is now thy reign on earth; when on the toils,
 Poor Afric's unpaid toils! the gleeking dolt
 Shall feast and riot! nor can grave divines,
 Shame on their truckling spirit! thee, by all
 Their subtleties and sophistries, sustain;
 But doom themselves to infamous renown,
 Who would support the plea so false and vile
 That man his fellow man, as property
 May hold, and deem "as chattels personal;"
 Aiding to doom to life-long dolor souls
 Dearer to heaven than are all learned fools;
 Till now their mighty anguish and their groans
 Have heaven involved with blackness and the earth
 Made eloquent with woe! Eternal God!
 Why sleep the scathing thunders of thine arm?
 How long shall thy blood-purchased ones in vain
 Implore thy sympathy amid such wrongs?
 Are not thine eyes upon thine own oppressed?

Or is their untold anguish but the way
Thy deep unfathomed counsels have designed
As preparation for some glorious meed ?

But raise thy head in hope, poor saddened one !
From all life's dearest ties asunder torn,
Heart-broken though thou be ! The time is near
Of thy deliverance, when thou no more
Shalt move, slow moping, o'er the wearying soil,
A tyrant's property, with clanking chains,
And cast thy heavy hopeless eyes around,
Uninterested in the glorious works
Of the Creator, feeling thou'rt the tool
Of men, so deemed, who on thy unpaid toils
Can meanly batten. For thee in thy-woe
There are who deeply feel ! The lion-heart
Of Torrey and of Lovejoy pulses still
In many a bosom ; and although the form
And outside of religion (not the soul),
As now by frippery and froth assumed,
And pride, and cant, and worldly policy,
And ceremony, and curst hypocrisy,
That in earth's scales of profit and of loss
Reckon if man the truth should speak or hide ?
If man should walk sincere as Jesus walked,
And mercy love, and righteousness perform ?
May still thy suit neglect, yet Poesy,
By which Religion's voice shall hence be heard,
Has ne'er refused nor can refuse thy cause
To plead against a world of hilding slaves.
Yes, raise thy head ! for liberty shall soon
Be thine, my brother, nor can Hell impede ;
And then thy gentle heart will free forgive
The wrongs which petty tyrants here inflict.
But listen now, for Abdiel speaks again :

They rose to assert their freedom, and to aid
The cause of liberty ; for they believed
Columbia warred for the high principle
So openly avowed, that all mankind
Created equal are, and are endowed
With rights inalienable,—right to life,
Pursuit of happiness, and liberty ;

And by their Tory lordlings much oppressed
 (For most who warred for freedom had assured
 Their slaves of liberty, soon as the war
 Should terminated be), they numerous seize
 The occasion, as is Greene approaching now,
 Before whose power the Tories rapid flee.
 Jingua, a prince captured on Afric's soil
 Some years ago and into slavery sold,
 Leads on the van, and hails to all around
 With him in freedom's warfare to unite,
 And onward haste to Greene and liberty :

Heaven will assist the struggle which we wage
 To free ourselves from bondage, and to gain
 The rights it hath bestowed, and too will own
 The efforts to obtain them, though before
 Our arms shall fall in slaughtered myriads
 Those who have dared to enslave us. Time, it now
 Affords the opportunity desired
 To gain the wished-for boon. Our masters fly !
 And Greene, the friend of liberty, on comes
 To give us aidance. Duty on us calls
 For instant action. Yes ; let the enslaved
 Strike for their freedom, whenso'er arrives
 Aught opportunity that hope inspires
 Of ultimate success, and look to Heaven
 To crown their toil ; nor shall they look in vain.

Thus reasoned he, and rightly ; and, aroused
 By his bold words, all cast the yoke aside.
 Yet, ere full armed, are by a Tory horde
 Assailed, but vainly ; who, soon all o'ercome,
 Are forced to fly, and leave upon the field
 In slain threescore, and numerous prisoners,
 Whereof the Prince's overseer was one,
 Who in fell cruelty, scarce possible !
 Excelled his whole fraternity, and oft
 His hands imbrued in blood of whom he ruled.
 To whom now Jingua : Art thou then at last,
 Poor wretch ! within our power ? We'll not thee harm ;
 Nor need'st thou so entreat thy forfeit life,
 Thou monster of iniquity unheard.
 You'll with us march along to freedom's camp,

We would display thee there ; and, when is run
Thy course terrene, shall Satan, thine own sire,
To thee dominion give, and be thy care
The damned to torture. Well must this befit
Such disposition, here indulged so long.
Take him in charge, my brothers ; nor let aught
Him injure, save he should essay to flee.

Meanwhile from the plantations far around
The slaves together throng, the cause to aid,
In numbers great and armed ; as in the sky
A spot at first scarce seen, by vapors swells
Till suddenly it overcasts the heavens
And threats descending in a raging shower.
But Fame at length proclaims that nigh at hand
A force is thronging from the country 'round
Them to exterminate ; as gathering clouds
Announce by lightning's gleam th' approaching storm ;
And Jingua straight retires : And onward they
O'er hills and plains advance, unknowing where ;
Or where to haste : As on some cruel sea
A bark, whose needle broke, can now no more
Direct her course from where the shallows lay.
Yet scarcely fleeter flies the scented deer
Than they till day departs, and Hesperus
Appears, with love's inviting eye to lead
Silent through heaven her train ; while 'neath, all hushed,
Creation sweetly sleeps in peace serene.

But still for them no soothing tattoo beats ;
Who, guided by the polar star, on press
Till now a dark and solemn grove they gain,
Wherethrough a brook purls plaintively along
Bright sparkling in the soft and silvery rays
Of night's fair twinkling lamps ; whereat their thirst—
Their raging thirst they quench ; and here, till morn
Desire repose : Here, leader, would we rest
Where all is calm and still, till by the sun
We may our way pursue. Worn down we are
And scarce our limbs can move. To whom thus he ;
Trust not the calm deceitful : I have learned
The brightly star-lit sky portends a storm :
And nature e'er is stillest when at hand

The hurricane is rising. Let us gain
 The heights before us distant but a league,
 And there, if o'ertaken, we shall hold
 Advantage great not here to be obtained,
 Where, while with weariness and sleep o'ercome
 How easily may we be slaughtered all
 By the fierce enemy who ne'er will grant
 A moment's respite to the slave who durst
 Pursue his freedom! No; though worn we are,
 Let us but labor still; and one more hour
 Will serve to place us safe beyond their power.

Yet them exhausted quite, no words could move:
 And soon they sleep; and in their slumber sweet
 All lose the memory of toil and war
 All but the watchful Jingua: unto whom
 Just ere Aurora fair awakes the morn,
 A fugitive swift flying tells that nigh,
 Full nigh is a vast horde in hot pursuit:
 And scarce he'd them uproused, ere are discerned
 The torches of the enemy afar
 Upon their rear approaching, and in front
 Them quite surrounding: nor more thickly shine
 The stars which beam along the Milky-Way;
 Or fire-flies sparkling on a summer eve
 In mead or marish. Then with joy prepare
 Some for the combat fierce; while some appalled
 Of dread, repine; To whom thus Jingua stern;
 Would you through fear renounce your liberty?
 Ignoble, doe-faced souls! Is freedom worth
 No efforts to regain? Rise to the war!
 Rise to the war, the bloody foe is here!
 And if you yield you die beyond reprieve.
 Meet them but boldly, who have trembled oft
 Before us lest we'd rise and claim our rights;
 They ne'er can stand the shock when freemen charge.
 Arm! arm! and form a double line to face
 Both on the front and rear! Then swift his words
 (Whose noble countenance credentials bore
 Of heavenly origin, and indwelling power
 To 'rouse the souls of all to mightiest deeds)
 Give impulse to their failing energies;
 Who, forming, utter forth their battle-cry

Echoed by hill and dale: whom, when their Prince,
Who oft had led the war on Afric's soil,
Beheld, their terrors now forgotten all,
And marching towards the foe, with tears of joy
And rapture he exclaims: Fair stars and bright,
Shed down your happiest influence on the hearts
Of these my men who come to battle now.—
But no! to stars I pray not! long forgot
My once idolatry: No; God of heaven,
Nerve thou their arm to conquer on this field;
For freedom is our birth-right. Onward, men!
Onward, the day is ours! But when the foe
Who hoped them to surprise and slaughter all
Heard the bold shouts he hesitates, and scarce
Knows if to fight or fly. Yet onward urged
By Scophol they now move; and, as approach
The force by Jingua and by Keoo led
Shouting their hideous battle-cry oft heard
Amidst the wilds of Africa, pour in
A furious discharge; and Death, gore-grimmed,
Stalks through the field; and blood, hot spouting, leaps
From many a gallant breast. Nor can the troops
By Jingua led, e'en reach the enemy
(Who halted in position strong, to wait
His coming charge) till through a ravine deep
They'd pass, and all exposed to the full fire
Which had their ranks so thinned and suddenly.
Unable to return the slaughtering charge
They undismayed march on, and calmly wait,
While at each burst of thunder and of flame
A path full wide is oped amid their ranks
With Death's dread power. But onward still they come
And fill the frequent void as oft as made;
Till through the ravine passed, they fierce return
Retaliating war with vengeance dire.
Backward then falls the foe, and from the field
Retreats, until a reinforcement strong
Him reaches, scarce in time to save defeat,
Who now with fury fell the charge return,
Until aback the troops of Jingua fall,
Retreating in their turn; who, pausing now,
To wake their heaviest thunder, suddenly
A troop of cavalry upon their-rear

Them intercept ; who, thus atween the fires
Are proffered life if they would cease the war.
Dire treacherous offer, made but to deceive !
Then wild despair sat on their haggard brow
A moment brief, nor more ; for suddenly
Their arms anew they grasp, and on the foe
Rushing exclaim : I scorn your proffered boon
If I must live a slave ! Who then swift charge
With steel and fire upon the infantry,
Whose gushing blood wide smokes upon the plain
As through their ranks a passage they compel.
But Jingua at their head now wounded falls,
And captured is ; to whom at once the foe,
Brief be your prayer to Heaven, for die you must,
And instantly ! and straight the battle-axe
Cleaves through his brain. But, though a traitor deemed,
Thy name shall still survive while Freedom lives,
Or zephyrs breathe, or ocean's billows roll.

Yet follow not the tory crew afar,
For, by a troop of Freedom's sons, who'd learned
Of the encounter, aided now, they straight
So late pursued on their pursuers turn,
And, aided too by Keoo's troop, who had
Assailed and all o'ercome the foe who sought
To gain the encampment's rear, now Scophol flies.

But, of their captives taken ere the strife,
Two have, with Jingua's overseer, escaped
During the dire confusion, and who dragged
With 'em Euphemia, the wife beloved
Of Kendee, Jingua's brave coadjutor,
Who led the battle when his chief had fallen.
In vain resisted she, for on they force
Their way afar and from the scene of war ;
Of life not only mindful in escape,
But too of lust and booty, till arrived
One league away, they on a mountain's brow
Await, where still they can the scene survey,
And safely. When by foulest passion fired
At the fair form and beauty rare of her
Thus captured, they essay to overcome
Her power to resist. In vain she'd them dissuade ;

Her kindest words fall on their lustful souls
As slowly drops of rain, in scarce a shower
Upon the forest blazing to the heavens ;
Till, finding words all vain, she suddenly
His dagger next her seizing, pierced his heart ;
And then forth springing, she with sudden bound
Plunges adown the mighty precipice
Full near at hand, a hundred fathoms down ;
Down came her lovely slender form, and struck
The jagged rocks below, and in mid-air
Seemed as a seraph dropping from the heavens.

But her heart-stricken partner, soon as was
The hard-earned victory gained, has sought in vain
To find his love, until by one informed
That had the abduction seen, who points the way
The ruffians had assumed ; when speedily
He flies the distance o'er, but bare arrives
In time to see her take the fatal plunge,
And deeming well the cause, he softly
Yet swiftly moves along, whom they discern,
And onward fly as deer before the hounds.
Yet winged by vengeance soon he them o'erhauls,
And pays the forfeit of their crime accurst.

Returning then, and on the precipice
Standing whence she had plunged, he all in tears
Bespeaks his desolation : Art thou, love,
Gone from thy Kendeë now ? How comforting
Her lovely voice was to me ! ne'er again
To hear that music sweet, which could impart
Serenity celestial, and a calm
Spread o'er the troubled waves of human woe,
When, tempest-lashed, they threatened to o'erwhelm.
Gone,—gone from me, Euphemia ! Can it be ?
My own loved one ; my own Euphemia loved !
Gone ; Can it be ? Yes, thou hast led the way
Into the silent land. The silent land
Where now I see thee beckoning to my soul
That yet would wait to enter. Yes, thou art
Where rests the broken-hearted ; where no griefs
Ever oppress the once so wretched here.
I would remain to aid my brothers still,

But Kendeé cannot live without thee, love !
And though my soul shrinks backward terrified
At thought of entering the portals dark,
I must my herald follow. Then adown
The mighty precipice headlong he plunged,
Nor e'er was seen no more. Meanwhile the troop
By Keoo now commanded, onward press,
Northard by day and night, and favored still
By a benignant Providence, arrive
Where Marion lay encamped, who them enlists
To aid the war of Freedom, and they prove
Themselves e'er true and faithful to her cause.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

Greene, in order to narrow the borders of the enemy, sends a detachment under the command of Morgan to take post upon the left of Cornwallis, while he himself still retains position upon his right. Cornwallis detaches Tarleton against Morgan. Battle of the Cowpens, and defeat of Tarleton. Cornwallis, in order to recover what he had thus lost, burns his heavy baggage, and, reducing his army to the condition of light troops, dashes after Morgan; who, having crossed Broad River, presses on towards the Catawba, and passes it at Sherrald's Ferry, as the British van appears in sight. Night being at hand the foe wait for the morning in order to cross; but during the night, a freshet arises which prevents their passage for some days. In the meantime Greene, having sent his own forces to Virginia, arrives and takes command, and detaching Stevens' brigade to conduct the prisoners to Charlottesville, he recommences the retreat. Succeeds in safely crossing the Dan (where pursuit must end), as Cornwallis appears in sight. He then affords his wearied troops a brief season of repose.

Now Greene, the borders of the enemy,
Who, reinforced, outspreading were afar,
Aiming to narrow, moves to Cheraw Hills
Far to Cornwallis' right; and too despatched
Morgan, west of Catawba, twenty leagues
(Where the Broad River and the Pacolet
A confluence form), to take position strong
Upon Cornwallis' left, and with him sends
The gallant Maryland line by Howard led,
And the dragoons led on by Washington;
Designing thus at east and west to form
His camps a rallying point for freedom's friends,
And with facility supplies procure;
While he arouses too Cornwallis' fears
By menacing his post at Ninety-Six,
And at Augusta. Which to cover, he
Detaches Tarleton and his cavalry
With infantry and cannon in full force
Morgan against. All day he urges on
His rapid march; and, as the night rolls down,
He still more rapid moves, hoping ere morn

To arrive the camp of Morgan (which he late
Had at the Cowpens pitched), and him surprise.

Flushed with high hope, impetuous he drives
Through woods of pine immense, while o'er them rolls
The full-orbed moon tossing on waves of cloud,
As rides o'er ocean's billows some brave bark
Bounding triumphantly through whitened spray ;
Then as the van on hastens, is discerned
A small Columbian troop in soft repose
Under a giant chestnut ; and their steeds
Tied at the ambient branches. And silently
Moves on the van, nor Tarleton e'er apprise,
Till now a general ineffectual charge
It pours upon the troop ; who quick upstart,
Return the fire, and bounding on their steeds
Dash through the open plains and reach a wood
Afar, and fire a cartridge, followed soon
Far distant by another, then again ;
Which by a deepening jar is answered now
From a hoarse thundering field-piece in the camp.

His camp thus sudden 'roused, and posts incalled,
Morgan the lines for battle straight prepares.
First Cunningham, with whom M'Dowall joins,
Leads of the train-bands two full companies
(That eve by Pickens brought) ; who, on in front
Advancing, should a desultory fire
Pour on the van of Tarleton, while aback
They fall to the front line therewith to unite ;
Which line is likewise of the train-bands formed,
By Pickens led ; and in whose rear too stands
At distance suitable, a second line
Of continental infantry composed,
And regiments two (Virginia's sorted troops),
By Howard led. While Washington's dragoons
Augmented by a mounted company
Of Georgian militia, sabre-armed,
A body of reserve convenient form ;
While Morgan, well-assured that on this hour
Depends his own and army's fate, had 'roused
His soul's strong energies, and onward moves
From rank to rank, in accents bold, and thus,

Friends and associates in freedom's war,
Yon prowling Jackal with his baleful train
Advances rapidly, and all resolved
The savage fate of Buford shall be ours
If like Buford we yield. Nor could remove
To us aught safety bring, while open stands
Our whole position, and for cavalry
(Wherein our number's trebled by the foe)
Most practicable. Likewise are our flanks
All unprotected; while upon our rear
Broad River running parallel forbids
Hope from retreat, and makes inseparable
Defeat and ruin. Glad indeed am I
Since to the battle we are now compelled,
That Tarleton's fury hath us too compelled
Position such to assume, for full resolved
Am I, to stand with those who faithful stand,
Till death is ours, or victory secured.
And if from deeds 'tis justice to decide,
These are your feelings and your firm resolve.

You will not, brave militia! forfeit here
The honorable fame by you acquired
Already in the war for liberty,
When not, as now, sustained by veterans
Who know not how to yield. Full oft we have
By riflemen in naught superior
To you, brave men, compelled that same proud foe
To fly, or to submission; and e'en when too,
Not by a hare-brained youth led on, as now,
But by stern veteran leaders whose command
Was thrice in number what ye there behold.
If then at striking distance you inpour
But volleys two, with well-directed aim,
You'll, aided by yon gallant veterans,
Give us the victory. And ye, who stand
Our bulwark now, brave Continentals! Ye,
Who have the praise of Washington acquired,
Full well ye know the confidence I've e'er
In you reposed; and well am I assured
It ne'er misplaced has been. Be on this field
What you have ever been, and you'll afford
To freedom's cause a triumph ne'er excelled.

Thus he : then in the line of regulars
 Awaits the coming of the rapid foe ;
 Who, though discovered, on, without delay,
 Led by an unknown captured slave, advance ;
 Until in open space they now discern
 The new militia in a line updrawn,
 And on them sudden charge. Morgan had them
 In front thus placed, assured they'd ne'er sustain
 The sudden rush of Tarleton's fiery troop ;
 And who, as he designed, must from his guard
 Be thrown by the pursuit. And now, thus charged,
 Aback they fall to the first line and form :
 While Tarleton's force in hot pursuit on drive
 Loud roaring Victory ! they fly ! they fly !
 'Till now the front line's station he attains,
 Who bold sustains the charge ; and on him pours
 A close and galling fire, which to his troops
 Scattered in the pursuit deals frequent death.
 But pausing now to concentrate his power ;
 And then advancing with the bayonet's charge ;
 The front falls back and gains the second line
 Where Pickens had, on Howard's right, assumed
 Position ; while aback the train-bands rushed
 To gain their steeds tethered beyond the field.

Onward still Tarlton pressed : yet is received
 With firmness all unshaken ; and the strife
 Full obstinate becomes : for, loudly hailed
 By their respective leaders, each contends
 Nobly for victory : till Tarleton now
 Up-orders his reserve ; and confident
 Moves onward ; and whose now outstretching front
 Endangers Howard's right : who, instant then
 His second company to change its front
 Directs ; but it mistaking, backward falls :
 Whereon the entire line retiring too,
 Morgan directs that to the cavalry
 It back shall fall ; which, with precision done,
 The flank becomes relieved. But Arthur now
 And the whole Albion line, this backward move
 Deeming the true precursor of retreat,
 Plunge on with dread impetuosity
 And in disorder huge, till near the line ;

When Howard, facing suddenly about,
 Pours in a charge, a well-aimed slaughtering charge,
 Whereat sore stunned the enemy recoil
 Apace confused ; and the advantage he
 Seizing, upfollows with the bayonet-charge ;
 Which gallant stroke to Freedom gives the day.

But now the cavalry by Tarleton led,
 Were slaughtering the train-bands who'd arrived
 The ground where stood their steeds ; till Washington
 With thundering sweep his fiery troop urged on
 And bore on Tarleton with a typhon's power :
 Who ne'er the charge sustaining, sudden flee
 Aback to an adjoining wood ; but soon
 By Morgan circumvented in retreat
 Whose rifles rapid thin their darkening files,
 They to the left with hurried step swift wheel,
 And rush along ; nor heed the fiery rage
 Of Tarleton, nor can aught their progress stay.
 While from each side their foe swift closing now
 Scarce time afford to carry from the field
 Their wounded officers. Blaze upon blaze,
 The rapid and the deathful charge awakes,
 More rapid and more deathful as they move
 Through the dense forest, where they'd safety find,
 But meet at every tree the rifle's charge.

So an eruption Ætna signalling
 By clouds of rolling smoke, darkening the air,
 Which suddenly a burst of flame dispels :
 Then threatening symptoms all abate ; and 'round
 The heavens a sweet serenity enjoy ;
 Till in an instant thundering upheave
 The mountain's torrent fires ; which, rushing down,
 Destruction sweep o'er all the toils of men.

Now through an opening space and large their way
 For miles they press along ; and scarce discerned
 For the tall grass still standing, though by frosts
 Of winter dried and blighted ; till at length
 The infantry, a nearer way attempting
 To Ninety-Six, through a large grove of pines,
 Are sudden on all sides saluted by

The startling whiz of the keen rifle-ball,
 From the militia-mounted riflemen,
 Who'd hither moved, assured that here they'd pass.
 Then raging at such interception, they
 Adown their wounded officers repose,
 And with fierce vengeance the dread charge repel ;
 While swords and bayonets clash, and the loud charge
 Of waking volleys peal with echoing roar
 The forest through ; and strew the ground with slain.
 Dire is the wild acclaim ; and in suspense
 The fray now seems to hang ; till Washington
 On dashing with his chargers from afar
 Amid the smoke-enveiled and crowded ranks ;
 The aged pines shake with th' ascending ghosts
 As rapidly with plaintive wail they rise
 To seek some happier, some unwarring sphere :
 Ev'n as when Hyems' breath on northern lakes
 Striking the snow-white swans, their flocks arise,
 And far asouth on wide-spread wings remove,
 To find a genial and a happier clime.
 But now the foe retire ; and, closely pressed,
 Betake again to flight. The forests 'round,
 The coming night, and clouded Cynthia, aid
 A full escape from the pursuing Powers.

Then by the sore defeat of Tarleton galled,
 And crippled in his schemes, Cornwallis straight
 Resolves by vigorous efforts to avenge
 Promptly the injury, and the loss retrieve ;
 A loss to him full great, unaided now,
 And far from aid (for with slight injury
 Columbia's sons nigh captured all or slew
 The Albion infantry ; while officers
 Twice five they slew, and twice ten prisoners made ;
 The cannonry, with standards twelve, they gained ;
 The baggage all ; five thousand stand of arms ;
 And nineteen score of Tarleton's fiery steeds) ;
 And in his meditated plans designed
 First to advance on Morgan (who with him
 Remains still on Catawba's western side),
 Retake the prisoners, and his force destroy ;
 Or, by an intermediate post assumed,
 Prevent his joining Greene, whose forces are

East of Catawba's stream ; or, should they join,
To hinder their retreat Virginia towards,
And south of Dan to action them compel.

And now his heavy baggage to the flames
Committing, he his army all reduced
To the condition of light troops, and dashed
Towards Morgan, him to strike ere was o'erpass'd
The stream ; but Morgan, vigilant as he,
Foreseeing too what would his movements be,
Hastens his march, and the Broad River crossed
Upon the evening of the victory,
And on towards the Catawba rapid moves
Twelve wintry days ; and, reaching it, o'ercrossed
At Sherald's ferry, as upon the west
The British van appears, who, wearied all,
And waiting for the morn it to o'erpass,
A sudden flood of rain, ordained of heaven,
Ere morn it rendered had unfordable.
And while upon the river's western bank
Morgan awaits, the train-bands to convene,
O'erwatching too Cornwallis' movements all
(Who by the feshet is one week delayed),
Lo, Greene arrives, and the command assumes ;
Who, soon as of Cornwallis' movements he
Apprised had been, discerns at once his aim,
And straight his army leaving, with command
To march Virginia towards, he rapid moves
Thrice fifty miles, till Morgan he'd attained.

Detaching Stevens' brigade then, to lead
The prisoners on to Charlottesville, within
The precincts of Virginia, he directs
His whole attention to secure atween
The sections of his force a junction soon ;
For meanwhile had Cornwallis overcrossed
Catawba, though by Davidson withstood
With his militia regiment ; who, o'ercome,
Is straight to Tarleton and to slaughter given ;
While on, in hot pursuit, Cornwallis moves,
And Greene's retreat is recommenced full swift ;
Who, all aware the prize immense which now
Is in discussion, to the utmost tasks

His genius in the essay, and along
 The Salisbury road moves rapidly ;
 Till, on the evening of the second day,
 He, at the Trading-ford, the Yadkin reached,
 O'errossing with his forces all, unless
 The rear-guard with the baggage, which o'erhauled
 Is by the Albion van, and yet effects
 A passage ere the noon of night arrives.
 Then while Cornwallis waits impatiently
 The morn, nor would a passage hazard while
 Night holds his reign, the river suddenly,
 By a huge freshet, too ordained of Heaven,
 Is rendered all impassable, which stays
 Pursuit for days twice three. He then, chagrined,
 Sees that the activity and skill of Greene
 A junction has between the forces formed
 At Guilford Court-House ; but still deeming he
 May the retreat of Greene yet intercept,
 And him to action south of Dan compel,
 It to achieve, his lone remaining hope,
 His undivided energy upcalls ;
 For now at Salem, miles thrice eight above
 The camp of Greene, he lay ; and to the Dan,
 The Upper Dan, bends rapidly his course
 By marches forced, to place himself atween
 The power of Greene and State of Old Domain,
 Him thus to battle forcing ere he's joined
 By reinforcements raising for him there.

His situation promised full success
 Herein, which him enables Upper Dan
 To gain ere Greene could possibly arrive ;
 And well is he assured the Lower Dan
 Is from the recent rains unfordable ;
 And holding it impracticable too
 Boats to procure sufficient to transfer
 Greene's forces o'er, a battle he esteems
 As fully certain : while to cross the Dan
 Without the hazard of such action, Greene
 Is indefatigable, well assured
 That should Cornwallis here victorious prove,
 The Carolinas, with the Georgian State,
 Must reannexed be to the Albion Crown :

And too assured that 'tis impossible
To reach the Upper Dan ; though Lower Dan
May without molestation be attained ;
And probable sufficiency of boats
For crossing it procured ; he straight resolves
Th' assay at Irwin's Ferry to attempt ;
And for the army designates the route
Most practicable ; while he, too, dispatched
His Quarter-Master-General, Carrington,
Boats to collect, and all arrangements make,
For crossing requisite. The distance to
The Ferry, from the Guilford Court-House, where
Greene is encamped, he'd on Cornwallis gained ;
Who aims his march to impede, soon as apprised
His destination is the Lower Dan.
But Greene, such aim to hinder, and his rear
Protect, appoints his cavalry and flower
Of his whole infantry, post to assume
Between his forces and the advancing foe,
To hover 'round him, and the occasion seize
Of striking ; and, by all the impediments
They could employ, his movements to retard ;
While with the baggage, stores, and body-main,
Greene should on hasten towards the Dan, the bound
Of all their present dangers and their toils.

This force to Otho Williams he assigns
(As Morgan, from an illness all severe,
Unable is aught duty to perform) ;
And on the following day the line of march
Each army swift resumes : While, to mislead
Cornwallis in the route, who ne'er suspects
The ferry Greene has now resolved to pass,
Williams an intermediate road assumes,
Leading to Dix's Ferry, far below
Irwin's and Boyd's, which are contiguous ;
And such his boldness and activity,
That soon Cornwallis finds it needful is
The eagerness to temper of pursuit
With caution : who yet onward daily moves
Of miles thrice ten : While Williams and his troop
Oblivious of self, and bent alone
On efforts to secure the body-main,

Danger confront ; and to privations great,
 And hardships unsurpassed in warfare e'er,
 Cheerful, with self-devotedness upyield.
 While the pursuit so ceaseless was, that they
 Can but one meal take daily ; and through night
 Their duty is in picquets and patrols,
 So constant and severe, that of repose
 Three hours alone are theirs : and this, while they
 In winter's depth are marching, all exposed
 To cold and rain, through deep and miry roads ;
 And skirmishings each day with sanguine foes.
 Yet ne'er their station proud would they've exchanged
 Until was full complete their service hard,
 For the fruition all which ease and wealth afford.

But now imagining the route which Greene
 Pursuing is, Cornwallis straight attempts
 Him to surprise ; and from his column's rear
 Into the road which Greene pursued moves on
 Hasting towards Irwin's Ferry ; while his van
 Slowly is following Williams in the road
 Towards Dix's Ferry. But by Lee is soon
 The information of such movement gained,
 Who with his advanced horse Cornwallis charged
 With such impetuosity as e'en
 A regiment cuts in pieces : when direct
 The Albion forces to their former route
 Swiftly return and follow Williams' rear.
 Then so immediate, on the latest day
 Of the retreat, is his proximity
 To the pursuing ; and so wearied of
 The unavailing strife had each become ;
 And so unwarlike in demeanor towards
 Each other ; that a stranger had supposed
 Them sections of one army : nor was made
 By the pursuit aught essay to molest
 The long-pursued, unless in crossing o'er
 A rivulet, or passing a defile.

But Williams, deeming now that Greene the Dan
 Had reached, the road towards Dix's Ferry leaves,
 And entering on the one by him pursued,
 Urged on with high celerity his march

The lower ferries towards : whereat, apprised
That Greene the lower road had sure pursued,
Cornwallis, by a nearer way, therein
Turns rapidly ; whose front is now in view
Of Williams' rear ; and now their movements are
So swift, that scarce upon the northern bank
The rear of the Columbians had arrived,
Ere on the shores them opposite appears
The Albion van : Yet on the thirteenth morn
Since the Catawba River he'd o'ercrossed,
Greene o'er the Dan effects his passage safe ;
And in the evening Williams meets him there.

Here, freed from danger all, they now permit
Their gallant troops repose, where plenty reigns ;
And screen themselves from Hyems' angry breath.
But where, from illness, all prostrated now
Morgan anorth compelled is to retire,

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

Cornwallis affects to regard North Carolina as re-annexed to the British Crown. Greene detaches Major Lee with a select corps into that state, and follows soon after. Lee proceeds against Tarleton, who retreats. Greene now offers battle to Cornwallis. Battle of Gullford. Cornwallis retreats to Virginia, and fortifies at Yorktown.

As the late frost the opening blossom kills,
So died Cornwallis' hopes as Greene o'erpassed
The Dan, and in Virginia safe arrived,
Nor lost one prisoner; and deep chagrined
At being thus in Generalship outdone,
Though full resolved to profit by the events
So recently occurrent, feigns to deem
The state o'ercome of Carolina North,
And reannexed to Albion's regal sway,
As Greene to resign it wholly is compelled.
Then moving on to Hillsborough, around
Whose region far, and to its West and South,
The country is to Freedom's cause opposed;
Placed his head-quarters there, and standard rears,
And all the faithful subjects of the King
Requires thereto without delay to repair;
Too warning the rebellious to be prompt
In seeking pardon and protection now,
And in returning to their loyalty.

But Greene, aware of the dire tendency
Of measures such, unless immediate met
By counteracting efforts, now resolves
E'en ere his full supplies arrive, to cross
The Dan, and on North Carolina's soil
Dispute its sovereignty; yet first designs
As preparation for such coming strife
The post to reconnoitre of the foe,

And too his movements ; and to hold in check
 The disaffected, and the hopes sustain
 Of Freedom's sons, by showing that the State
 Is not surrendered : which in full to effect,
 While he procures intelligence, and too
 Such bodies of the Tories intercepts
 As moving were to Hillsborough, he now
 Despatches o'er the Dan a gallant force
 Of infantry, and corps of riflemen,
 With cavalry, under command of Lee ;
 With whom soon after he the regiment joins
 Of Pickens, as he learns the Royalists
 Embodying are (who'd in a single day
 Upon the branches of the river Haw,
 Eight independent companies enrolled) ;
 While Tarleton and his cavalry are sent
 To aid the enlisting, and the companies
 Enlisted to conduct to Albion's camp ;
 'Gainst whom now Lee and Pickens onward move.

But Lee, advancing with his cavalry
 In front of the detachment (and now nigh
 The camp of Tarleton, which he would surprise),
 A Tory troop, five hundred strong, discerns,
 Led on by Pyle, who, nearer coming, him
 Salute as Tarleton, whom they'd ne'er beheld,
 And to whose camp they now proceeding were.
 Their greetings Lee receives, and then directs
 To follow in his rear, lest should his plan
 Be frustrate all ; but, as they following are,
 His infantry them recognise, and charge
 Upon their ranks, which uproar must alarm
 The camp of Tarleton. Changing then his plan,
 Lee turns upon the Royalists, who still
 Believe him Tarleton, and requires his men
 (A dire though unavoidable command !)
 To charge them ; who in falling loud protest—
 We are the King's most warm and trusty friends !
 Which carnage dreadful, through the region sinks
 The spirits of the Royalists ; while each
 Who 'scapes the slaughter tells that he alone
 Of all the troop escaped ; and regiments who
 Upon their march already were to join

The Albion standard, now return to wait
 The issue of events, ere they too far
 Proceeded had, their pathway to retrace ;
 While Tarleton, rapidly by Lee pursued
 During two suns, a regiment too destroys
 Of Royalists, mistaking them for Whigs ;
 And madly pressing on, Cornwallis joined.

Yet scarce the juncture form they, ere his camp
 At Hillsborough Cornwallis leaves, and o'er
 The Haw to Allimancy creek removes,
 To be contiguous to the body large
 Of Tories 'tween the rivers Haw and Deep,
 Where Greene, asouth late moving, had assumed
 Position to o'erawe them, and impede
 Their union with Cornwallis. Yet is Greene
 In no condition still a strife to risk ;
 Who changed his ground each night, though following still
 Cornwallis in his movements, and around
 His camp oft hovering ; who thus deprived
 Of aidance from the Tories that desire
 To join his standard, but through fear of Greene
 Deterred ; and too deprived of every means
 Intelligence to send or to receive,
 Resolves his watchful opponent to force
 To action, but his every effort tries
 Vainly ; and is himself compelled to hold
 In quarters close his men ; who scarcely can
 Assay to forage, or their camp to leave.

But now his reinforcements Greene receives,
 And leaves his post upon Creek Troublesome
 Nigh to its iron works ; advancing swift
 To offer battle to the foe, in turn,
 And pitched his camp at distance three of leagues
 From Guilford Court House, where Cornwallis lay ;
 Whose force in numbers still his own excels.
 But confident that though upon the field
 He might be overcome, he could sustain
 Disaster serious none, Greene is resolved
 To force his foe to battle ; for the loss
 He might himself experience, could repaired
 Be easily, by reinforcements fresh ;

While of necessity he must the force
 Led by Cornwallis cripple and reduce ;
 Which in his present posture of affairs
 Could not recruited be. Thus at the worst
 Must Greene's condition be comparative
 Bettered by battle. Nor was less desired
 The strife by his brave foe ; who finds his power
 Diminished by the casualties of war
 Beyond th' accessions of supplies ; and sees
 His army must to rapid ruin tend
 If saved not by th' removal of his foe ;
 Whose influence he discerns can never be
 Lessened by him compelling to retreat.
 Hence to Cornwallis is th' alternative
 Presented, to destroy the force of Greene ;
 Or, hastily retreating, save himself
 From entire ruin : For he too discerns
 The hopes are strengthening of freedom's friends ;
 And daily ; while each hour's delay but brings
 O'er his prospections all a gloomier shade.

Meanwhile had Greene, removing from his camp
 At High Roek ford towards Guilford rapid pressed,
 And at the Guilford Court House, ground assumed
 (Whence to Deep River had Cornwallis moved) ;
 Which, on the brow of a declivity
 Is situate, and gradually descends
 For half a mile with undulating slope ;
 And, terminating in a valley brief,
 Is intersected by a rivulet.
 Then, on the great State-road full near, had Greene
 A troop to reconnoitre in command
 Of Singleton appointed ; by whose charge
 In volleys now oft breaking, is announced
 The coming of Cornwallis (who, as soon
 As of Green's movements he apprised had been,
 With rapid march advances towards the field) :
 Whereat Greene forms for battle ; and his force
 Arranges in three lines : The first composed
 Of two militia troops, enlisted late
 In Carolina North (commanded by
 Eaton and Butler) ; whose position was
 Of high advantage on a forest's edge

Behind a rail-fence strong ; and with a field
 Extensive, opening full upon their front.
 The second line is formed of two brigades
 Of train-bands from the State of Old Domain,
 By Stevens led and Lawson ; and updrawn
 Within a grove ; and resting the right flank
 Of Stevens on the Salisbury road,
 And left of Lawson : whilst the third is formed
 Of continental troops in regiments four ;
 Which veteran force Williams and Huger lead ;
 While to secure upon the right the flank
 A corps of observation is composed
 Of Kirkwood's company of infantry ;
 And one from the militia riflemen
 Led on by Lynch ; and other regiments two
 (The first and third) of the dragoons ; which force
 To Washington is given : while is formed
 The left flank to secure, a corps, composed
 Of the Virginia rifle troop of Clarke,
 And of Lee's Legion ; which whole force is given
 In his command. Then fronting of the lines
 And in the road th' artillery is placed
 By Singleton commanded : who, so soon
 As should the foe enter on battle close,
 Shall to his park upon the rear remove.

Thus ready for the fray they stand ; and soon
 As had in view the Albion van appeared
 A cannonade opens thereon, which shows
 Unto Cornwallis his proximity
 To the Columbian army : who, M'Leod
 Commander of th' artillery forth sends
 Thereon ; who, in the road his pieces plants
 Nigh to the rivulet ; and returns the charge ;
 Ev'n while Cornwallis for the battle forms,
 Whose troops are thus in single line updrawn :
 The right wing, of the Seventy-first composed
 And Bose's German regiment, with the First
 Battalion of the Guards ; to Leslie's given :
 While Webster leads the left, likewise composed
 Of regiments Twenty-third and Thirty-third ;
 Supported by O'Hara's Grenadiers
 And the battalion Second of the Guards :

The body of Reserve (which Tarleton leads)
Is of the Guards' Light Infantry composed
And Yeagers ; posted in a wood, at left
Of the artillery, though on its rear,
Nigh where the cavalry in column stand.
And now in order ranged, the foe advance ;
While as they move Cornwallis thus is heard :

The spirit-rousing drum and clarion's peal
Again us summon to the field of fame :
A field whereon your leader oft I've been :
Yet ne'er to such a field have you been led
As this must prove who'er shall claim the day.
If we shall conquerors return, the war
Asouth for aye shall terminated stand ;
And all these colonies be reannexed
To Albion sway : while, if we victory lose,
Our fortune here we never can retrieve :
Nor will our active foe th' advantage cease
To urge, until exterminate we are :
Or all our colonies for aye upyield.
Such your position,—such our present state.
On other fields hard-fought, you have indeed
Nobly performed what mortal arm could do :
And here a like performance will insure
The victory : but, be assured, if hence
You move uncrowned with victory's laurel wreath,
You go without your Leader ! Here he'll stand
Resolved on conquest, or a death to gain,
Amid the coming splendors of the field.

The justice of our claim, all efforts which
May, to maintain it, requisite be found ;
Of us demands. The cause whose advocates
Need to support it calumny's foul strains
And treachery, is not the cause we boast.
Such argument we to you foe resign.
The reputation of great Albion's Throne ;
Un sullied as the cloudless rising day ;
They have o'erblacked to justify the course
Base and rebellious they would here pursue.
Vain hope that thus would crime extenuate !
For, were our monarch all they've dared aver,

So slanderous and false, 'twould but decide
 That England is their sister-twin in crime,
 Not justify their own atrocious deeds.
 But no! unprincipled cupidity
 Its worst hath done, nor saved from infamy,
 From merited and endless infamy,
 A cause, which, if successful, must involve
 In ruin every government 'neath heaven.
 You stand then on this field to vindicate
 The rights of government God-given to Kings :
 And to chastise a rebel crew accurst,
 Who by their treachery have so involved
 The world in agitation. Conquer here ;
 And every monarch on the far-spread earth
 Will hail you as th' avengers of his wrongs.
 Nor shall proud Gallia with her vaunted powers
 (Fit ally in the vile and hell-fraught scheme !)
 Restrain our arm : Her meed she'll too receive
 Whelmed in the overthrow of whom she aids.

Then does not Vengeance of us here demand
 To act as men ! If martyrs' hallowed blood
 Shed in asserting these grand principles,
 Can wake a soul to action ; you have now
 A call which might the silent dead arouse.
 Knew you Donop, Breymann, and Addison ?
 And gallant Monckton, and the bold Pitcairn ?
 And Frazer so beloved ? Where are they now !
 Where are those heroes ? Where, alas, is he,—
 Thou idol of our army and our cause !
 How shall these faltering lips pronounce thy name !
 How may I stay the current, which the thought
 Of what thou wert to me,—of what thou wert
 To all who England love, has opened now
 Full on my heart, o'erflowing it ; till scarce
 This tongue can utterance find ! Yet died he as
 A spy, by accusation false and vile
 As e'er offended Heaven or Virtue doomed
 To ignominious death. And when he sought
 The poor indulgence of a soldier's death ;
 A favor which the Court who'd him condemned
 Would willingly have granted ; and which none
 Unless a heart by cruelty obdured

Could have refused; one man alone was found,—
 One man, who durst and did the boon refuse!
 A wretch, by sheerest accident endowed
 Then with a little brief authority;
 Which 'roused his vanity to show his power:
 Knowing full well the boon must be denied
 For want of his assent. Yes, André begged
 A poor indulgence in his dying hour;
 And Greene possessed a heart that could refuse!
 Greene! Greene, the wretch who yonder leads the war!
 You may have hope if to his fears you trust,
 But never to his mercy. All I ask
 Of you, my heroes, now is,—Play the man!
 And this proud field will make amends for all;
 And give your memories to deathless fame.

Meanwhile moves Greene from rank to rank, and thus:
 Had I not known you, soldiers, I, perchance,
 Might deem it requisite you to remind
 That, on your conduct now, the great result
 Depends, which must perpetuate for aye
 Or must destroy the birth-right of these States.
 The odds which, as to numbers, are arrayed
 Against us yonder, in their martial pomp,
 Might lead me to suppose 'twere now required
 To raise your courage and your fears dispel,
 If here, I, any other army led,
 Or other foe arrayed against us stood.
 But we his power have learned; and he our own;
 Yes, to his cost has learned, that, with a force
 Greater than that which now he can command
 He could o'er us advantage none secure;
 Though scarce a moiety of what I now
 Lead on, I then commanded. He perceives
 His numbers are and daily 'minishing
 Beyond all power to remedy; as now
 None will, within the limits of this State
 The Albion standard join. And well he knows
 'That on this field his last and only stake
 Must now be cast,—which single cast for aye
 Decides the contest south if here he fail.

His hope is to o'ercome us, his 'lone hope,

Hope from despair induced, for fight he must ;
 Hope, which, though for the moment it may make
 Of cowards men, will leave them less than men
 Soon as the moment's past. Hence while he fears
 Those bannered legions but to ruin move,
 He aims their failing spirits to arouse
 By 'rousing them to cheers, as on they come.
 Save us from cheers like those ! cheers maddened by
 Despair, yet which too truly say they feel
 Their conscience on our side ; and that thrice armed
 Are we with our just quarrel. They proclaim
 That hope of Freedom and Oppression's hope,
 Can ne'er alike inducements give to act
 Upon the field of battle. This you feel,
 Then show them that you feel it. Let them learn
 That you to liberty are faithful still
 And to your native land. And as the shock
 Of freemen's war meets them in frequent charge,
 They'll find how vain their hopes of conquest here.

The favoring smiles of Heaven can never beam •
 Upon a nation who the eternal rules
 Of right will disregard as she has done
 Whose legions there withstand us. Why should she
 Claim here by her despotic sway to rule
 Our lives, pursuits, and fortunes ? Then when we
 Claimed but the natural rights bestowed of Heaven
 What has her conduct been to assert her sway ?
 Where can you glance and not our soil behold
 Distained with gore of every sex and age ;
 Shed by a foe who deems no deed a crime
 Which prospect yields his arms of aught success !
 Their King has from the first our plaints disdained,
 Nor would redress our grievances ; but ev'n
 Could justify the atrocious course of whom
 Inflicted them upon us. Then when we
 In the defence of constituted rights
 Appealed to the decision of the sword ;
 He deemed himself exempt from every mode
 Of honorable war to crush us down ;
 And with the besom train of massacre
 And fire, hath swept our land in breadth and length,
 Wherever he'd the power. I need but name

Falmouth, Esopus, Norfolk, Wyoming,
 Buford, Paoli, Baylor, Cherry Vale,
 To tell you what assured your fate must be
 When he may it prescribe. But when at length
 England perceives that we'll victorious prove,
 How meekly sends she her ambassadors
 To offer peace! How meekly on they come,
 Bowing their bared hypocrisy, to say
 She'll willingly our grievances redress,
 And our petitions kindly entertain.
 Indeed! and so she's willing us to help
 When we can help ourselves! But, warriors,
 This long continued farce is now to end,
 And well Cornwallis knows it. Well he knows
 That England's done her mightiest to acquire
 The Colonies, and that upon these shores
 Her power henceforth must wane. Here will we tear
 The iron sceptre from her gory grasp;
 And show her that the ills reiterate
 We've suffered from the crown are now to end.
 Do but your duty; God will do the rest.

Thus he; whose glance along the lengthened lines
 Enstamps the image of true courage there
 On every heart (as on the tintured plate
 The ray of Phœbus gives the impression true
 And recognised of all); who with loud shouts
 And oft, demand the signal for the fray;
 Till now upon the ear with wild acclaim
 Bursts the huge din of strife, as thundering wakes
 The frequent cannonry's exploding charge,
 Whose peals reverberating crash, and sweep
 In carnage wide the field; while rapidly
 Advances Leslie's line upon the troops
 Of Carolina North, and Webster moves
 As rapidly against Virginia's sons,
 Till the whole line thus brought to vigorous war
 (Though by the Legion infantry sore raked,
 And Campbell's rifle corps as nigh they come),
 All undismayed assail, and rend the air
 Frequent, with the loud shout and battle-cry;
 Frequent inpouring too the slaughtering charge,

Whose fierce outbursts of the quick-vaulting flame
In one impetuous wide-wasting sweep,
No longer can the front of Greene withstand ;
But, all o'ercome of terror, back recoils
The dexter wing upon its dexter flank,
And regiment after regiment breaks away
From right to left, and o'er the champaign sweep,
As from their nestling woods the wild doves rise
Flock after flock at eve, when sounds the charge—
The unwelcome charge of sportsmen new arrived ;
Or, like a torrent, headlong through the woods
Rapid they drive ; and canteens, knapsacks, arms,
Fling to the winds, forsaking quite the field ;
All save the few who stand at Eaton's side,
With Clarke's militia, and the Legion troop,
Who stem the tide of the o'erwhelming foe ;
And whose fierce charge upon the Albion right
So keenly 's felt, that Leslie his support,
By Norton led, now orders into line :
Full proof that had the flying troops maintained
Their station, he'd have vanquished been, and soon.
But pressing on through the huge chasm made
By their desertion, Leslie now the troop
Of Lee throws out of combination with
The army, and to ruin it exposed ;
And straight he turns the regiment of Bose
With the battalion of the Guards thereon.
Then, rushing on with regiment Seventy-first,
Post to assume on Webster's dexter flank,
Now sharply warring with Virginia's troops,
He a position seized advantageous,
And through the battle all it too maintains,
Yet with huge loss of men. Gallant is still
The stand of the Virginians, onward by
Stevens and Lawson led, though here assailed
By the best officer in Albion's ranks,
And at the head of regiments two, renowned
For discipline and intrepidity ;
Yet so unmoved the battle they maintain,
That now O'Hara, with his grenadiers
And the battalion second of the Guards,
Are brought into the line, in aidance of
Webster ; upon whose flank now Washington

Moves Lynch and rifle corps, on whom is turned
The Thirty-third by Webster ; which his flank
Relieves from the annoyance. Then advanced
O'Hara with the remnant of the wing,
'The sinister, by Leslie's Seventy-first
Sustained ; who, charging on Virginia's troops
Rapid, with bayonet fixed, the brigade first
Of Lawson yields, back falling ; followed soon
By that of Stevens, who spirited
From the fierce charge recoil, and leave the field,
As clouds, by tempest's rage and thunder broke,
Retrace by changing winds their path through heaven.

Then towards the second line Cornwallis moves,
Nor pausing ev'n to concentrate his powers,
For still the fray is raging on his right,
Between the troops of Bose and Norton's guards,
With the Rifle-corps and Legion infantry ;
Which gallant force so well employs the Guards
And Bose's troop, that ne'er can they be brought
'Gainst the third line, by Washington sustained
And Kirkwood's company of Delawares ;
Who, all unmoved as sculptured marble, stand
Charging the charge of death, though cannonry
Oft sweep their ranks in thunder and in flame.

Reëchoed by the hills and valleys 'round,
The din of raging warfare louder breaks,
As on the second line Cornwallis now
Charges in fury ; who th' assault sustain
One hour, and then, back falling, joins the third,
To reinforce it for a heavier charge.
While Greene, delighted with the prospect changed
Now of the field, and well-assured the strife
For freedom and his country must conclude,
Passes along the line, and thus is heard :
Give now the final stroke, my gallant boys !
Your brethren have done nobly. One—one charge
From the third line, and victory is ours.
Charge now, my heroes ! List they eagerly
And onward pressing, danger's presence is
To them desirable. But Webster now

Fast moving o'er the ground where lately stood
Virginia's noble sons, sought eagerly
The continental line, and soon approached
Its dexter wing, where stands in firm array
The regiment first of Maryland, whom leads
Gunby and Howard ; which is too sustained
By Kirkwood's company of Delawares,
And Hawes' Virginian reg'ment. On he rushed
With intrepidity into close charge ;
'Till now the echo oft of platoon's fire
Ceases, as sounds the bayonet's shrill clash,
And the warm streams of purple gushing pour
Upon the soil ; while the loud frequent shriek
Of agony resounds, as strikes the steel,
The clashing steel deep-fixed into the heart.
Down sink in death's soft sleep the serried ranks,
As sinks the grass before the rapid scythe ;
Or as the oak by heaven's dissolving fire :
Till from the shock Webster aback recoils
More rapidly than had he onward moved.

Recrossing then a ravine in his rear,
Webster a height advantageous obtains,
And waits until to his support had moved
The troops upon his right by Stuart led,
All anxious in this effort to conjoin.
But now the Maryland reg'ment, led by Ford,
Stuart discerns on the First reg'ment's left
(And Gunby's by a wooded copse concealed),
And on him pressed directly, though sustained
By Finley with his Flying Battery,
While Williams, who now leads the Maryland Line,
Charmed by the gallantry of regiment First,
Hastes to the Second ; hoping too therefrom
A like display ; and his whole force prepares
Straight to combine : Come on, my men (thus he) :
Pursue the path to glory and to fame,
And give your children and posterity
The example which to us our fathers gave
Asserting freedom ! But with sudden fear
The reg'ment is o'erswayed, as are discerned
The gore-stained bayonets approaching now,

And from the field it rapidly retires,
Upyielding to the foe the cannonry.

But Gunby, free by Webster's swift recoil,
Wheels to his left on Stuart, who pursues
The flying Second regiment, and the fray
Now is well-fought. Each corps for victory
Struggles full mightily, till Washington
(Who had, when the Virginian troops gave way,
Position on the Continentals' flank
Assumed) pressed forward with his cavalry,
And bears on Stuart swift ; and aided soon
By Howard, who the squadron now commands
(For gallant Gunby at its head had fallen) ;
Charging with bayonet fixed, onward they come ;
Onward, and onward still, wide dealing death
On regiment after regiment, who on move
Them to withstand, but, broken, are back driven,
Bleeding and torn in efforts vain to stay
The progress of the column so compact.

As in the tropics suddenly descends
A typhon, by diversion premature
From the upper currents of the atmosphere,
Ere is their huge velocity reduced
By friction on the stratas lower down,
And, wheresoe'er it strikes, destruction bears ;
Thus bear they rapid ruin where they move.
Now by the sword of Smith bold Stuart falls,
Whose fierce battalions by the slaughtering charge
Backward again are driven. On still advance
The dreadful column, and in firm array
Move to assail Cornwallis, who still wars
'Gainst the Third line ; but who, discerning straight
The aim of Washington and Howard's aim,
Draws quickly to a hill his cannonry,
By a dense wood protected, and assails
Their flank sinister. Death sweeps fearfully
Thorough their ranks compact, yet naught can now
Stay or resist their steady onward move ;
Nor scarce to battle's toil, so long sustained,
Have they aught yielded. Quick then on their front
Cornwallis, who now utter ruin fears,

Uporders his artillery, deep-charged
 With round and grape ; and though each bolt must drive
 First through his Flying Guards, ere could it reach
 The foe, he pours incessantly the charge,
 Which frightfully tells on the serried ranks
 Of the advancing column, who yet face
 Unmoved and undismayed the iron shower.
 Then following up the cannonry's death-stream,
 Cornwallis swift his cavalry inpours ;
 Whose heavy steeds upon them bearing down,
 Charge in succession, thundering on charge
 In swift succession told ; and many a steed
 And gallant rider fall ; and many a troop
 Fly from the phalanx rapidly, nor durst
 Attempt the fray to renew. Yet from the charge
 So fierce and oft repeated, ruin now
 Upon the column frowns whose march is checked
 (Cornwallis swift upordering his reserve) ;
 Nor more can it the huge gore-strangled heaps
 O'ercross from weariness ; but slow retires
 A rear of the third line, which too back falls ;
 Yet, wheeling, oft the slaughtering charge return
 On Webster, who the ravine had o'ercrossed,
 Eager in the pursuit. But falls he now
 As warring moves he at his column's head.
 A gallant and accomplished officer
 Wast thou, as ever stood on battle-field.

But Greene, who now his shattered companies
 Collected, backward falls in order fair,
 And in his first position re-forms his line,
 Deeming Cornwallis him would follow on ;
 And anxious too to try another field.
 But he not now appearing, Greene discerns
 The blow which had been given destructive was
 Beyond his thinking. Learning then at eve
 The foe a moiety of their force had lost,
 Greene instantly prepares again to assail
 In their position on the following morn.
 But from the field at eve Cornwallis moves
 (And through the night a rain occurring, made
 The intervening brooks unfordable),
 And to the high humanity of Greene

Commends his wounded. Then towards Ramsay's Mills
Proceeds he, and too far for Greene to reach
Without supplies receiving. But full soon
As hinderances such are overcome,
On moves he towards the Mills; at whose approach
Cornwallis to Cross-Creek his march begins
(But the pursuit is now by Greene resigned);
Then to the Old Domain, and fortifies
On Yorktown's heights his camp, where soon he's joined
By Arnold, who of Clinton late was sent
The Richmond stores and Westham to destroy;
But who by Lafayette and Wayne was met
And vanquished, and had captured been, unless
Cornwallis, so unlooked for, had arrived,
Who now the war with Lafayette maintains.

BOOK XXI .

ARGUMENT.

After the retreat of Cornwallis, Greene, calling a council of war, resolves to proceed against Lord Rawdon, Earl of Moira, who succeeds Cornwallis as commander in chief of the forces in the States south of Virginia. Battle at Hobkirk's Hill (sometimes called the second battle of Camden), where Greene is surprised by Rawdon and retreats; but as Rawdon does not venture to follow him, Greene proceeds against the chief military posts of the enemy, capturing many of them, together with Augusta. Ninety-Six is also invested by him, but relieved by Rawdon; who then abandons the post and retires to Charleston. Greene then removes to the High Hills of Santee, in order to afford a brief season of repose to his army.

MEANWHILE, as Greene abandons the pursuit,
A council he of officers convenes,
His course next to determine: Shall I move
Now to Virginia? or the sections three—
Georgia, and Carolina North and South,—
Of the confederacy attempt to regain?
Whereat thus Lee is heard (with whom they all
Agree unanimous): My counsel is
That we Cornwallis in Virginia leave
To be confronted by the energies
Of that so powerful State, and aidance too
Which from the north may come; whilst we on move
And penetrate to Carolina South,
Where, with our army into columns two
Dividing, we the foe may now assail
At all their different posts, nor them permit
Their forces to concentrate, and ev'n ere
They can us hinder, them successively
Assault and vanquish: thus full soon we may
Reclaim that wealthy and important State,
And Georgia too, with scarce an effort made.

Such plan of action all magnificent
Embraced the movements Greene himself had long
Been meditating. For all Georgia State

And Carolina South (the districts save
By Marion held, and Sumter, and Davie,
Who still with spirit all invincible
The strife maintain) are by the foe possessed.
While Rawdon, now Commander of the force
Of Britain in the South, head-quarters held
At Camden, which with Charleston was conjoined
To the subjected territory all
By lengthened chains of military posts,
Along the Santee and its branching streams
And broad Savannah ; whereof Ninety-Six
Is, with Augusta (named Cornwallis' Fort)
And Watson, on Wright's Bluff, the strongest deemed
And most important ; which as depots served
Of rations, arms, and stores armigerous
For all who would the Albion standard join,
And too the spirit of resistance held
In check among the friends of liberty.
And though unable Rawdon in full force
(Who'd reinforcements from New York obtained)
To meet upon the field, Greene yet resolves
His posts to strike. Then breaking up his camp
At Ramsay's Mills, whereto he had pursued
Cornwallis, onward moves he to the South
With the main column, and position takes
In Camden's front, whence with a column Lee
Despatches he, to penetrate the State
And Marion join, and then with him assault
The British posts accessible ; and thus
The garrison of Camden enervate,
By so effecting a diversion towards
Where Lee and Marion operating were :
Which with a panic strikes the enemy,
Whose posts fall rapidly ; for now to Lee
And Marion yield the Watson Fort and Motte,
And too Fort Granby ; while to Sumter yields
Fort Orangeburg ; and Fort at Silver Bluffs
To Rudolph ; while the Nelson's Ferry Fort
Is by the foe evacuated straight.

Nor can the Muse, thy noble spirit, Motte,
Pass unrecorded ! When thy country's cause
The sacrifice demanded, thou didst yield

Not only cheerfully, but brought 'st the fire
 And arrows to consume thy mansion grand,
 Built by his hand—thy dearest earthly love,
 His effort last ere called from thee to heaven !

The fortress which the foe appointed here
 The principal depot of convoys was
 Passing to Camden from the Charleston port,
 And often of the convoys destined too
 For Granby Fortress and for Ninety-Six.
 For such establishment selected they
 Motte's mansion large on a commanding hill,
 It fortifying strong by parapet
 And a deep ditch surrounding. But which now
 Marion and Lee investing summon soon
 M'Pherson the commander to upyield ;
 On whose refusal, Lee and Marion
 (As Rawdon moving is to quick relief)
 Reluctantly prepare to fire the house :
 Which, soon as to her known, by Motte is brought
 A bow and arrows with material
 Combustive for their use, and bids them charge ;
 Rejoicing that she thus contribute can
 Aught to assist her country's hallowed cause.

But, unprepared still Camden to invest,
 Greene on the Hill of Hobkirk post assumes,
 One league in distance from the Albion lines ;
 Ne'er doubting that, to intercept supplies
 And menace Rawdon with assault (so soon
 As the hoped reinforcements shall arrive
 By Sumter led) must him ere long compel
 The post of Camden to evacuate,
 Or offer battle in the field. Nor here
 Failed Greene in his prospection ; for full soon
 So critical and perilous becomes
 The state of Rawdon, that he's now compelled
 Camden to leave ; or Greene, in his stronghold
 At Hobkirk, to assail ; ere could he wait
 Th' advance of Watson, who, with regulars,
 A large detachment by Cornwallis sent,
 Was hastening to his aidance ; for amazed
 Cornwallis stood that Greene should towards the south

Venture so boldly ! And, perplexed extreme,
 Finds all his calculations baffled thus,
 And all his schemes unsettled : for he sees
 Greene's deep design on Camden ; and resolves
 At first to follow on, and, placing him
 Atween the power of Rawdon and his own,
 Destroy his force : Yet ere he can thereon
 Conclude, Greene had proceeded all too far
 To be o'ertaken. And believing now
 That Rawdon vanquished is, or conqueror,
 Ere can he there arrive, he leaves the scheme,
 And onward towards Virginia holds his way.

Then Rawdon, moving from his camp o'er night,
 Intends Greene to surprise ; and too succeeds :
 Yet, when at dawn the coming van appears,
 Greene hails his men, and hastily them forms.
 But by despair impelled, on rapid rush
 (As runs the fiery comet blazing through
 The starred expanse serene) the shouting foe ;
 Whose huge artillery rolls the deathful charge
 Sweeping the cragged cliffs ; while platoon's fire
 Pours in unceasing streams : till from the field,
 After resistance stern, Greene slowly moves,
 Close followed by th' exulting enemy :
 Till, facing suddenly about, he pours
 The desolating charge amid their ranks ;
 Which, thrice repeated, back he still retires ;
 As some huge cloud freighted with lightning fires
 Riding upon the tempest's blackening wing,
 With frequent crash smites the tall mountain pines ;
 Till, of its force exhausted, slow 'tis borne
 By Zephyrus away. Yet on this field
 Columbia mourns her Ford and Beattie slain ;
 With thrice three hundred of her warlike sons.

Still Rawdon ventures ne'er to follow Greene,
 Though in retreat ; but back to Camden moves,
 Which to evacuate he now prepares :
 For he discerns th' inevitable fall
 Approaching, of the minor posts atween
 Camden and Charleston ; which must ruinous
 Entirely to him prove, by severance

Of all communication with the main :
 And rouse anew the spirit of resistance
 Among the whigs throughout the States asouth.
 Then, moving on to Charleston rapidly,
 He, to secure the safety of the troops
 And military stores at Ninety-Six,
 And Fort Cornwallis (named Augusta now),
 And posts yet unsubjected ; gives command
 For their evacuation instantly ;
 But is herein, by vigilance of Greene,
 Wholly frustrated ; who had every line
 Of intercourse between the posts so broke,
 That he th' expresses intercepted all.

Then in command of the light infantry
 Detaching Lee and Pickens to proceed
 Against Augusta, he on Ninety-Six
 Moves with the column main and it invests.
 Soon, then, by Lee and Pickens is obtained
 Augusta ; and while Lee to Ninety-Six
 Moves on, the captured garrison are led
 By Pickens in th' interior, beyond
 Risk of recapture aught ; who then returns
 Likewise to Ninety-Six ; whose garrison
 Cruger commands, an officer full oft
 For skill and gallant bearing signalized.

Soon, then, as Greene invested had the fort,
 They break the ground in regular form, and push
 With high activity their strong advance,
 Led on by Kosciusko ; and around
 Cruger's abattis the third parallel
 They form ; and two approaches (which against
 The Star-Fort are directed), with a mine,
 Place nigh the ditch : while, too, upon the right
 Th' approaches neared the enemy's redoubts
 (A stockade fort with sconces two, strong-built),
 Till by these two-fold works the town is flanked,
 And is in-picketed with pickets strong,
 With ditch around the whole ; and a bank raised
 Near to the height that parapets are raised,
 Besides which works are several fleches small
 In the town's different parts : while all the works

Through covered ways are with each other joined.
Then raising batteries for th' artillery
Spacious and high, and from the Star-fort scarce
Yards forty-five thrice told ; they likewise raise,
To save the workmen from annoyance aught,
A rifle-battery which the works commands.
Meanwhile had Rawdon all inactive lain
In Charleston, saddened by Augusta's fall,
And anxious, too, lest Ninety-Six should yield
(For now his 'lone remaining posts are those
Of Charleston, Eutaw Springs, and Ninety-Six) :
Yet, by the recent fray at Hobkirk's Hill,
He too much crippled is to assay relief,
Till reinforcements come from Albion Isle.
But cautiously and safely still advance
Close and yet closer, the besiegers, on
Both left and right ; till Cruger now foresees
Th' intended storm ; which sure destruction brings,
Unless he can defer it till arrives
The force of Rawdon to insure relief.
Then to afford for such event desired
The needed time, he nightly sallies forth
Greene's trenches to attempt, that thus by spade
He might destroy what had the bayonet gained.
Fierce are the re-encounters ! aiming now
Sudden upon this quarter ; then afar ;
And oft without a moment's interval
By parties stationed thus t' reiterate
The assaults, and weary down the force of Greene ;
Yet so judicious are his efforts all
That in no instance Cruger finds success :
Who yet with intermission none pursues
The mode adopted ; and incessantly
Through the whole night disturbs the troops of Greene ;
Whose labors through the day are constant urged.
Till now the looked-for reinforcement came
Of Rawdon ; who immediate takes the field,
And onward rapid moves for Ninety-Six.

But Greene hereof by Sumter soon informed
Sends on the cavalry of Washington
With Sumter to unite : whom he requires

To keep in Rawdon's front his march t' impede ;
 And onward soon he Marion likewise sends,
 And Pickens (lately from Augusta come),
 Sumter to aid : while with stern diligence
 He th' approaches pushed unceasingly,
 In full expectance he should them mature
 In time t' enforce the garrison to yield,
 Ere Rawdon ends his lengthened wearying march :
 All whose despatches to the garrison
 And Cruger, intercepted are by Greene.

But Lee now deeming that 'tis feasible
 The stockade fortress on the left to burn
 And so the rivulet obtain ; whereon
 No choice is left the garrison but yield,
 And at discretion yield ; resolves upon
 The bold attempt. And then, upon a day
 When from the west a rainless tempest 'rose,
 He sends a sergeant bold with privates nine
 All from the Legion infantry, to dare
 The essay perilous : who well supplied
 With articles combustive, onward move
 Towards the stockade 'neath cover of the gale
 By Zephyr brought : while from each quarter 'wakes
 The frequent thunder of the batteries ;
 And too are rapid demonstrations given
 Of striking on the Star redoubt ; that thus
 They might from the intrepid party call
 The foe's attention. Onward still they move,
 Themselves concealing where the ground allows ;
 And where exposed, crawling at length along ;
 Till now the leader and companions three
 Arrive the ditch (the others following close) ;
 Where, in assaying to apply the fire
 He is discerned and slain, with others five :
 While Cruger on that evening too receives
 Advice of Rawdon's coming ; who, arrived
 At Orangeburg distant but sixty miles
 Affords new vigor to th' intrepid band.
 While Rawdon on advancing rapidly,
 By marches forced, upon the right inclines
 Sudden, and by a vigorous movement throws

Between the force of Greene and Sumter's force
His entire army ; and thus baffles all
Their efforts to delay his rapid march.

Soon then, hereof apprised, is made by Greene
The disposition to assail by storm
The fortress : and, the Legion infantry,
By the light infantry of Kirkwood's troop
Sustained, assume their station on the right
Under command of Lee : while on the left
To storm the Star redoubt, whose parapet
Was high, and higher still by sand bags raised,
Campbell on moves with the First regiment
Of Maryland, and First of Old Domain :
Whose hope-forlorn Duvall and Selden lead ;
And Rudolph of the Legion, that of Lee :
On followed by a company with fascines
For filling up the ditch ; and lengthened hooks
To drag the sand bags down ; that thus might be
Lodgment effected. Then, on signal given
The lines are manned of the third parallel ;
And in the tower the rifle corps assume
The post assigned : when at the hour of twelve
The second signal sounds, and onward move
The bold detachments to the dread assault ;
While from the batteries the thundering charge
Opens upon the town. Onward still rush
Campbell and Lee ; whom Cruger well prepares
With his ne'er failing firmness to receive :
Whose parapets horrent with bayonet
And spike appear ; and from the apertures
Atween the sand bags pours th' incessant charge
Of his famed rifle corps, which sweep the ranks
Of Selden and Duvall with ruin dire :
Who still on haste, and now at points diverse
Enter the ditch of Cruger ; while arear
The party stand, to drag the bags adown,
Who entering straight the ditch begin the toil ;
While Campbell waits to mount the parapet
Soon as uncovered 'tis. On rapidly
They press the bloody toil ; until discerns
The bold commander of the Star redoubt
His mighty peril, should th' attempt t' obtain

A lodgment on his front succeed ; and now
 Resolving to assay the bayonet
 Within his ditch, as on his parapet,
 He to the fray his gallant troops urged on :
 Who, entering through a sally-port the ditch
 In rear of the Star-fort ; and opposite
 Directions taking, soon in contact come
 With Selden and Duvall, whereon ensues
 A fray as desperate as through the war,
 Where equal parties joined. Yet not alone
 Columbia's heroes 'gainst the enemy
 In front contending were ; but overhead ;
 Whence poured th' incessant charge and thinned their ranks.
 Yet the unequal war sustain they still
 Till Selden and Duvall disabled are
 By wounds ; when backward slowly now they fall
 Unto the point of entry. Scarce survive
 Aught of their number. Yet upon the right
 Rudolph the ditch had gained ; and, followed by
 The column, opened soon into the fort
 His rapid way, whereon the enemy
 Retire precipitate ; and Lee prepares
 To follow up the blow by passing o'er
 The rivulet and entering thus the town.
 But Greene, lest he the needed power should lose
 To keep the field, relinquishes th' assault ;
 And soon as Eve her dusky shadow spreads
 Over the hemisphere, his troops withdraws,
 Leaving the captured stockade to the foe.
 Then on the following morn, the siege he raised,
 And crossing the Saluda, next encamped
 On Little River : where, discerning soon
 That Rawdon would him follow, he on sends
 His sick and wounded towards the north : and then,
 As Rawdon the Saluda hath o'erpassed,
 He slowly moves on towards the Old Domain,
 Pursued but to Eunora : whence returns
 Rawdon to Ninety-Six ; and Greene, at length,
 Near the Cross-Roads encamps upon Broad River's north.

And now again, from adverse fortune such,
 And needance of supplies long promised by
 Th' accidian governments ; while the proud foe

Boast of their grand success ; a gathering cloud,
 By mortal ken unpierceable, obscures
 The prospects all of Greene and o'er his hopes
 Drear darkness rests ; amid whose glooms forth come
 Falsehood's black tribes, and baleful Envy's brood
 To blast his hard-earned fame ; whilst he's forsook
 Of all whose friendship will, like shadows, stay
 Close while you walk in sunshine, but depart
 Soon as the shade you enter ; and therewith
 Their darkness ev'n unite. Yet all unmoved
 He stands, and patiently abides his time :
 While, with the tranquil consciousness endowed
 Of comprehensive wisdom ; and the power
 Of high performance ; he his fame intrusts
 And actions to his country ; and disdains
 To notice the contemner. And now he's urged
 By many, e'en his country's truest friends,
 To cease the hopeless warfare, and upyield
 South Carolina State ; and northward move
 Where his resources lay : To whom thus he :
 The State I'll gain or in the effort die !
 A proud resolve, and worthy of thy fame
 (Whose soul, like thy Great Leader and beloved,
 Includes the concentrated powers of man),
 Nor e'er could gloomiest clouds and tempests' rage
 Obscure its brightness till thy glorious sun
 Sunk slowly and majestically down
 Behind th' eternal mountains, bounding all
 The horizon of earth's scenes. And full assured
 Heaven for the effort called, he stood resolved
 T' regain, whate'er the hazard be or price,
 All that through recklessness of gallant Gates
 Freedom had lost ; and e'en forgets the change
 Of seasons, and the southron summer's ray.

And now when Rawdon had towards Ninety-Six
 Begun his movement retrograde, his front
 Greene likewise changes ; and at once moves on
 To the same point : nor deems he need maintain
 A distance long from Rawdon ; on whose rear
 He hangs, its safety threatening ; capturing, too,
 Its straggling parties. And when Rawdon now
 At Ninety-Six encamps, Greene, hovering near,

Impedes his foraging ; and holds in check
Those who'd his standard join : till he's compelled
T' upbreak the garrison of Ninety-Six,
And move for safety to the Charleston port.
Yet, as towards Charleston he in columns two
His army moves, with distance long atween,
Greene the pursuit again begins ; and would,
While severed thus, to battle him compel ;
And hence him to delay till Greene o'ertakes,
Lee is detached to gain his front : yet vain
The efforts all were of the gallant Lee,
Through failure of the aidance Marion
And Sumter should afford (whose orders all
From Greene were intercepted), or the foe
Had captured been entire. Who, now arrived
At Charleston, Rawdon all inactive lay ;
Nor knows what measures duty may require
To prop the tottering fortunes of the Crown.

Now as had Sirius in his wrath arisen
Greene seeks a spot all healthy and secure
T' indulge with brief repose his war-worn troops ;
That thus refreshed they'd be, when duty calls,
Prepared with vigor to resume the field.
Selecting then the loveliest spot asouth,—
Santee's High Hills, with air and water pure,
And ever cool 'mid summer's fiercest ray,
He there, until the heat abates, remains :
A grateful pause to officers and men.

BOOK XXV.

ARGUMENT.

Apostrophe to Liberty and America. Lord Rawdon returns to England, leaving Stuart in command, who takes post on the river Congaree. Greene breaks up his camp on Santee's Hills, and proceeds against him. Stuart retreats to Eutaw, there to await reinforcements from Charleston. Greene resolves to attack him without delay. Battle of Eutaw. Retreat of Stuart. Greene being unable to overtake him, or to compel him again into the field, removes his army again to Santee's Hills.

FOR heaven-descended Freedom thus they toiled,
Nor ceased to toil till victory proved it theirs.
Hail, Liberty! thou gift of Heaven to man
(Though like her gifts ne'er without toil secured),
Man owes to thee his all; thy claims to assert,
Whene'er usurped by despots is thy throne.
Urge then thy triumph grand, in every clime,
Till in their native power thy sons shall rise
To claim what heaven has granted; and adown,
To utter darkness down, for ever hurl
The petty tyrants who'd usurp thy rule.
Cheered by thy presence, thee Columbia loves;
And though full oft for thee through streams of gore
She waded has, and to the deathful charge
Marched frequent, ne'er she deems the price too dear,—
The price which to her children Freedom gave.

And hail, Columbia! my native land!
Thou boast of Freedom, and the world's last hope!
Long may thy star-enspangled banner wave
O'er thy loved soil, so hallowed with the blood
Of noble sons; as noble as e'er stood
Upon the field of fame: and while shall live,
As live it shall, on memory's fair page
Their bright example, ne'er shall we resign
The liberty, blood-bought, to speak our thoughts

Freely as Zephyr breathes, or ocean rolls.
Fair stars and stripes ! 'neath which our noble sires
To victory marched o'er many a gore-stained field,
Wave on ! for ever wave ! the signal bright
That are our mountains grand, and lovely vales,
Our lakes majestic, and our mighty streams,—
Freedom's own loved and consecrated home.
Wave on ! the signal thou that here may flee
The oppressed of other climes ; till earth awakes
At Freedom's voice to crush oppressors all.
For in thy direful contest thou didst war
Not for thyself alone ; the destinies
Of all our race upon the cast were staked—
Thy single cast for rights and liberty.

Oh ! be it thine, my country, now to free
Thine own oppressed, as Freedom loud demands ;
Then shalt thou guardian be of the down-trod
Of other climes : not as the haughty Power
Who, having freed a few her hand had slaved,
Now seeks in Ind and China's empire grand,
To enslave a myriad for one slave redeemed ;
But thou the chosen guardian shalt be owned
Of all who aim for freedom through the world.

Ne'er cantoned 'round thy hardy sons appear
As mercenary safeguards of thy soil ;
Nor are they of the race effeminate
Who, needy, yet in scorn reject the toil—
The wholesome toil, by which is health preserved
And wealth acquired ; but those who, ne'er ashamed
Of labor, have ennobled labor now,
And stamped with infamy the worthless drone.
Their painful hand upbreaks thy fallow glebe,
And from the field conveys the harvest home ;
While with resounding axe in frequent stroke
The stubborn oak and hickory they fell
To clear the land, or for the wintry fire.
And hence upon thy fields no coward race
By sloth enfeebled, and by vice debauched,
Appear to meet a proud invading power,
But souls, whose bosoms ever should abide
Strangers to fear, though stood upon their soil

Arrayed in arms against them all the hordes
That e'er European valor led to war.

Then through the world their fame as artisans
Resounds, whose skill acknowledged is of all ;
While science too their name abroad proclaims,
And more than e'er, O Smithson ! now through thee.
Nor least of her so numerous sons of fame
Is he who, stringing earth with iron nerves,
Has bound its parts together as a whole.
Blest child of genius ! thou shalt take thy stand
With Franklin, Fulton, Godfrey, Rittenhouse,
(Whose list no nobler name than MOSES contains !)
In Fame's high temple. Thou hast written now
The prologue Science speaks (to say mankind
In all their highest interests are one)
Before the curtain 'rising shall display
The mighty drama to our wondering eyes,
When He, our long-expected GOD, shall come,
And bring all nations to his happy sway :
Scenes whose grand prospect, now so near at hand,
Waken already in the mind those joys
Which, 'mid the glories of the world to come,
The soul shall recognise. As now full oft
In dim remembrance 'wakes at music's strain,
Familiar tones, and notes we seem to 've known
As flowing once from harps of plaintive wail
In some loved state now vanished all and gone,
Yet which in fitful glimpses oft appears,
And o'er the spirit flashes ; so the flowers
Nurtured with fondest care by tender hands,
Unfold that primal loveliness which them
Adorned ere sin their fair inheritance
Blasted with pestilence, and blighting beams
Of sun and planets, and the wintry frost,
Yet which, still peering forth as the bright eyes
Of earth's now hidden beauty, say to all
That earth shall to her loveliness return
When He, whose Right it is, from heaven shall come,
And to its pristine glory all restore.

Meanwhile (says Abdiel) by the heat intense
Of July's sultry ray, Rawdon, o'erspent,

To England had returned ; and Stuart, who
Had now recovered from the wounds received
Upon the field at Guilford, leads the war,
In sole command of Carolina South ;
Who straightway Charleston leaving, with his powers
Upon the river Congaree assumes
A strong position ; whilst, now reinforced
From Carolina North, Greene straight his camp
On Santee's Hills upbreaks, and all resolved
To meet upon the Congaree his foe
(For thus in council was the scheme designed) ;
Whom overcoming, he to Wilmington
Would next proceed ; its garrison reduce ;
And next the foe from Georgia would expel ;
As likewise from the state where now he warred :
Then pressing northward with his choicest troops,
Take the command within the Old Domain
Against Cornwallis. Such the mighty plan
Of operation in his now campaign.

Then crossing o'er the Wateree, he moves
Near Camden ; and o'er Friday's ferry-way ;
Whereon to Eutaw moves the foe, to await
Till should from Charleston reinforcements come ;
But Greene him follows on in marches slow
And easy, thus his forces to relieve
From the severe effects of August's sun,
And give to Marion time him to rejoin.
Till being near to Eutaw now arrived,
He pitched his camp ; and soon resolved to assail
Stuart at once, ere could supplies arrive.
And as Night's mantle from the orient sky
Is slow uplifted, Greene his camp resigns,
And moves towards Eutaw Springs in columns two ;
With cannonry preceding each : while Lee
Moves in advance of both : and Washington
And Kirkwood with their forces, move arear.
Cautious they onward march ; and confident
They shall the British pickets unperceived
Arrive, and on them fall ; but suddenly
Armstrong, who leads the reconnoit'ring troop,
Discerns a body of the foe approach,
Which proves to be the army's van ; which now

Is moving in full force. Swift sending then
Th' intelligence to Greene, Lee halts to wait
Th' arrival of the body-main ; yet posts
Upon the road the Legion infantry,
Updrawn and crossing it ; and on its right
The cavalry in open woods ; whilst on
The left, in a dense wood, he likewise posts
Henderson with his troop : And thus they wait
The coming of the enemy ; who soon
Appearing, form for strife, and onward move :
When sudden, with huge clamor opes the fray
Like ocean breaking on the rock-ribbed shore.

Yet scarce the foe three rapid rounds receive
Of platoon's fire, ere swift aback they fall ;
Whose cavalry, by Eggleston led on,
Recoiling, move swift to attain their rear
(Soon as the Legion cavalry they see
Pressing on towards them) ; while the infantry
Forsaken thus, all captured are or slain.

Lee then, while pressing on, ere long discerns
A larger body of the coming foe ;
And while he Greene apprised (requesting too
The cannonry's support to countervail
That of the foe now opening on his ranks),
Leads on his troops intrepid to the charge.
Dire is the shock ! Frequent and rapidly
Charge upon charge reiterating bursts
From either line, and mutually destroys ;
While through the sulphurous canopy uprose
From line to line the thundering battle-cry ;
Till, with his battery, Gains arriving now,
He, quick unlimbering, pours the deathful stream
On the foe's ranks ; whose infantry recoil
Swift from the slaughter ; while the cavalry
Fly at full speed far o'er the lengthened plain.

But the main body of each army now,
Upon the field arrived for battle form :
And Greene, in front, the numerous train-bands placed
Of Carolina North, by Malmedy
Led on ; and those of Carolina South

By Marion led and Pickens. The second line
 Forms he of Continentals. On the right
 Is Campbell with Virginia's regulars :
 And in the centre Sumner, with the troops
 Of Carolina North : while on the left
 Are placed the regulars of Maryland
 (Their left flank resting on the Charleston road),
 By Howard led and Williams. On the flank
 At right, Lee with his Legion post assumes ;
 And Henderson and corps upon the left.
 While the artillery of Gains is placed
 With the front line, and Brown's upon the rear ;
 Th' reserve (of Baylor's cavalry composed
 And Kirkwood's Infantry of Delaware),
 By Greene is unto Washington assigned.

Thus he for battle forms : Yet Stuart all
 His army in a single line updraws
 (A line athwart the road obliquely drawn),
 Fronting the camp, whose tents unstruck remain.
 His regiment third of Buffs the right compose,
 Resting its flank upon the Charleston road :
 While Cruger with four companies assumes
 Position in the centre : on whose left
 Are posted regiments Sixty-third and fourth,
 Of European veterans. Then upon
 The Eutaw branch (flowing towards Stuart's camp
 At right of Charleston road) Majoribanks,
 Within a thicket dense, his post assumes,
 With a battalion of Light Infantry :
 His right flank resting on the branch ; his left
 Stretching in line oblique on towards the flank
 Of the Buff regiment ; and an angle thus
 With the Main-Body forms. The cannonry
 Along the line's distributed ; with part
 On Charleston road ; and, on the road of Roache
 (Passing through Stuart's left ; and too, o'er which
 Is formed the right of Greene), a portion more,
 While Coffin's cavalry and infantry
 With other bodies large of foot and horse
 Held in reserve, are stationed on the rear
 (Though on the left, whose flank they too sustain),
 To be in aught emergency applied.

Silence now hovers o'er the dreadful field,
Prelusive of the fray ; nor even a word
Is heard, or whisper, save the echoing tramp
Of the innumerable host ; and the command
Of officers (yet seldom), Onward ! On !
Till now at signal given, at once resounds
The battle's mighty shout and thundering charge.
Onward and on now press impetuous
The force of Greene ; whose flashing cannonry
Rebelling o'er the field reiterate
Indrive the advance of Stuart ; who stern stands,
As though resolved to war till victory's gained,
And cheers the centre to the bloody fray.
Then meeting in the dread advance, swift close
The Sixty-third and Legion Infantry.
And fierce from flank to flank the battle-fire
Rolls on in rapid streams ; while Malmedy
Now by the Seventy-fourth is too assailed ;
Who, swift advancing, with the bayonet charge,
Till now aback slowly his force retires.
Yet Henderson and Lee upon the flank
Still pour the blaze repulsive on the foe,
Till Sumner now upordered is by Greene
The void to occupy whence Marion
And Pickens were receding. On he moves
With his brigade, wholly of levies new
(From Carolina North), that scarce had been
A month 'neath martial discipline ; who yet
Maintain the fray and the fierce charge return
With obstinacy, which by veterans
Excelled was never. Crash on crash awakes
The heavy well-directed platoon's charge
Upon the foe, whose courage stern sustains
The tide of death, or rolls it back amain,
Augmenting hideously the horrid din ;
But now recoiling from the charge, aback
They move, and their position first resume.

Then Stuart into line the infantry
Posted a rear of his left flank upbrings,
Requiring Coffin with his cavalry
Position on his flank at left to gain,
Which done with expedition, soon once more

From line to line the brawling trumpet 'wakes
And clarion's thrilling peal ; and 'wakes again
The shock of armies and the platoon's charge.
While rapid through the ranks, the iron bolts
Fly from deep-jarring engines, and adown
Slaughtering, the warriors sweep ; and whence ev'n now
The gallant Henderson a bolt receives
And sinks in death. Amongst the few thou wert,
Who ne'er despaired to see thy country free
From despotism, amidst her darkest hours !
He heaved one gasp, and fled from earth away.
And now his troop, recovering from the effect
His fall produced, and on by Hampton led,
Enacts its part full well ; so well, that still
The line Columbian advancing moves,
Their engines still disgorge, till the fire
In answering rage now mutually destroys.

But Greene, resolving now, a final blow
To strike, he the Virginian troops upbrings
And troops of Maryland. When dense his line
Becoming thus, they with loud shouts on press
And with redoubled fury raged the war.
While Stuart now aware that the whole weight
Of Greene is on him bearing, loud returns
The answering shout, and from the right to left
Nobly himself sustains. Majoribanks
He puts in motion likewise ; which, when Greene
Discerns, he too of Washington requires
With the full corps reserve on him to fall.
Commanding then the line to cease its fire
And with the bayonet charge ; again the air
Resounds with the Columbian battle-cry,
Whereto the foe respond by pouring in
A close and quick-repeated fire ; but still
Williams on pressed with Maryland's noble line ;
And Campbell with Virginia's sorted troops,
With trailed arms, and through a cannonade
Heavy, and fiercest showers of musketry,
Preserving order, and down bear the foe
At every point before them. And now Lee,
Discerning that Columbia's right extends
Beyond the Albion left, Rudolph requires

To turn their flank, who nobly it performs
And gives a raking fire. 'Till thus in front
Charged, and in flank, the foe successively
Breaks on the left until the left line all
Is routed, and abandons quite the field
(Leaving their wounded and artillery) ;
Close followed by Columbia's warriors,
Who, of the camp and numerous prisoners,
Without a struggle more themselves avail.

Meanwhile had Washington advanced upon
Majoribanks ; who thereon post assumes
Within a thicket of black jack (a shrub
Thorny and crabbed), impenetrable all
To cavalry ; and finding 'tis with horse
Ne'er possible to penetrate, he aims
To move around, and by an interval
Between the Eutaw branch and Stuart's right
'To charge him in the rear ; which to perform
He efforts all stupendous makes, and 'midst
The charging murderous of the enemy
From his safe covert ; nor had failed his troop
If human courage could, the obstacles
Surmount thus interposing. But the assay
With slaughter dire is meet, and he repulsed.
Watts, second in command, is slain, with King
And Simmons ; officers of merit high ;
With whom, too, fell the gallant young Carlisle :
While Stewart, who th' advancing section led,
Too fell ; and, in his section, every man
Or slain or wounded was : nor Washington
Escaped ; whose steed was killed and on him fell ;
Who, ere he could therefrom himself relieve
Is bayoneted and prisoner becomes.
Then, as by Parsons is (whom Gordon aids)
Off-drawn the remnant, Hampton rapid comes,
And Kirkwood with his infantry, to renew
The strife him to dislodge ; yet soon discern
Their efforts vain, and now surcease ; and towards
The road their gallant companies remove.

Then as the strife the line of Stuart yields
Back-falling swiftly, Sheridan assumes

Possession of a mansion large (which stands
Atween the Charleston road and ravine deep
(Whence issues Eutaw branch), whereon reposed
The right flank of Majoribanks' command),
Three stories and of brick : and where the war
With high advantage wages he against
The force that would compel him to upyield.
And, as no efforts could Majoribanks
Dislodge, nor Sheridan compel to leave
His strong position (for no cannonry
Had Greene now standing of sufficient power
A lodgment to effect), and hence the strife
In circumstance all disadvantageous
To the Columbian troops must be maintained,
Greene with his prisoners a distance brief
Retires ; and, in the forest where at first
The action had begun, re-forms his line :
But coming night the warfare closes now ;
And 'neath its shade the enemy decamp
(Leaving behind their sick and wounded all),
Nor unpursued the following day by Greene ;
Who to the swamp of Ferguson on moves
Him to o'ertake, but vain : whose rapid flight
Secures his forces to a safe retreat.
Here Greene pursuit too ceases ; nor can bring
The enemy again into the field.
And as unhealthy is his army now
From the hard toil and autumn's sickly sun,
He on the Santee Hills his post resumes ;
Well pleased with the grand conquest, which regains
More to his country than by Gates was lost ;
And closed the war in Carolina South.

But long Columbia mourns her sons who fell
Upon this hard-fought field ! They'd seen the woes
Of their loved native land ; her wasted fields,
And towns in flame, and slaughtered habitants ;
And came those woes to assuage, and crush her foes ;
Nor ever grieved in such a cause to die.
Duvall here fell, a youth of promise rare,
Directly as with Rudolph he had gained
Possession of the foe's artillery.
Here, too, Carlisle (a young cadet) was slain,

A patriot pure by all the army loved ;
With numerous gallant officers and men.
Yet Campbell most she mourned : who, leading on
His brigade nobly to that charge which broke
The adverse line and drove it from the field,
Receives the fatal bullet in his side ;
And sinking on his saddle's pommel low,
Is borne into the rear ; and dies, as from
The saddle they receive him gently down.

Brave wert thou, and beloved, as Ringgold's self,
Or Watson, Clay, or Webster, who so free
With numerous of Columbia's gallant sons,
Their life on Mexico's bright plains resigned
At their loved country's call ; when party strife
Sought to perpetuate its power perverse
By such invasion ; and the country plunged
Unwillingly in warfare basely raised
By an Executive corrupt as Hell,
Who sought the curse of slavery to extend !

Curst be the miscreated wretch who dares
Invading warfare such advise, or seeks
To lead thee, O my country ! to afford
Such precedent for nations to compose
Their difference which kindness would assuage !
Thy war defensive was of Heaven approved,
As warfare such for Freedom e'er shall be ;
But thine invading warfare 'gainst the power
Of thy so feeble Sister ; when oppressed
From woes, and crushed by sorrows, which demand
Thy sympathy and tears, and aidance all
To remedy or soothe ; brought blasts from hell
Upon thy spirit : while the muttering heavens
Mustering their Powers of vengeance and of war,
Gave signs that such offence arraying was
Against thee all the sympathies of heaven,
And every Power that righteousness approves :
While o'er thy hills and valleys where arrayed
Stood th' empyreal Powers, who Freedom guard ;
Was heard, in tones of anguish and despair,
LET US GO HENCE ! Nor had delayed they now
To leave thee to thy doom, had Mercy's voice
Prevailed not to secure to him who led

The dire crusade, obedient to thy call
 (Though 'gainst his heart's best feelings and desires),
 One hour for longer trial of thy trust.

Now as Duvall (thus Abdiel) sinks and dies,
 His thoughts are wandering on his happy home :
 My Meta loved, I die ! Yet ere my soul
 Passes from earth away, I'll visit thee,
 If by my guardian seraph I may be
 Permitted, to impress thee with the thought ;
 Lest suddenly, too sudden, comes the word
 Of thy bereavement ! and thus uttering dies :
 When she, far distant from the field of strife
 Nor knows the battle fought, awaking, starts,
 Shrieking, *Duvall is dead !* yet soon believes
 It may be but a dream. Such feelings were
 Frequent to man in time ago ; who them
 Presentiment pronounced, nor kened their cause,
 Which was involved in mystery. And oft,
 As some sweet flower, or dulcet lay, or hue
 Of fading sunset on a summer eve,
 Awakes within the soul the memories
 (Which so familiar to the spirit seem)
 Of plaintive harps, and scenes, when angel wings
 Wafted from heaven the new-created soul,
 To be in flesh embodied till the time
 Should of probation pass ; and weal or woe
 The endless portion be of whom they bring ;
 So, oft the thoughts of coming ill would 'rise,
 Seeming from inborn sense or destiny,
 Yet were but whisperings of the seraph band
 Tending on mortals through life's fearful maze,
 Who'd fain apprise the soul of peril near.

But in the morn the hyacinth she sees,
 And too the multiflora his own hands
 Had planted for her (which the previous eve
 Luxuriantly were blooming), faded all,
 As by the early frost the summer flower ;
 And e'en already had her grief o'erwrought
 Drunk up the fountain of the soothing tear,
 Ere the intelligence her heart's belief
 Confirmed, that she and her sweet babes were now
 To learn the widow's and the orphan's woes.

BOOK XXVI.

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### ARGUMENT.

While Greene is thus warring at the South, Washington resolves, by one grand effort, to endeavor to bring the war to a close, and proceeds with the fleet of France and the allied land-forces against Cornwallis in Virginia. Clinton suspects that the movement is designed against himself in New York city, and is not undeceived until Washington has proceeded too far to be overtaken. He then makes an effort to recall him, by sending Arnold against New London and Fort Griswold. Capture of the fortress, and barbarous massacre of the garrison. Destruction of New London and Groton. Colonel Ledyard, commandant of the fortress, is barbarously butchered upon surrendering his sword to the conqueror.

But while the war thus raging was asouth,  
And ere was Gates o'ercome, had Washington,  
As now the wintry season hastens on,  
Broke up his Highland camp, and onward moved  
To Morristown to winter. Then, as fails  
The breath of Hyemas at the return of Spring,  
And Flora spreads abroad her fragrant train,  
Knyphausen onward leads a mighty power  
New Jersey to invade. Onward they come  
As tempest-clouds roll heavy from the north,  
And at the town Elizabeth debarking,  
They it well-nigh destroy; then seek to gain  
The town of Springfield; but, by Maxwell's force  
Withstood, they soon return. And as now moves  
From Morristown the force of Washington,  
Maxwell to aid, they speedy reëmbark,  
And Washington straight to his post returns  
On the Highlands of Hudson, to o'erwatch  
And check their movements all; who, thus withstood,  
Fear to attempt offensive war until  
From Albion reinforcements shall arrive.

Then Washington, revolving in his mind  
How best to terminate the lengthened war,  
If by assault of Clinton, or asouth  
Against Cornwallis to proceed; and who

His operations 'gainst the Old Domain  
Had recently renewed ; and reinforced  
Late by a myriad troops from Albion's shores ;  
And vainly was by Lafayette and Wayne  
Withstood upon the field, at length resolves  
(Knowing the strife must end if either falls)  
With Rochambeau the city to assail  
Where Clinton's forces lay. But the express  
Designed to announce to Congress the result  
Of their deliberation captured was  
By Clinton, soon as it from Hartford moves ;  
And who, thereon, in huge alarm prepares  
For his defence ; and likewise rapid sends  
Unto Cornwallis, him desiring straight  
Position near a sea-port to assume,  
That thus might they enabled be to afford  
Assistance mutual with their fleets and troops  
Till should the result be manifest in full  
Of Washington's designs (for cautious e'er  
He yet supposed the intercept express,  
For his deception might be ev'n designed),  
Who now selects Yorktown and Gloucester Point,  
One on each side of York's meandering stream ;  
And there encamps and fortifies more strong.

Meanwhile his preparations Washington  
(Who his design had changed) continued still,  
As though resolved the city to invest ;  
And, when from their positions he had drawn  
His forces, crossed the Hudson, and his march  
Directs, as still leads Clinton to believe  
His aim was Staten Isle. From Haverstraw  
He rapidly on passed through Paramus,  
Acquackanack, and Springfield ; Princeton ; nor  
Could Clinton scan his purpose till o'erpassed  
Had Washington the Delaware's broad stream,  
And south was tending with his mighty powers,  
Hasting along like eagles on the wing,  
Afar beyond aught prospect of pursuit.  
While with his three-score vessels of the line,  
And thousands three of Gallian warriors,  
DeGrasse possession of the Chesapeake  
Assumes ; and Wayne and Lafayette take post



Upon James River, to impede the escape  
To Charleston of Cornwallis, now designed.

Then Clinton viewing every hope as lost  
Of conquest in the Colonies, unless  
Could Washington's attention be withdrawn  
From York and Gloucester, it at once resolves  
To attempt by some bold enterprise. And well  
Assured of Arnold's disposition dire  
(Who'd late to New York from the south returned),  
Towards the Columbians, he him onward sends  
With a detachment strong in speediest march  
New London to destroy ; and Griswold Fort  
It opposite on Groton Hill, and nigh  
The Thames, to seize. A square-built fortress 'twas,  
Full strong, though then scarce manned. But Arnold now  
So greedy is to seize his fated prey,  
That ne'er can he await the coming morn ;  
And as eve's shadows silently on creep  
Slow to the east, he to Long Island moves,  
And o'er the night encamps along the Isle,  
All ready to begin his rapid move,  
As morn's fair star shall glitter in the heavens.

But long his guardian angel had resigned  
All care of that fell soul, who, hell-inspired,  
For every deed infernal is prepared  
Soon as by hell suggested. And, as now  
He, in his tent, is slumbering on the Isle,  
Slow from the misty deep, obscure of form,  
The fiend, who'd him his country to bewray  
Induced, arose ; or seemed therefrom to arise,  
With eye-balls shooting forth a sickly glare  
Yet hideous ; as if by the fires of hell  
They kindled were ; and, moving towards the camp,  
Dissolves itself in mist ; and, hovering o'er  
The tent of Arnold, penetrates therein,  
And, all unnoticed, sinking at his side,  
'To him unfolds in dreamy glimpses, oft  
And intervalled, the direful wish of hell  
On what he'd undertaken now, and seeks  
To steel his heart, already so obdured,  
Against compunctuous feelings ; or of shame

From guilt and infamy. Then sinks in earth  
Ev'n as the cock's shrill clarion proclaims  
The coming day. And now as morn's fair star  
Effulgent glitters from the horizon clear,  
Decking the eastern sphere, as diamond bright  
The lovely bosom of some blushing bride,  
The reveille peals from the rattling drums,  
Rousing the troops, who're all prepared to move  
Soon as the sun o'ergilds the mountain firs.  
Then passing o'er the Sound, at the Thames' mouth  
Lands he in two divisions; one whereof  
From Groton shore proceeding, led by Eyre,  
Fort Griswold to attempt; while Arnold's self  
The other towards New London rapid leads;  
And as upon the western side he now  
Proceeds, New London towards, the garrison  
Evacuate Fort Trumbull (a redoubt  
Small, and but lately raised to defend the town),  
And cross to Griswold fortress opposite.

Then Arnold having to the town arrived,  
Awaits to witness the assault of Eyre  
Upon the Fort of Griswold. And as thus  
He tarries near the town, the residence  
He finds of one, his early childhood's friend,  
Who'd loved him as a son throughout the years  
Of childhood; although often o'er his soul  
Some undefined mysterious feeling spread,  
Ev'n then, that seemed by angel-whispers raised  
To wake within him caution and distrust  
Of whom he so much loved; yet ne'er impaired  
His strong affection for the friendless child.  
And now as midst his apprehensions dire  
Of desolation from the enemy,  
He Arnold sees; he hastes to him o'erjoyed  
And asks protection for himself and home,  
By virtue of their love in years ago,  
Which Arnold promises, feigning high joy  
At having met once more his aged friend.  
And now with whom impatiently he waits  
Till Griswold fort surrenders; for, unless  
It soon should yield, he must the stream o'er-cross,  
To aid the assault ere is New London sacked.

Then, as with his command Eyre onward moves,  
The garrison, by gallant Ledyard cheered,  
Prepare for the dire fray. And though convened  
Lately from the surrounding yeomanry,  
And utterly in war's rude arts untrained,  
Their massive engines from the fort they straight  
Level with emulative diligence ;  
And with the lighted matches ready stand  
To pour the stream of death. Nor scarce had ceased  
Their chieftain's voice, ere the dread thunders roar,  
And o'er the hill a fiery canopy  
Wide spreads, as the quick charge sweeps through the files  
Of the thick columned and advancing foe.  
Ev'n as when from the clouded heaven descends  
The rapid bolt upon the steeped dome,  
In night's drear hour, igniting all, the flames  
Burst forth, and clouds of sparkles fire the heavens,  
And whirling cinders flame along the ground.

On still the foe intrepid move, till now  
Eyre's better foot receives the unwelcome wound,  
Who to the rear is borne. But onward still  
Montgomery, the second in command,  
Leads them in phalanx close, who numerous sink  
Before the fierce discharging cannonry,  
As harvest by the scythe ; till now again  
Pierced by a ball, their leader sinks and dies.  
And now they dubious stand, nor know to flee  
Or to proceed, for still the iron shower  
Sweeps through their serried files, nor aught abates :  
But Bloomfield next the enterprise on leads,  
And in detachments three the force divides,  
That might the fortress be at once assailed  
Upon three sides ; and them commands to charge  
With bayonet fixed, soon as a lodgment is  
Effected on the fraized work and ditch.

Soon then the triple force, the obstacles  
O'ercoming all, effect the lodgment, and  
With bayonet upon the embrasures charge ;  
And straight the fortress entering, *Who commands ?*  
Cries Bloomfield, all resistance having ceased ;  
To whom thus Ledyard, reaching forth his sword,

*I did ; but Bloomfield now !* But he the sword  
 Receiving, through the heart of Ledyard plunged,  
 Enraged at such resistance which had cost  
 His force so dear, though of the garrison  
 The slain and wounded were but six in all.  
 But Bloomfield now gives them to massacre ;  
 And when the slaughter ceased, the wounded he  
 Collecting, loads therewith a wagon huge,  
 And drawing to the heights of the long hill  
 And steep, but cragged at bottom, it adown  
 Puts in swift motion with its wretched freight.

Meanwhile, as rages thus the din of war,  
 The aged friend of Arnold, all o'ercome  
 Of terror, and entreating that his home  
 And family might be protected from  
 The soldiery, who round the town still wait,  
 Sinks stupified and sleeping on a chair,  
 Assured by Arnold of protection full ;  
 Till with him now alone, cupidity  
 'Wakes in his heart, wherewith he thus communes :

*Conscience ?* the tyrant ! who regards its voice,  
 Uttered as though mankind were cringing slaves !  
 I scorn obedience to an umpire such,  
 And shall defy its traitorous friendship all,  
 Its jealousy, its calumnies unjust,  
 With all its feuds internal ! *Principle ?*  
 What is it, if it compass not the ends  
 To which my heart aspires,—fame, dignity,  
 With wealth untold ? Like Brutus I have found  
 Virtue an empty name ! an empty name,  
 Which, like the ignis fatuus, deludes  
 Poor fools from wealth, and honor, and renown,  
 Into the thorny paths of poverty  
 And of priest-ridden factions. *Me ?* I'll none—  
 None such companions. Let their friendship be  
 To me unending hatred ; 'twill provoke  
 My heart-felt gratitude. *Don't take his life !*  
 Why not ? It will be taken, and his house  
 Rified of all its plate and wealth immense,  
 Whereof a share but trivial will be mine,  
 If others do the duty which devolves

Plainly on me, and which by me performed  
 Secures the whole possession. Why not, then ?  
*Why not ?* Indeed ! He says he is my friend !  
 But what is friendship ? 'Tis a name for naught ;  
 Or for a league of fools ; a league of knaves ;  
 A trade of interest and cupidity ;  
 A league of harpies : and when at the best  
 'Tis meant to be employed, it is a name  
 For nothing ; an ideal semblance all ;  
 A shadow's meditation ; or a theme  
 By merest nonsense sung. Can we it see ?  
 Hear it, or smell it ? handle it, or taste ?  
 How vain ! What is it, then ? What ne'er exists,  
 Nor can exist in aught reality,—  
 Nor yet imagined scarce ! A heathen's brain  
 First dreamed the silly dream ; which, when he penned,  
 He, as a recompense, had head and hand  
 Sold by his *dearest* friend : a meed deserved  
 For writing nonsense such. And shall I then  
 By phantoms governed be ? I thus o'erswayed,  
 As though insane ? Or as some arrant clown  
 Whistling to keep his courage up, as he  
 By night a church-yard passes ? No, you don't  
 Catch the old bird with chaff. Sleep on then, sir ;  
 I'm sorry for you ! but my duty says  
 That slumber must continue till resounds  
 The trumpet's blast to wake the sleeping dead,  
 If such a waking shall indeed occur ;  
 Which much I doubt since I have truly 'woke  
 To see I was a rebel 'gainst my King.  
 My "friend" indeed ! and "guard" thee ! Aye, so well  
 I'll *guard* thee, that from hence no enemy  
 Shall e'er molest thee, or thy fears arouse.  
 Take that ! and tell to other worlds thy "friend"  
 Hath sent thee thither to explore them o'er !

Then, as the horrid word he uttering is,  
 The dagger strikes he through his victim's heart ;  
 And, calling fierce Alecto to his aid,  
 He sacks the town ; and Groton nigh at hand.  
 And then his plunder all collecting soon  
 On the outside, next gives the dire command  
 To bring the fire ; and soon the lovely towns

Are wrapped in one wide sheet of towering flame,  
 Whose whirling sparkles rise as tortured wreaths  
 Of spongy foam by the mad billows dashed.  
 While on a steeple's belfry Arnold stands  
 Without, to see the conflagration dire ;  
 And loud exulting o'er it : In prospect, too,  
 Of the same spot,—the very self-same spot  
 Where first his lungs the vital air inhaled ;  
 While with his childhood's years the scenes around  
 Associated were ; reviving all  
 Those images, so hallowed, of the past.  
 Which in all hearts, save hearts by Hell obdured,  
 Enkindle tenderest emotions e'er ;  
 Emotions nature so delights to indulge :  
 Sad proof, how deep to ruin will the soul  
 Descend, when Heaven's sweet influence is recalled,  
 And fiends assume the guidance of its powers !  
 Exulting stands he o'er the mournful scene,  
 Mocking at even th' expiring patriots' groans,  
 The widow's wail, and orphan's cry ; though well  
 Assured was he, that of the dying, some  
 Whose groans assail his ear, were once the friends  
 Of his own family and childhood's years.

Then as his troops collect he and departs  
 The scene of conflagration, laden down  
 With booty ; and upon his march had gone  
 One league returning ; he full nigh discerns,  
 Although unseen of any else beside,  
 The form of whom so late he'd treacherous slain ;  
 And vainly would the scrutiny avoid  
 Of his stern eye : For still the spirit fixed  
 On him his countenance with gore besmeared :  
 And, shaking mournfully his hoary locks,  
 Still moves beside him and at length bespeaks :

Fair 'rose my morning sun ; and I, a hope  
 Once entertained of heavenly happiness,  
 Intending penitence ! but now ere eve  
 Life's sun hath set beneath the gloomy clouds  
 That hover o'er the regions of despair !  
 Oh my sad soul ! how art thou forced away !—  
 Stung by a serpent whom I had caressed

And nurtured as a child ! Oh hope ! hope ! hope !  
Hope, faded now for ever from my soul !

Ah, will you cringe, fell murderer, and avert  
Those eyes from me, and stop to me those ears ?  
This glance shall basilisk your treacherous soul,  
Through which henceforth shall scalding ichor flow,  
While you can aught remember or can feel.  
Cursed be your eyes, and be they ever dark  
That coveted my wealth ; and cursed your life ;  
And may it waste away in dread and pain  
From plagues and foul diseases night and day,  
An object dire of torment and of wrath  
Till it shall fail ; then cursed be your end :  
And to foul serpents may your corse be given,  
And to the fiends of hell your perjured soul !

Nay, start not ! nor attempt to turn away !  
This form you still shall see, and hear this voice,  
Though close you thus your eyes and ears, or flee  
To any region of the far-spread world.  
Yes, o'er you shall the fiends of hell exult,  
And misery on misery afflict  
That recreant soul, till heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Shall at your hideous woes astonied stand :  
For in the dreariest glooms of dunnest hell  
With Judas is your fate reverseless now :  
And every curse upon you there shall 'bide  
And vengeance take, and never, never cease,  
While shall the Throne of Deity endure.  
Ah, wretch infernal ! you have sent me thus,  
All unprepared by penitence or prayer,  
To stand at Heaven's tribunal ; there to give  
Account of life's innumerable sins, and meet  
Their dreadful penalty ! Eternity !  
Oh dread eternity ! how shall I meet—  
How shall I meet ! how, how endure thy woes !  
I sink adown in fire,—this horrid gulf—  
Oh God ! is this ! is this my now abode !  
He said, and sinks from view ; while Arnold, seized  
With shivering, scarcely on his way proceeds.

As Abdiel thus narrating is, I saw

Or deemed I saw, far o'er th' extensive plain,  
Advancing with slow pace a hideous throng ;  
Which like the Hindoo throng appears, that leads  
In slow procession to the funeral pyre  
Their fated victim widowed recently ;  
Or, like the savage throng of Papal Rome,  
Their fettered victim leading to the stake,  
With joy and mirth malignant o'er his woes :  
Onward they come ; till, in their midst, I see  
One whose drear wretchedness can none conceive  
Save who beheld ; and on whose forehead glared  
In words of fire, TRAITOR TO LIBERTY !  
Accursed fiends from the Tartarean gulf  
Attend him 'round ; of whom Hell's monarch grim  
Leads on the van ; and wakes their horrid mirth  
O'er him, in songs whose music had been tuned  
Responsive to the thunderous boom, as break  
The fiery surges on hell's sulphurous shores.  
Till now the traitor raised his glaring eyes  
And cast a glance on towards the eminence  
Where stands the cenotaph of Washington ;  
Whose form he recognised ; and, shuddering, raged  
And writhed and cursed ; then, with convulsive yell  
Like that of tortured ghosts or demons damned,  
Swift fled aghast with terror from the plain ;  
Which so reminds him of the crime that brought  
This annual penalty to him, and all  
Who recreant to the cause of Freedom prove.  
For such, says Abdiel, was the doom assured  
(Till on hell's portals Heaven affixed its seal)  
Of traitors all to liberty ; and thus  
Detest they yonder likeness, whom to see  
Awakes a hell within them even in hell.  
Yet Arnold (Oh Redemption's wondrous love !)  
Through penitence found hope ; albeit his name  
Is destined here to rot. Long wandered he,  
Oppressed with guilt and shame, sans even a friend,  
Or country that would own him : till, at length,  
Sweet Mercy came, amid his crushing woes,  
Touching that iron soul ; and soon his heart,  
His stubborn heart, to tenderness dissolves ;  
And Christ th' returning prodigal receives.  
Yet must he bear through life his meed of crime ;



And, steeped in want and sorrow, found at last  
 No friend to cheer his dying agonies  
 On earth ; nor none who wished aught taken from  
 The dying penitent : nor aught had he  
 Left to bequeathe ; unless the deathless soul  
 Soon now to pass from earth. Then with the last  
 Remains of his poor strength (thus to evince  
 Where dwelt his fondest thoughts), he, from the couch  
 Arising, takes the uniform wherein  
 He'd warred for freedom and his native land ;  
 And which, amid his wanderings all, though oft  
 Distressed by want and penury, he'd ne'er  
 Consent to alienate ; and, having now  
 Therein himself en clothed, regained his couch ;  
 And, breathing forth the prayer, Oh thou who gave  
 My being ; bless my dear, my native land !  
 He whispers, I bequeathe my soul to Thee !  
 And winged his way from sublunary scenes.

Long Freedom sorrowed o'er her Ledyard slain,  
 Known as an honest, noble-minded man ;  
 Who, in th' attempt magnanimous to shield  
 His friends and country from th' oppressor's power,  
 Fell by a savage, murderous enemy.  
 Among the band was he who rose at first  
 To save his country's ark, when rapidly  
 On driven towards the deathful shoals of fate ;  
 Without despairing aught, or faltering e'er.  
 And though on earth neglected is thy grave ;  
 With flowers of amarant they decked thy brow  
 In the bright world where victory's enjoyed  
 O'er sin and death through Him who died for man ;  
 And whose best service here was all thy joy.  
 There thou shalt reign, and shalt for aye possess  
 The beatific vision ! Who can tell  
 The bliss of ransomed spirits, when o'erpassed  
 Probation's bound ; where sin and suffering reigns  
 With fear of fall ; when safe in Heaven arrived,  
 And first commingling with the company  
 In spotless white apparelled, welcomed by  
 The King of Glory, our Immanuel !  
 Where harpers harping with their harps awake  
 Sweetly the echoes of eternity :

While the loud chorus swells from multitudes  
Unnumbered and all numberless, redeemed  
By his high love, to whom all now ascribe  
Blessing and glory, majesty and power ;  
Dominion, too, is Thine ; for Thou wast slain,  
And us to God hast by Thy blood redeemed,  
From every kindred tribe and every tongue,  
And unto Him hast made us priests and kings,  
And we upon the earth with Thee shall reign.  
Worthy, for ever Worthy is the Lamb,  
The Lamb once slain, all blessing to receive,  
All riches, power, and glory, evermore !

## BOOK XXVII.

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### ARGUMENT.

Washington continues his march; and as he is approaching Yorktown, Cornwallis determines to give him battle. The Battle of Yorktown, and defeat of Cornwallis. The death of Scammell, and scene after the battle.

BUT still the march of Washington is ne'er  
Arrested by the inroad, or delayed;  
Who onward pressed more rapidly, assured  
That if victorious now the war must end,  
And end too all these monstrous tragedies.  
Then wading through the Delaware below  
The Trenton falls, his army move along,  
Crossing Neshaminy; and soon arrive  
At Philadelphia; nor tarriance aught  
Detains them; but the Schuylkill rapidly  
Pass at Gray's floating bridge, and Darby reach;  
Then Wilmington; then reach the head of Elk:  
Where now the wished intelligence arrives  
That Count De Grasse had gained the Chesapeake  
With his huge fleet; wherefrom the Gallian troops  
Had too debarked to join Fayette and Wayne.  
But now the Albion fleet De Grasse assail;  
Which, vanquished soon, to him the sole command  
Yield of the mighty Bay of Chesapeake.

Meanwhile the troops of Washington embark  
And reach Annapolis. Then moving on  
Enter James river; and the harbor soon  
Arrive atween Jamestown and Williamsburg:  
And thence upon York river's southern side  
By roads diverse the allied Powers move down  
Direct towards Yorktown: and whose column right  
Composed entirely of Columbia's sons,  
The ground east of Bevardan rivulet

Assume ; while on its western side advance  
The left, consisting of bold Gallia's powers.

And now discerns Cornwallis that the day  
Draws near of his calamity, when must  
The laurels fade that proudly decked his brow,  
Unless from York he speedily removes,  
Or victory in a general battle gains.  
Nor can he long deliberate, whose time  
For thought is almost ended ; who discerns  
At anchor riding at the wide-spread mouth  
Of Chesapeake the mighty Gallian fleet  
Victorious o'er the naval power of Graves ;  
While at York river's mouth he too discerns  
Nine Gallian vessels armed ; nor hope remains  
Aught of escape to him : Yet his bold heart  
Ne'er hesitates to act ; but soon for strife  
His army he prepares, as are discerned  
The troops of Washington and Rochambeau  
Yorktown approach and Gloucester, them to invest ;  
And rather far prefers to try the field  
Than to sustain a siege. And on the morn  
Succeeding their approach, his army forth  
Leads he for battle (while the allied Powers  
Thereon direct convene) : Straight from the camp  
They move in column solid ; close and dark ;  
With high resolve at their bold Leader's word ;  
As swarming bees cluster around the hive,  
Waiting their sovereign's signal to remove  
And seek a larger shelter ; till, at length,  
They see her now quick rise on buzzing wings :  
When with loud hum they darken in her file  
Innumerable. Thus by Cornwallis led  
Move they afield. Onward, and on they come  
By thousands ; by ten thousands : At the right  
Germania's well-armed sons, by him aroused  
To proud expectance, move, by Phillips led ;  
While on the left, glittering in armor bright,  
The Caledonians, led, and Erin's sons,  
By Abercrombie ; while Cornwallis leads  
The centre, where the Albion warriors  
Darkening the day with clouds of rolling dust,  
Move eager on for battle's dreadful field :

While Washington the signal gives ; whereon  
Each chief departs, his station to assume,  
And soon his troops updraws in bright array,  
Lengthening afar o'er hills and daisied meads ;  
Till now at sound of drum they onward move,  
With rapid step, the enemy to charge.

Meanwhile as thus to mighty effort were  
The powers of Freedom, and despotic powers,  
Collecting for a strife, which may to one  
Give th' ascendancy through all earth's years,  
The earth herself seemed moved : and in all lands  
Man felt a strange sensation through his soul ;  
And feels that some grand crisis has arrived  
His destiny involving : while afar  
In Albion, at this hour, and suddenly,  
Comes o'er her King a sadness all untraced,  
Which burdens down his heart ; and he to tears  
Copious gives way ; and weeps all comfortless  
In grief absorbed : And too, a dread amaze  
Comes stealing o'er bold Clinton's warlike soul ;  
Nor knows he why ; but suddenly he sends  
Unto the Chesapeake a mighty fleet  
And armament, bearing swift o'er the waves,  
Arms, stores, and myriads two of warriors,  
In aidance of Cornwallis ; while asouth  
Stuart in Charleston onward sends his fleet  
At the same hour to Yorktown, with strong force  
Of troops and stores ; and seems e'en to forget  
The close proximity of Greene his foe.  
Efforts how vain ! for now the hour had come,  
The hour of Freedom's triumph ; and the hour  
When Power Despotic on the earth must wane.

Nor was Earth moved alone. The Powers of Heaven  
And Hell were 'roused ; who too seemed to discern  
The final conflict is full near at hand :  
For now Celestial hosts and Powers of Light  
Rapid from Heaven descend ; and near the force  
Of Washington take post in bright array,  
And in full panoply (unseen of man) ;  
With whom too comes the Angel of the Earth ;  
And Guardian Angels of the nations all ;

With those who tend on mortals passing through  
 Probation's dark unfathomable maze ;  
 And wait the final of the coming fray.  
 While onward too swift came at trumpet sound,  
 Pealing through the Tartarean regions dark,  
 The scowling hosts of hell : On o'er the sea,  
 Riding on gloomy thunder-clouds, which seem  
 To rise from ocean, rapidly they move ;  
 Involving earth with blackness. Still they come,  
 Host upon host with cloud on cloud which roll  
 Their volumes huge, charged with the gleaming fire ;  
 Thrones, Princedoms, and all Hierarchs, which hold  
 Their dark dominion o'er the sin-cursed world,  
 Assumed of them when Satan, by the choice,  
 The fatal choice of man's progenitor,  
 Became its Prince and God. In fellest rage  
 Scowling their hate against Columbia's cause  
 And with outrageous uproar on they come,  
 Resolved the war of Despotism to aid,  
 And sweep to desolation Freedom's land :  
 Till now is kenne'd the bright array of Heaven  
 Drawn up all ready to resist their might,  
 And their fierce course they stay ; and hovering o'er  
 The Yorktown camp, await to learn the end.

Nor yet ev'n of the powers of heaven or hell,  
 None deemed with certainty if this the hour  
 Of Freedom's triumph was ; but hope and fear  
 Alternate rise ; hell howling fierce its fear,  
 And heaven its anthems chanting of sweet hope,  
 And confidence, that must ere long the cause  
 Of Freedom triumph, whatso'er may be  
 The end of this grand contest. While adown  
 From the bright battlements of Paradise  
 Looked the redeemed ; yet, fearing to descend ;  
 Lest should the heavenly Powers, and Powers of hell,  
 Involved in the fierce war, sweep in their fray  
 The earth to ruin, and creation all  
 Hurl into chaos and the reign of Night.

And now strong hope and confidence inspires  
 Columbia's warriors ; while o'er Albion's sons  
 Steal frequent apprehension and despair.

And as his troops move onward to the field,  
The voice of Washington from rank to rank  
Is heard, and thus; when ceases brief the drum,  
The spirit-rousing drum that calls to war:

Warriors, assertors of your country's rights;  
Ye who've on many a well-fought field avenged  
Her wrongs innumerable; whom neither cold,  
Nor famine, backed by all the veteran hosts  
That England's king could pour upon these shores;  
Nor six long years of suffering, or toil,  
Daunt for one moment; ye've the contest now  
Brought nigh its termination. With the aid  
Of these intrepid sons of France renowned  
(Who need no words of mine to point their way)  
This combat must the strife for ever end.

Yon comes his last resource with whom we war!  
But now how different from their former boast!  
'Tis the last effort of expiring power,  
That in our country loved would us enslave.  
Here mustered is their all; who now will seek,  
But vain! their former efforts to transcend;  
For you have taught them that we know our rights,  
And, knowing, can defend them. You have taught  
Their boasted prowess that life's trivial toy  
Ne'er will be purchased by Columbia's sons  
At price of liberty to mortal paid.  
Yea, through the war has *Death or Liberty!*  
Our motto been, nor shall we change it now.

Where can you glance, and not memorials find  
Of England's hate to Freedom! will you gaze  
Where Falmouth, Fairfield, or Esopus stood?  
Or Danbury, or Richmond? or where stood  
New London late; or lovely Wyoming?  
Or where encamped the gallant Baylor lay?  
Or the loved veterans on Paoli's field?  
Or where Buford surrendered? Will you view  
Her prisons and her prison-ships, for proof  
Of England's love of liberty; for proof  
How well she loves this land? What has she done  
To prove her boasted love for human rights?

Her tyrant King with stern enmarbled heart  
 Has our once fair inheritance destroyed :  
 Grounded into the dust its valiant sons  
 Once free as air ; and when in humblest strains  
 They venture to remonstrate, dared increase  
 His foul oppression, till on every side,  
 By bayonet, by scalping-knife and fire,  
 This once fair land is deluged with our blood !

Nor here alone ; O'er European soil  
 Her criminal ambition too would slay  
 The birthright of the family of man.  
 And Freedom thus expelled almost the world  
 Has with us chose her favorite abode.  
 But here is she pursued ; till now, in tears,  
 She waits to know if here she may remain,  
 Or if from earth she must for aye remove !  
 But now the hour of vengeance is at hand,  
 When despotism in turn must feel the ills  
 That Freedom has therefrom so long endured,  
 If we approve us worthy of the hour.  
 Heed it, my heroes ! and remember well  
 That on this field determined it must be,  
 And by your hand determined, what shall be  
 Our offspring's state henceforth till time expires.  
 Their fortunes to your care intrusted are,  
 And on this single cast it now depends  
 If they shall freemen live, or England's slaves.

If any scene on earth commands the gaze  
 And high approval of the heavenly powers,  
 'Tis when a people resolute and firm,  
 And all dependent on Jehovah's arm,  
 March without rest or weariness unto  
 The conquest of those rights they hold from Him,  
 Regardless of their days and nights of toil,  
 Their untold sufferings or gory death.  
 Heaven deems that he's already lived too long,  
 Who, when his country has for Freedom struck,  
 Would yet his country's liberty survive.

The foe we here encounter, he is brave,  
 Nor aim I to detract from the high fame



His martial feats and courage have acquired.  
His troops are veteran too, and on so great  
Occasion will despair to bravery add  
Determined resolution. Well he knows  
His all is here at risk; nor has he aught  
Neglected, that could mortal power perform  
To give success and triumph to his arms.  
If here we therefore conquer, victory  
Is not gained easily; nor onward move  
Expecting that those ranks will speedy fly.  
This combat with our warlike enemy,  
As it will prove the last, will prove severe.  
But they who reckon what their liberty  
Will cost them, have their liberty renounced.  
We war for justice, for the sacred rights  
To man belonging and assigned of Heaven;  
We war to free from tyranny accurst  
The land our fathers have to Freedom given;  
To free our offspring from oppression's yoke,  
And break the chains which bind a groaning world.

Yes, warriors; if victorious on this field,  
Again shall happiness its prospect bring  
In vista grand before earth's longing eyes.  
Hope will inspire the nations, till they move,  
As we have done, to gain their hallowed boon,  
And Freedom's blessings be diffused, until  
They are the portion rich of all our race.  
But, if at this great hour, and after all  
Our toils we fail, what land will henceforth make  
With hope the effort? Nay, we sound the knell  
Of Freedom, and our country's hopes for aye,  
Whose sun will set, and dreariest darkness soon  
Enshroud us in the mantle of despair.  
Nor deem our country's conquest e'er can end  
In aught but entire ruin. For, while aught  
Remains to evidence the love we bear  
To Freedom, 'twill the fears of England 'rouse  
Lest we recover strength the war to resume  
Against her haughty claims. Nor will she deem  
Herself secure in conquest, till are laid  
Our towns in ashes (as so numerous  
They are already); and our armies find

Paoli's cruel fate ; or cross the sea,  
 Sent to enslave for England other lands,  
 Nor will alone our country's hopes be slain ;  
 For now th' oppressed of other climes behold  
 Us with deep interest, to learn if they  
 May hope to dash their fetters to the ground.  
 If then the sun of Freedom here decline,  
 A dreary night must settle speedily  
 Upon man's prospects. Twilight may, perchance,  
 Protracted be ; and our unhappy race  
 Dimly discern the still-reflected rays  
 Of the once risen glory ; yet 'twould still  
 But twilight be. Shade thickening on shade,  
 As yon huge clouds involving now the heights,  
 Would each succeeding generation pall  
 In drearier night ; till the resplendent beams,  
 Which Freedom's sun is pouring on the world,  
 Would fail amidst impenetrable gloom.

This moment then our country elevates,  
 Or shrouds it in the pall of slavery !  
 The prayers of millions are for our success ;  
 For on us millions and their hopes depend !  
 The happiness of ages yet unborn,  
 Rests now upon your prowess on this field.  
 Such are your motives—onward to the charge !

Meanwhile Cornwallis thus is heard amid  
 His moving ranks ere sounds the signal dread :  
 Warriors ! who have on many a blood-stained field  
 Asserted England's high supremacy  
 O'er European nations trained to arms ;  
 You here have England's honor to maintain,  
 The honor of her King and Parliament ;  
 And glory of a noble ancestry  
 (Of which till now you've full deserving proved),  
 Against the troops of these revolted States ;  
 And their vain allies clad in male attire ;  
 Yet whom your might has oft but women proved  
 Ev'n on the plains of their own native soil.  
 The gallant leader of that motley clan  
 Whose name alone respectability  
 To it imparts ; whose genius all sublime,

Worthy a better cause ! alone has saved  
It from the doom it merits ; knows full well  
That on this battle rests the issue grand,  
Whether these Colonies shall longer arm  
Rebelligiously against their rightful King ;  
Or whether justice here shall claim its own ;  
And on this field determined is to die  
Or gain a victory that ends his toil.

We hold the north now fully 'neath our sway ;  
And south of us the Colonies have all  
By you subjected been ; and all, full soon  
As aught occasion offers, will return  
To their allegiance. The country all  
Is wearied of the war, and long has wished  
She ne'er had it begun ; France too regrets  
Her intermeddling here : While Washington  
Is full as well aware as we ourselves  
Of his position ; and is all assured  
That if upon this field his effort fails,  
This country stands for evermore our own.

As we've each stimulating motive then  
That valor can or reputation give ;  
With the assurance that the cause for which  
We war is just ; so we likewise possess  
The best of reasons to insure the hope  
That victory shall here our toils approve.  
Yon enemy is yet the same which we  
So oft have vanquished on this very soil.  
Your own remembrance will recall how oft  
This arm has led you in the glorious field  
To splendid conquest o'er these vaunting foes :  
Whose memory now reverts to Brandywine,  
Long Isle and Camden : while they fancying hear  
The ghosts of them who justly perished there  
Shriek in their ears,—not calling for revenge ;  
But waiting for their company assured  
Down to the shades of darkness and the grave.  
And, as so late, you've Lincoln overcome ;  
And boasting Gates demolished with his crew ;  
Now, while your hand has not yet laid aside  
The conquering sword, the wished-for hour is come

To cap the climax of success so grand :  
And close at once and aye this bloody war.

I aim not, soldiers, to arouse contempt  
Within your bosoms for an enemy  
Who often have a willingness evinced  
To perish, ere submit to imag'd wrongs :  
And subtlety, advantage to assume  
Whene'er by us afforded ; but I aim  
To nerve your arm to conquest ; and awake  
Caution no less than courage. Victory,  
Though now so certainly within our grasp,  
May yet be lost unless is every means  
Adopted to secure it. Victory  
Has oft by unforeseen contingencies,  
Or by neglect of matters trivial deemed  
(By those whose only province 'tis to obey  
With or without a reason), from the power  
Escaped of those who fancied it was sure.  
Note then your orders well, and well obey,  
And victory again our arms will crown.  
But if it be the high resolve of Heaven  
That by some unforeseen contingency,  
You here shall fail ; 'tis not determined too  
That you'll the day survive. The brave will give  
Their life a sacrifice at Valor's shrine ;  
'Tis none but cowards live when hope expires ;  
'Tis none but cowards will disgrace survive.  
And when we perish here, our names will stand  
Enrolled in Fame's high temple ; and shall live  
To stimulate in future times the brave.  
Live ? yes ! and to the universe proclaim  
That man should more than life, his honor prize.

Soldiers, I blush, when thus I am compelled  
To speak to Britons ! *Fail !* why we the word  
Ne'er learned till by the rashness of Burgoyne  
A gallant army fell 'neath the dire toils  
Of Famine's hand. But on this field to speak  
Of *fail* is out of place. An army grand  
Numbering its myriads in full panoply ;  
And e'er till now triumphant ! and with whom  
Here to contend ? A force from nations all

Collected ; and at best the mere surcharge  
Of their bad humors. View their cavalry ;  
Foundered and weak from their late voyage o'er  
The bay when rocked by tempest ; and their foot  
Sea-sick and bruised ; who scarce can yet discern  
If still sea-tossed, or now on land they are ;  
With weapons broke and battered, and all drenched  
By the o'ersweeping surge : such is the force  
Arrayed against us there ; the shadow scarce  
Of their huge prowess when asouth they moved.  
Still they are boldly there, us to confront :  
Nor can we now conceal that here our strife  
Is not alone for glory : Would it were !  
But in this strife our safety stands involved :  
A strife it is that must this day decide  
If there is aught to us remaining here  
Of what till now we've proudly named our own ;—  
If we must henceforth find the doom of slaves.

But, while from their success, so much we have  
To apprehend, thank Heaven ! we too retain  
The means that can prevent it ; whose extent  
Equals the justice of the war we wage.  
Nor shall yon sun decline ere are discerned  
Their proudest heroes wrapped in Death's dun pall,  
Far scattered o'er the field ; with their life's blood  
To fertilize the soil they've hoped to gain ;  
If at this hour you prove to duty true.

Thus he ; and hurls his battoon in the air :  
And now upon the ear the horrid sound  
Of closing armies bursts, and the trump 'wakes,  
With the loud battle-cry in wild acclaim,  
As hosts unnumbered charge in fiercest fray ;  
For now in fiery haste the Franks press on  
Led by Viominel and Rochambeau,  
'Gainst the Germanic legions : while against  
Th' opposing left advance New England's sons,  
Manhattan's, and the force of old Domain,  
Led by Steuben and Clinton : and the Guards  
With Penn's and Jersey's sons, and Maryland's,  
Move towards the centre led by Washington :  
Then at the left their platoon's thunder 'wakes,

Sweeping aright of the far lengthened lines,  
 Louder and louder still in frequent blaze ;  
 While by the quickening reed inspired too 'wakes  
 The brazen cannonry of Gallia's sons ;  
 And now the park of Knox ; and Albion's now ;  
 Whose flashing grain exploding, fierce they glance  
 Reiterate o'er the embattled plain.

But vain the charge of either side ! for still  
 Unyielding as Napoleon's rock-ribbed Isle  
 Is to the surging billows, each abides  
 The charge terrific for nine dreadful hours :  
 Till now upon the Albion right resounds  
 The clashing sabres and the bayonets crash.  
 As Lafayette and Wayne pour their command  
 Of cavalry and infantry, to flank  
 Where now the cannonry dismounted leaves  
 It all exposed. With eye unwinking they  
 Calmly survey the forest huge of arms  
 Bristling afar and charged with slumbering death ;  
 Then with impetuous onset strike the flank  
 As triple-bolted thunder rives the oak ;  
 Or, as when tempest-tossed the ocean rears  
 Her billows crested with the spongy foam  
 Until the clouds of heaven they rudely break.  
 Dire now the squadrons thunder of the foe,  
 As back retire they from the frequent charge  
 Flashing fierce volleys of retreating fire :  
 Till now in aidance of the flank assailed  
 Cornwallis swift moves Tarleton with th' reserve,  
 Whose squadrons huge of cavalry and foot  
 Come thundering swift along ; their fiery blades  
 Far flashing, rise, and glance, and bend, as now  
 In the fierce fray they meet ; nor aught aback  
 Give either : but with steady gaze they watch  
 To aim with sure effect the fatal blow ;  
 And the nerved arm the willing soul obeys.

But now by force superior, Lafayette  
 And Wayne fall back, till ev'n is reassumed  
 Their primal post : when Washington forth moves  
 Two squadrons of reserved cavalry  
 By Scammell led ; and two, of foot, led on

By Stewart, Jersey's son, and Woodford bold ;  
Who onward rush, and now bear rapidly  
On Tarleton's force : yet as the cavalry  
Assail, their small-arms rapid they discharge,  
Then draw the gleaming falchion ; while the foot  
Press with the bayonet ; and, as when meet  
Two clouds with thunder fraught, and, mixing, crash  
Dire in the heavens, they close with horrid war.  
On ! on, my heroes, for if here you fail,  
You fail for ever : here our cause must die !  
Exclaims Fayette ; and, in the hottest fray  
Mingles, yet all unscathed ; while high aspires  
The dust and smoke, concealing far the field.  
Still the huge squadrons thunder o'er the plain,  
Till now in front and on the flank assailed,  
'Tarleton falls back apace ; but, soon o'ertook  
With hideous carnage, strives in vain to 'rouse  
His o'erspent troops to action ; for adown  
Still sink they 'neath the feet of fiery steeds  
So urgent pressing on. Here ! here I'll stand !  
(Fierce he exclaims, o'erspent with fiery rage),  
You doe-faced, lily-livered—Oh that I  
Might pay you for this yet ! Do you not hear !  
You bragging, blustering dastards ! Stand to arms !  
Stand ! or I'll make you rue it ! Here I'll stand,  
And if you leave me thus, I'll perish here,  
You deer-legged, bread-consuming poltroons, go !  
Go tell that Frenchmen chased you from the field !  
Yet still unheeded of his flying troops,  
Nor fond of dying as of massacre,  
He on swift moves amid their frightened hordes,  
Nor pauses till the heights and camp are gained.

So on the southron seas by whalemen pierced  
With harpoon keen, the ocean's monarch swift  
Darts from the surface to the depths adown,  
But vain, for shelter ; for soon all o'ercome  
Through the excess of pain, exhausted too  
From need of air, he furious upward whirls,  
But with a second wound is now assailed ;  
Then mad from smart, he plunges down, far down,  
And with his snout the channel deeply ploughs,  
As though thereon to hold ; when suddenly

Rising, he rapid thunders towards the shore,  
 Marking with gore his way, till, life resigned,  
 He floats a mighty carcase on the main.

And now their line thus flanked, the Albion powers  
 Break on the right, and, sorely pressed in front  
 By the bold Gallian troops, the rout becomes  
 From right to left along the line entire,  
 Nigh universal; for the panic spreads  
 Through the whole length. Then by the warriors  
 Of Rochambeau, and Washington's command,  
 Charged at the bayonet's point, aback they fall  
 Apace, and flee disordered towards the camp.  
 Yet a large party seek a shelter now  
 Within two strong redoubts, erected by  
 Cornwallis late, that, planted at the pass  
 Leading unto his camp, and Yorktown's heights,  
 They might a coming enemy repel,  
 Which Washington ne'er tarries long to assail,  
 But quickly in command of Lafayette  
 A column of Columbians bestows  
 Against the one; while leads Viominel  
 Against the second his brave countrymen.  
 The corps advance of Lafayette is led  
 By Hamilton; while Laurens, at the head  
 Of six times fifty strong, turns the redoubt,  
 To take in the reverse the garrison,  
 And intercept retreat: who them now ken,  
 And pour the frequent cannonry's death-stream  
 On their advance. Yet though the iron bolts  
 Fly rapidly, keen searching for the life  
 Of the swift-coming foe, in vain are now  
 Their efforts all; who then in mad despair  
 Resolve to perish. Haste! fly hastily!  
 And to the magazine the match apply,  
 And let their tones of triumph now be changed  
 To wailing mid hell flames! Thus loud exclaims  
 Their fierce commander. Yet in vain, for now  
 The troops rush on with bayonet to the charge;  
 Nor to the sappers time allow to remove  
 The abattis and the palisades; but o'er  
 Them passing, all impetuous assail,  
 And, with resistless intrepidity



Enter (ev'n while the Franks the next redoubt  
Assault with like success); and Hamilton  
Upraised the standard of Columbia's sons.

But while they thus are warring at the works,  
Cornwallis from the camp a chosen band  
Leads forth, it to defend; lest should it be  
Assailed and took by storm; whom Washington  
Advances now to meet; but hastening night  
Denies to him the conquest all entire  
And capture of the army, which had been  
Effected, had one hour remained of day.  
But o'er the warring plains the pensive shades  
Of evening now move on, and twilight closes:  
And pouring darkness thick the night returns,  
Giving the signal for the war to end.  
While the dense vapors from the marish rise,  
And river, which the brilliancy bedims  
Of Hesperus and all her twinkling train.  
The cannon cease, for the fierce fray is o'er,  
Save in the distance the last charging squadron,  
Like the last peal of thunder, now resounds  
Sudden upon the ear, and death's quick flash  
Tears from dim eye her dusky veil away.

But where are now those reg'ments puissant,  
Which at the early dawn with rapid step  
Marched joyful to the field, rending the air  
With the loud battle-cry; and moved along  
In column solid, and in bright array?  
Scattered they lie far o'er the field, a prey  
To death and ruin! Friends commingling here,  
And foes, their smoking blood. The generous steed  
With his impetuous rider, low in death,  
Here lie; and here the veteran in war;  
And here the noble youth whose first campaign  
And last this proves to be! That day arose  
Upon them in the flower of youth, and pride  
Of expectation, panting for renown;  
But its sad eye sees them here motionless  
Upon the crimsoned plain. How frail the thread  
Whence hangs the eternal destiny of man!  
Quenched in a moment were their glorious fires

Of intellect and valor! crushed at once  
 Was every hope cherished by them so fondly  
 Of being clasped again in beauty's arms,  
 Awaiting them at home; whose deep-felt prayers,  
 Mingled with sighs of love, ascended oft  
 For the dear absent. But farewell to hope!  
 Farewell to earthly bliss. No more, alas,  
 Are those now glazen eyes the endearing smile  
 To witness or bestow; nor more shall ye  
 The faery forms of beauty now behold  
 Or feel her sweet caress. Here too repose  
 The private with his officer, all drenched  
 In their now clotted gore; nor more to find  
 Aught interest on earth, and soon forgot  
 As shadows when they pass. The grey owl sweeps  
 Fast whirling by; or in the distance mourns  
 Upon the oak, in notes responsive to  
 The tones of wail and anguish from the field  
 Where death is reigning now; while from their dens  
 The prowling wolf and fierce hyena come  
 To glut themselves on gallant soldiers slain.  
 Now blood-red meteors glare around the night,  
 Enhancing still its horrors: as though fiends  
 Were hurrying to and fro, the souls to seize  
 Of hapless mortals, who from earth had passed  
 Unreconciled to God. Night's Virgin Queen  
 Upforcing through the mists and mountain pines,  
 Pours from the clear expanse her silvery ray,  
 Fair brightening in the horizon; till the scene  
 Beholding, she in clouds her face enveils,  
 And mourns in showers the murderous deeds of man.

Some still in deathful anguish are discerned,  
 Their fate lamenting to the souls humane,  
 Who now to afford relief traverse the field:  
 Or in delirium speak of home; of friends  
 With whom they seem discoursing; or of children,  
 With whom they're fondling now, far, far away,  
 Round their once happy fireside. Others lay dead;  
 But still their lifeless visages retain  
 The furious frowns of war, as when they fell,  
 Pierced by the flashing blade or bayonet's point:  
 While some, whose visage languor overspreads,

Seem to have passed all sorrowing from the scene.  
Here, on the bosom of a warrior youth,  
Lay the fair portrait of his fondest love,  
Drenched in the gore still oozing from his breast ;  
While she, unconscious of her lover's fate,  
Smiled on enchantingly. And here, beside  
A soul intrepid, stands his faithful steed,  
Browsing ; and now with looks of wonder views him,  
Nor yet afar will venture from his side,  
But nips the herbage ; then him views again,  
And walks around, as though would he arouse  
His tedious slumbering. Here, too, Scammell fell  
And sunk in death, as the autumnal flower  
Nipp'd by th' untimely frost. I saw him fall,  
When charging at his thundering squadron's head,  
And heard his prayer (ev'n as he ceased to breathe),  
Oh God, my country save ! 'Thou martyr dear  
To liberty and heaven, thy fervent prayer,  
Breathed with thy last expiring breath, is heard !  
Success was his, and victory, and fame,  
The warrior's prize, the hero's deathless name ;  
He had them won : and glory's glittering beam  
Shone from his brow, yet but a moment shone !  
Brief as the glimmering of the shooting star  
Is human greatness ! Now o'er his young grave  
Pale Cynthia her frequent vigil keeps,  
And cold bleak winds sigh mournful from their caves ;  
Yet oft 'twas moistened by the army's tears.

But listen ! hear that dying warrior !  
(For many here now died, who felt that Heaven  
Had called them to their country's sacred war ;)  
I listened as he thus : Thou art the Fount  
Of Goodness all exhaustless, Oh my God !  
And in the sea of heavenly bliss I soon  
This time-worn soul shall bathe ! I hear a voice  
Call gently : on my ear how sweet it sounds !  
Yet seems my ear it scarce to recognise,  
Or any sound aught more. How to my soul  
It speaks direct, and seems to call me hence,  
And tells of other worlds, of glorious spheres,  
Where war and sin and death are known no more !  
Oh Lord, I've sought to serve thee with my powers—

How soft and sweet it whispers me away,  
 Telling of worlds where angels sound the lyre,  
 And seraphs, who before the eternal throne  
 In vision beatific wondering gaze ;  
 And cherubim, glowing with effluence, bright  
 As the pure empyrean lighted by  
 The immediate presence of heaven's Majesty.  
 I come, sweet Guide, I come ! And then, at once  
 Rising, he left earth's sufferings all and cares.

Now, as the eve advances, 'lone is seen,  
 Moving on slowly towards the fatal field,  
 One, who to her bright eyes the kerchief raised,  
 To dry the pearly drops oft trickling down.  
 Then, startled at the wolf's wild howl, or by  
 The jackal's growl, or by the baleful note  
 Of the great owl 'lone mourning on the oak,  
 She pauses, as unknowing if to flee ;  
 Yet passes onward, and, at every step  
 Oft sobbing, thus with trembling tone is heard :  
 Lorenzo ! Mary seeks thee ! Yet, amidst  
 Anguish so keen, would hope, though transient still,  
 Relight her dark eyes' wonted fire, as on  
 Her sorrowing way pursues she thus forlorn.  
 Then, sobbing o'er : Ah ! whither is he gone  
 So late, in such a place ? I saw him with  
 His troop pass out to battle, at the dawn ;  
 And he assured me he would soon return  
 To me and his dear babe : but when the troop  
 Returned, they sorrowing seemed, yet me assured  
 He was unhurt, and soon would safe return.  
 Oh ! what is this, all bloody, on the ground ?  
 How much he's like our George ! How thick they lie  
 All o'er the field ! And there's a wounded one !  
 Perhaps some friend is wounded, and he stays  
 With him awhile. Lorenzo ! Mary seeks  
 Thee o'er the dreadful field ! The enemy  
 Sure ne'er would harm him ; he's so kind and good  
 And gentle, too : he never harmed a fly.  
 If he were wounded, sure they'd told me so,  
 Or would have brought him with them from the field.  
 Perhaps he is a pris—Oh God ! 'tis he !

Wildly she shrieked (as from behind a cloud  
The moon shines forth and shows her lover's corse!),  
And, swooning, fell, and burst her heart and died.

Oh war! with all thy pageantry and pomp,  
And all that may thy blood-stained hand acquire,  
How fell a curse art thou! A furious fiend,  
Crushing all hearts beneath thy horrid car,  
And all earth's fairest hopes, in ruin down!  
While in thy haggard train moves wildly forth  
Despair and raging Discord, and all woes  
That sin has e'er entailed, led fiercely on  
By cursed Ambition! triumphing 'mid blood,  
And groans and slaughter of a woe-worn world.  
Such are your deeds, ye Despots of mankind,  
Whose proud usurping will compel the soul  
Its rights to yield, or firm your sway withstand;  
A sway which Heaven requires that all disown!  
And when by righteous war man claims his own,  
Yours stands the guilt of every woe thus born!

## BOOK XXVIII.

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### ARGUMENT.

Grief of Cornwallis at the result of the late battle. Yorktown invested. Attempted escape of Cornwallis. The first and second parallels being soon completed, the artillery, with terrible effect, open upon the town. Capitulation of Cornwallis, and joy of America, who regards this as virtually the termination of the war. Washington, however, prepares with great vigor for the next campaign: but England finally acknowledges by treaty the Independence of the United States.

CORNWALLIS now by sorrow all o'erfraught  
Nor rest nor slumber seeks, nor any comes  
To ease his anguished soul. He'd strove to gain  
The wreath immortalizing, and had deemed  
He held it in his grasp, when suddenly  
Disaster, as the thirsty Sirius, comes,  
Blighting its verdant hues. Then, as he stands  
At midnight's lonely hour, revolving o'er  
His own and country's prospects, cheerless now ;  
And darkening fast ; though late so flattering ;  
While still her strength Columbia increased :  
And thinking too of friends in battle slain ;  
He suddenly soft whispering seems to hear ;  
And turning whence it comes, he, or discerns,  
Or thinks he sees, the once loved André's form,  
And form of Frazer moving towards him slow.  
Oh how unlike to when war's cruel hand  
Had laid them low ! they, with effulgence bright  
As two meek seraphs of the heavenly throng,  
Appear, and with immortal youth endowed :  
But mortal language ne'er can tell, nor hand  
Of man depict ; nor ev'n earth's colors paint  
To human heart their glory, nor portray  
Their joy all utterless and full-fraught bliss.

He wondering gazed, and long : not overcome  
Of terror, but enraptured with the scene

So earth-transcending, which to mind recalls  
The gem of heavenly origin, which all  
Earth's gems outvalue far ; till now he thus ;  
Loved of my country ! do these eyes again  
Behold you in this wearying world of woe ?  
You come to cheer our sinking spirits now  
Amid our griefs unnumbered and so great :  
Or are ye sent to aid us, or advise ?  
Speak, loved companions of a happier day.

Then in sweet tones, unlike earth's music all,  
And scarce by man conceived, him André thus :  
Vain are your efforts all to apprehend  
God's purposes ; but, oh ! be not in vain  
Our mission to announce them ! Bring no more  
War's woes upon your army and the land ;  
For hope of conquest here must be upgiven.  
Freedom's bright day upon the earth has dawned ;  
And Heaven resolves that Albion in this war  
Shall vanquished be ; to evince how vain must prove  
All armies and all arms, and skill, and power,  
Arrayed against the rights of human kind.  
Yet has the war from England's heart ne'er risen !  
A Cabinet, aiming at power supreme,  
Have thus assayed to bring Columbia down,  
And Albion's self, from Freedom's happy hopes :  
But destined are themselves to fail ; and soon  
To sink in ruin whelmed, when shall the soul  
Of England now long lulled in sleep profound,  
Awake to crush whom thus would alienate  
Her truest, noblest sons. Then shall return  
To her Columbia's love ; who will regard  
With sweet forgiveness, all the tragedies  
Marking this war so dire ; nor more she'll deem  
These as expressive of the feelings true  
Of England's heart towards her ; but discern  
As the last efforts of expiring power  
To bring their common Saxondom adown  
From its high aims and destiny sublime.  
Then all renewed their former love shall rise,  
Ne'er to be marred again nor severed more :  
But now united as one family  
Their labors they'll concentrate, to fulfil

Their glorious destiny, and crush the thrones  
 Of Despots all till Freedom rules the world.  
 Though to your ken invisible, the forms  
 Of Warren, Scammell, and Montgomery  
 Are with us here ; sweet earnest of the love  
 That shall once more and soon unite our lands.

No longer then be prodigal of life ;  
 The hour is come, and efforts all are vain ;  
 Such is the will of Heaven ! who still reserves  
 For you Fame's brighter wreaths in other climes.

They said ; and, into air, dissolve away  
 Ev'n while he gazed : Who, reasoning, thus bespeaks :  
 'Tis true ; man is immortal ! Death's alone  
 A change of scene ; the body only dies.  
 The soul when freed from earth, still is the same  
 As when to earth united by this clay.  
 It thinks ; it reasons ; feels of joy or pain ;  
 Yet freed of all incumbrance. Happy hour !  
 When those who are prepared—'Twas singular !  
 How strange, that in our dreams such scenes appear !  
 Yet by the vision much absorbed, he ne'er  
 That eve resistance or escape could plan,  
 Although assured that on him ruin glares.

Then through the following week the Allied Powers  
 Labor incessantly to disembark  
 Their heaviest ordnance, and their entire stores  
 Armigerous, them haling to the camp ;  
 And the first parallel commence, as now  
 Night's glittering stars the firmament begem ;  
 And toil with silence all profound, that ne'er  
 Is aught suspected till the morn reveals  
 The work completed to Cornwallis' gaze.  
 Nor could he make thereon impression none ;  
 For now the trenches cover full the men,  
 And soon the batteries and redoubts complete  
 Pour upon York the incessant fiery charge,  
 Yet answered by the foe in thund'rings oft.  
 But from the batteries now the red-winged globes  
 Assail Cornwallis' fleet, till, some enwrapped  
 In a huge volume of aspiring blaze,



Scarce can they save it now, where late they hoped  
Their vessels moored lay all secure of harm.  
Fierce the flame rages still, and now assails  
The Charon, which adrift is quickly sent ;  
Nor will her gallant crew her deck resign,  
As near the shore she's moving, lest the foe  
Enter and strike the flag. As blooms unchilled  
The Alpine rose and myrtle on the verge  
Of the dread avalanche, so undismayed  
They stand, till now the rolling flame arrives  
The magazine, and death horrific hurls.

But now the bold design Cornwallis forms,  
As eve's descending with her dusky car,  
That, soon as Hesper twinkles in the heavens,  
He'll move his forces to the Gloucester shore ;  
Unite with Tarleton there ; and thence on press  
Against De Choisy (who upon York's stream  
Lay, near to Gloucester) with resistless sway ;  
Whom overcoming, he'll with rapid march  
Ford Rappahannock ; and too, at their fords,  
Potomac and the Susquehanna pass,  
Till, Pennsylvania reached, the Delaware  
He'll cross, and through New Jersey to New York,  
And Clinton join (leaving his baggage all,  
And wounded and artillery). Boats, too,  
And barges are in readiness, whereby  
They may to Gloucester Point the river pass ;  
And 'mid the darkness is one passage gained  
Safely and unperceived. But as return  
The boats and barges now, a sudden gale  
Arising, sweeps them all adown the stream,  
Wild dashing on the roaring billows' crest,  
Till now amid the waves fiercely they meet,  
And crash and break ; while mid the dreary gloom  
Sounds the appalling tones of drowning men,  
And the loud brawl of seamen, who in vain  
Would shun the encounter. Louder now resound  
The lumbering billows and the typhon's rage ;  
While rain and hail drive in fierce torrents down ;  
And lightnings glare o'er the bright crests of foam  
And foundered barks ; then louder still awakes  
The peals of heaven's artillery, till each soul

Failing, with terror whelmed, the boats upyield  
To drive before the winds and foaming waves,  
And him compels reluctant hope to yield.

Meanwhile all night engaged is Washington  
At parallel the second, with redoubts  
And batteries within three hundred yards  
Of the foe's works ; and ere Hyperion  
Glanced at the fir-clothed mountains, and the clouds  
Tinged, as if pencilled by some hand divine,  
The whole line of the second parallel  
Completed is, with batteries all prepared,  
And mantled with twelve scores of cannonry  
Of heaviest metal, and with mortars huge  
At every point. And as the morn thus 'wakes  
Begin the hideous thunders, jarring earth  
And the high-vaulted Dome, as when heaven's bolt,  
Crashing, reverberates from pole to pole ;  
While from the lines and vessels of De Grasse  
Course, meteor-like, the bombs, and reach the town,  
Till the thronged streets of York flow down with gore,  
And are with dead and dying filled ; and still  
The incessant thunderings awake, till now  
The whole peninsula trembles, as when earth  
Rocks by volcanic fires. And now resound  
The falling mansions of the town of York  
Beneath the bombs and the mad driving bolts  
Of the huge cannonry, and crushing 'neath  
The tumbling ruin numerous who sought  
Shelter therein ; wounded and dying too ;  
And ere the day declines the works are laid  
Prostrate, and every gun dismounted sinks  
Silenced and useless, of the enemy.  
Till having all performed that mortal arm  
Herein could do, Cornwallis by chamade  
Proposes a cessation of the war  
Till morn, that so commissioners may meet  
And terms adjust of treaty ; unto whom  
The terms sends Washington which had the foe  
Required of Lincoln at the Charleston siege,  
And Laurens names, and Viscount de Noailles,  
Of the French forces, as commissioners,  
To meet whom should be by Cornwallis named ;

To whom two hours alone by Washington  
 Are granted for response, ere shall again  
 The cannonry open upon the town.  
 But through the night accedes he to the terms,  
 Capitulating York and Gloucester Point ;  
 And then, as morning purples o'er the east,  
 He, marching forth, to Washington upyields  
 The army, arms, artillery, and stores,  
 • And to the Count de Grasse the vessels all  
 And naval stores in full, and mariners.  
 And thus the contest of Columbia  
 For Freedom closed : thus was her title sealed  
 To be henceforth amongst the nations known.  
 Yes, on thy fields, O York ! where Despotism  
 Its last great effort made, was sealed her claim  
 To Independence through all coming years.

Blest boon ! the triumph grand of Liberty,  
 The triumph o'er a despotism accurst ;  
 Who from this hour through earth began to quail,  
 Howe'er on human miseries enthroned,  
 And feel his power to wane. The war maintained  
 Through centuries agone against the rights  
 Sacred of human kind, no longer now  
 The strife defensive stands of Liberty,  
 • But her aggressive warfare 'gainst the claims  
 Usurped of tyrants all. Thy champions pure,  
 O Freedom ! who, on Platæa's plains renowned,  
 And Marathon, poured freely forth their blood ;  
 And his great name who at Thermopylæ  
 Led on thy glorious band of warlike sons,  
 Here viewing, saw their toils were ne'er in vain.  
 Nor vain were thine, ye noble sons of Rome,  
 Ev'n though Octavian feline perfidy  
 Robbed your descendants ; nor, Arminius, thine,  
 When sunk the haughty Varus by thy hand.  
 Nor vain were his who led Helvetia's war ;  
 Nor theirs who led Batavia's gallant sons ;  
 Nor thine who freedom to thy Scotia gave ;  
 Nor thine, brave Cromwell, and thy loved compeers,  
 Who shook the thrones of despots through the world !  
 What though ye failed to entail the happy boon  
 Your warfare purchased ! Liberty still lived

In these your deeds sublime ! and urged her war  
Till triumph now her toils unnumbered crowned,  
And Earth's grand chorus Freedom's anthem sung !  
Nor did Columbia e'er your mighty woes  
Forget, or high example ; but her arm  
Nerved for the fierce encounter as to mind  
She them recalled ; until earth's lordlings heard  
The voice of Freedom speaking from the mouths  
Of the huge cannonry at Yorktown's heights ;  
The only argument a Despot hears.  
They heard, and did regard it ; and beheld  
Earth now awaking to reclaim her own.

Yet as the Albions move to pile their arms  
Upon the plains of York, thus Washington  
Bespeaks his gallant officery and men ;  
Let generosity still rule you, brave compeers !  
Heav'n has the victory to Freedom given ;  
And o'er an enemy accustomed long  
To triumph on the field ; and whose chagrin,  
Let us not now by clamorous shouts increase ;  
Or aught expressive of the joy we feel  
At triumph thus achieved. We are not bound  
By usage immemorial herein,  
As gallant Gates evinced : Nor shall we lose  
By magnanimity, which seems to ask  
Of us its yielding. Surely we may find  
Sufficient satisfaction for the woes  
We've suffered at their hand, when we behold  
Their anguish keen, and humbling so deserved.  
No ! let posterity for us hurra !

The news of triumph o'er the land afar,  
Diffused a joyance to be felt alone,  
Nor e'er expressed. Her forests grand resound  
With hymns of victory and gratitude  
To God who gave the boon now sought so long.  
His hand they own ; and would to ages all  
And nations speak his praise, whose arm alone  
Had saved them, and whose ear had heard their prayer :  
O God ! the works thy hands have wrought, we've seen,  
And our own ears have heard ! Not by the sword  
Our armies triumphed. Not their hands alone

Its rights and freedom to this land have given :  
They but prevailed, and conquered by Thine arm  
And Thy right hand. Thou didst upon their path  
Beam with the radiance of thy countenance,  
Because Thou hadst a favor to our land.  
Hard things upon thy people Thou didst bring.  
And Thou hast made them drink in bitter draughts  
Wine of astonishment ; until reproach  
Our heart had broken ; and calamity  
Brought us to seek our help of Thee alone.  
Then didst Thou answer from thy holy place  
In doings terrible ; till through thine arm  
We have done valiantly ; and Thou adown  
Hast crushed our boasting enemies for aye.

Come, see the works of God, ye nations all !  
God, who has never turned away our prayer ;  
Nor His great mercy from us ! For our feet  
Were almost gone : our steps well-nigh had slipped.  
And in their wrath men o'er our heads did ride ;  
And the proud 'rose against us ; and the floods  
Of the ungodly lifted up their waves.  
But we, th' eternal years of His right hand  
Remembered in our woe ; and He became  
Our Sun and Shield ; and brought upon our foes  
Their own iniquity ; nor would permit  
Those waiting on his name to be ashamed !

O God ! all men shall fear Thee, and declare  
Thy works ; and these Thy marvellous doings shall  
Wisely consider ; and through Thy great power  
Thine enemies shall yield themselves to Thee,  
Till shall the earth all worship Thee and praise !  
Give to the Lord, ye kindreds of the earth,  
Give to the Lord the glory due His name !  
Give thanks to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
Who in our low estate hath us redeemed  
From all our enemies : for He is Good,  
And evermore His mercy shall endure.

Yet, while thy name we bless, that thus our land  
Hath freed from foul oppression ; we would bless  
That grace which hath our fallen world redeemed

From sin and Satan's power ; by Him thy Son,  
 Thy well-beloved Son, who for us bore  
 In untold woe, thy wrath, sin's cursed meed.  
 O praise His matchless mercy, and recount  
 In rapturous strains these wonders all divine,  
 All ye on earth who know his love ; and ye  
 Who cast your radiant crowns before His Throne.  
 Praise Him, ye Angels ; who in effluence bright  
 Glow mid the glories of the heavenly world ;  
 Cherub and Seraph ; and speak forth His praise,  
 Ye pure, unfallen sons of God, who dwell  
 In yonder glowing planets, suns, and spheres  
 Rolling through space unbounded ; praise the love  
 That ne'er to endless ruin would resign  
 This orb, sin-blasted now, though once so fair !

Thus they ; nor silent then was any tongue  
 In the grand concert of Jehovah's praise :  
 For every eye beheld that He alone  
 Had through the doubtful warfare victory given.  
 The nature and duration of the strife  
 So arduous, and so dubious once, had now  
 The best affections of Columbia's sons  
 Therein enlisted ; and their interest  
 In the result so all intense became,  
 That when arrives this news of victory  
 (So sudden is joy's passage to the soul,  
 Which ne'er but by surprise can entrance find),  
 Th' emotions violent and rapturous  
 By many felt, of reason them bereaved ;  
 And some, of life itself. At the lone hour  
 Of night's drear noon, th' express which swiftly bore  
 From Washington to Congress the glad news,  
 The city reached of Philadelphia ;  
 And challenged by the watch, announced the word  
 He bearing is, who rapid through the town  
 Runs in wild ecstasy shouting aloud,  
 Cornwallis captured is by Washington !  
 On hearing which, an aged patriot,  
 And of the first who Albion's rule renounced,  
 Sinks down and dies of joy ; and soon the town  
 Aroused is hastening to hear confirmed  
 The triumph or proclaim the joyful word ;

And long ere morn each mansion is illumed :  
While on the following day God's earthly courts  
Are by the citizens and Congress thronged  
To speak their gratitude in praise and prayer.

Loud rung the trump of Fame through other lands :  
And falls upon the ear of those still held  
In manacles by Despots, as the notes,  
The dulcet notes of his loved country's song  
Upon his ear, who far away now strays  
In foreign climes ; assuring them how vain  
For tyrants war to urge with Liberty  
When in its might a people have arisen :  
And, till they gained the boon, that sound remains  
Dear to the heart as the remembered joys  
Of childhood, when life's lamp begins to fail.

But when the sorrowing news to Albion comes  
And reaches North (who had advised the war  
And it conducted) he to tears gave way ;  
And as Prime Minister his post resigns.  
Yet while unanimous the Commons speak  
For peace, the King and House of Peers resolve  
(Soon as recovered from the palsying stroke)  
To wage the warfare still : which Washington  
(Who meanwhile to his Highland camp returns)  
Discerning, he his energies upcalls  
For efforts mightier in the next campaign.  
And with the fleets combined of France and Spain,  
An expedition puissant matures  
Against the Isles in the West Indies, owned  
Of England ; but Jamaica first and chief ;  
And whence the naval force will next recoil  
On New York city ; then the offensive war  
Convey unto the Canadas. And now  
The destined fleets at Cadiz are convened  
And ready even to move : when, fearing for  
His Isles and Canada, the Albion King,  
The Independence of the colonies  
Owns, and the articles of Peace subscribes  
Atween his majesty and powers combined  
Of France, Iberia, and the Colonies :

And thus Columbia at length obtains  
The ratifying of her heaven-sent boon.

How sweet the morn of verdant spring when first  
The news to Freedom's happy shores arrived !  
Then reaching as Hyperion displays  
With lustre matchless in the orient skies  
His golden treasures ; while o'er hill and dale,  
And daisied meads, and streamlets flower-bedecked,  
Resounds the witching music of the grove  
From warbling songsters, air's inhabitants,  
As echoed songs of heaven : Fair morn and bright  
(Thus sing aloud her joyful children now),  
First that arose on Freedom's soil no more  
Claimed by a foreign despot ! ne'er be thou  
Forgot, loved morning, by Columbia's sons  
While Zephyrs fan the wave or time endures !

And now as Washington unto his troops  
Drawn out in bright array, the word proclaims ;  
I saw convening there the noble shades  
Of all who in the long and arduous war  
Had life for liberty so free resigned.  
Then, as the loud hurras ring through the air ;  
And the dark-mouthed artillery disgorge  
Their fiery contents ; and the musketry  
Clatter along the lines ; a sign of joy !  
They in one group collected thus invoke :

God of eternity ! Righteous art Thou  
Because thou thus hast judged ; and hast to thee  
Taken thy power to rule, and here hast reigned !  
Here came thy servants from oppression's hand  
That they might serve thee ; yet the nations here  
Sought them to overwhelm ; but thou hast given  
Confusion to their ranks ; and them hast clothed  
With shame for ever. Even so, Lord God !  
Thy judgments ever true and righteous are.

God of Eternity ; hear thou our prayer !  
Thou, who the Union Bond between these States  
Hast written with our blood ; O hear our prayer.



And give this Union perpetuity !  
Oh, blast him with the stroke of Death's dread hand ;  
And may the palsy seize his ruthless tongue  
Whose impious speech shall dare to recommend  
The dissolution of this blood-bought bond !

Should in some future age, one thus arise ;  
Then let thy fearful curse on him descend :  
And, as the mildew blasts the harvest fair ;  
As lights the frost upon the tender shrub ;  
As on the oak lights heaven's dissolving fire  
Riving the cloud-capped monarch of the hills ;  
As lights the fell tornado on the earth  
Hurling with rapid sweep to hideous wreck  
The works of art and nature ; or as hurls  
Thy breath the surging lake of hell's grim fires  
O'er its apostate crew, accurst for aye ;  
So let thy curse arrest his murdering hand ;  
So scatter in thy wrath his hell-wrought schemes ;  
So blast with ruin all his aims accurst,  
Directed to such end ; whose counsel shall  
Be like Ahithopel's and him destroy.

May every virtuous son of Liberty,  
This Union precious more than life regard ;  
May the Star-spangled Banner e'er remain  
The standard whereunto the States shall come,—  
The point 'round which they'll rally when in arms.  
Oh, may this ensign bright, for aye abide  
Unsullied on Columbian soil ! and e'er  
Remind her sons what Liberty hath cost ;  
And too, what Liberty of them requires !  
May these proud stripes and stars e'er stand endeared  
To all whose suffering sires beneath them bled ;  
And may this love continue through all time,  
Till nations shall to arms no more appeal !

God of Eternity, hear thou our prayer !  
And as amid the glowing spheres of light  
Which wheel through heaven's vast concave, firm abides  
You mighty globe, the centre ; where thy throne  
Displays thy glory to the enraptured choirs ;  
And whence they on their rapid missions move

Of love to other worlds ; so may abide  
 Thy glory in this land ! till is restored  
 To thy sweet rule our sin-cursed wandering world,  
 The 'lone erratic orb that rolls midst heaven.

They said, and moved away : and though unseen  
 Of human eye, nor heard of mortal ear,  
 They on the hearts of all an influence shed,  
 Which to the minds of their compeers recalls  
 (As now with Washington the news they hail)  
 Their patient sufferings and glorious death.  
 And as they onward move to their abodes  
 (Unknown to mortals !) in procession slow,  
 I, to an imprecation utterance gave  
 Which would to ruin, death, and hell pursue  
 The wretch who durst through party influence  
 Embroil in war Columbia's happy land,  
 Or seek her blood-bought freedom to subverse.  
 Nor had they disappeared, ere is beheld  
 A form, in aspect all severe, assume  
 Their late position, and announcing loud :

It shall be as ye imprecate ! And ne'er  
 Shall lacking stand upon Columbian soil  
 One thousand gallant spirits, who, if e'er  
 A tyrant raised by faction, should embroil  
 Their liberties, and should the Government  
 Usurp, or aim to revolutionize,  
 Shall bind themselves in covenant, at the price  
 Of life, to crush him down ! Nor e'er shall cease  
 Their labors, till has each the effort made,—  
 Made separate, and failed, and all have paid  
 Life's forfeit as a sacrifice upon  
 The altar of their country's liberties,  
 Or high success their steady aim has crowned.  
 Let then the aspiring despot, who'd assay  
 To encroach upon her freedom, here discern  
 His fate within Columbia ! A sure fate !  
 Fate sure as death, ev'n though with armies huge  
 He has the land o'ermarched, and trampled down  
 All power him to resist in open field !

And having said, the spirit winged its way,  
 Its rapid way beyond e'en angel's ken.

## BOOK XXIX.

### ARGUMENT.

The English fleets and armies receive orders from the Parliament to evacuate the United States; whereupon Washington prepares to disband the Patriot army; and the land and naval forces of France return home. After disbanding the army, Washington takes a final leave of his officers, then proceeding to Congress, resigns his commission as Commander in Chief, and returns to his residence at Mount Vernon.

AND now from Parliament the order comes  
For Carleton (who has Clinton in command  
Late superseded), to evacuate  
With all the Albion forces, freedom's soil,  
And straight to leave her shores they now prepare.  
The joyful crews at the stern boatswain's word  
With *Yo heave ho!* to weigh the anchors haste,  
The poising levers lift they high, and urge,  
And as the windlass slowly moves around,  
The flukes rise sluggish from their slimy bed,  
And the prows swing aside. Then, at the word  
Unfurl the canvas! let the vessels drive!  
The gladdening shouts along the lengthened fleet  
Resound, as loosed from the yard-arm sublime  
The canvas tosses by the freshening breeze;  
And home already present seems to all  
As stand the vessels soon equipped for sea.

Then too his army Washington prepares  
Soon to disband. Yet by the lengthened war  
The land so sorely had impoverished been  
That Congress yet unable is to appay  
The soldier's stipend; though had every State  
Its promise but redeemed, the treasury  
Of Congress ne'er had empty stood of means.  
But seizing on the trying circumstance,  
An officer inferior, whose name

As worthless as his service in the war  
May well forgotten be ! the effort makes  
The army to rebellion to uprouse,  
Aiming suspicion therein to awake  
By scripts anonymous, and summoning  
The officery to meet and seek redress  
For " their innumerable wrongs at Congress' hand !"  
And had succeeded in the base design  
To raise dissatisfaction far and wide,  
Had Washington in camp not happened then ;  
Who, well assured 'tis easier to avoid  
Measures intemperate than them correct,  
And deeming 'tis essential to prevent  
The summoned meeting of the officery ;  
Yet knowing that a sense of injury  
And of injustice had their minds aggrieved,  
And how alive their sensibilities  
Were all, to Congress' course ; whom late they had  
Memorialized, withouten the result  
Which they had hoped so fondly to secure ;  
He deems it more advisable to guide  
Their meeting to discuss a theme which then  
Was of such moment, than discountenance ;  
And them by orders issued, soon convenes.  
Then, when convened, with Gates as president,  
He utters thus the feelings of his soul :

My brave companions in the war now closed,  
If heretofore my life has not declared  
'That I the army's faithful friend have been,  
Vain were the hopes that what I offer now  
Would prove me such. I should offend you, sirs,  
Were I a moment to suppose you would  
Be willing, ev'n in the pursuit of right,  
To take a course your judgment would condemn  
As indiscreet, unmilitary, or  
Subversive of the rules of discipline  
And order. Yet a call anonymous  
Had summoned you together to convene :  
Judge how consistent with propriety !  
Nor stands the attempt alone. But at the hour  
When was this call designed to take effect,  
Another script, likewise anonymous,

Is put in circulation, and addressed,  
Not to the judgment of the army, but  
Its feelings and its passions ; and advised  
" To mark the man, and him suspect, who now  
A longer moderation recommends,  
Or more forbearance," or, in other terms,  
The man whose acts this writer disapproves !  
That the address with artfulness is drawn,  
And is designed insidious purposes  
To effect, and calculated too to impress  
The army all that in the Sovereign Power  
Of the United States injustice is  
Premeditated ; and at once thus rouse  
All those resentments which assured must flow  
From such conviction ; and that he intends  
(Whoe'er may be the writer) to assume  
Advantage of the passions while they're warmed  
With recollection of our past distress ;  
Without affording time for thought matured,  
And that composedness of mind which is  
So requisite, stability to give  
And dignity to what may be resolved,  
Is rendered all too obvious to require  
More proof than reference to his course herein.  
And, sirs, whate'er his purpose be or plans,  
We may affirm that generosity  
Of sentiment, and candor, and regard  
To justice and to country ne'er can form  
A part thereof. Insinuations false,  
That aim suspicions darkest to arouse  
Against our country's brightest ornaments,  
No part can form of noble schemes or good,  
But of the basest possible designs.

Thus much have I deemed needful to observe,  
To evidence upon what principles  
The so irregular and hasty call  
For a convention was by me withstood.  
And I opposed it while at the same time  
'Tis the full purpose of my soul to afford  
The army every opportunity  
Consistent with its honor and dignity,  
To make your grievances all fully known.

'Tis known of you I was among the first  
 Who in our country's common cause embarked ;  
 Nor e'er have left your side one moment, save  
 When called by public duty ; but have stood  
 Ever the constant witness and compeer  
 Of your distresses all ; nor been the last  
 Your merits to proclaim before the world.  
 And as my military character  
 I've deemed inseparably joined to yours ;  
 And as my heart expanded has with joy  
 To hear your praise, or burned indignant when  
 Detraction's scorpion tongue has uttered aught  
 Against your fame ; scarce can it be presumed  
 That I indifferent should now be found  
 To your true interests. But how may they  
 Best be promoted ? " Never sheathe your swords"  
 (Thus your anonymous adviser speaks),  
 " Till is your every wish of Congress gained !"  
 My God ! what can his purpose be who aims  
 To urge you to such measures ? and would sow  
 The seeds of civil discord thus between  
 Our civil and our military powers !  
 Is he the army's friend, or Freedom's friend ?  
 Nay, rather is he not some lurking foe,  
 Plotting the ruin of our liberties  
 And of the gallant army who've achieved them ?

But as respects the counsel he propounds,  
 " Him to suspect who now shall recommend  
 Longer forbearance, or who may advise  
 To measures moderate ;" I spurn it, sirs !  
 As will each man who liberty regards.  
 If from discussion of a theme which may  
 Involve the dearest interests of our country,  
 And of ourselves, we are precluded thus,  
 Where is the use of reason ? Where the use  
 Of toil and bloodshed through an eight years' war  
 To free us from oppression ? Where is found  
 Our boasted liberty of speech ? It may  
 Be from us torn ; while silently and dumb  
 We may like sheep be to the slaughter led !

That Congress will your faithful services

Reward, soon as the means she can command,  
 You shall have all assurance that can be  
 By you desired. Congress so intends.  
 That honorable body entertain  
 The most exalted sentiments of that  
 Which you've performed and suffered to achieve  
 Our Independence: and are well convinced  
 Of your deserts; and what you've sacrificed;  
 And to the army justice will perform.  
 Nor can I entertain a doubt the least  
 That their endeavors have unwearied been  
 Funds for this purpose to obtain; and too  
 Are well assured their efforts ne'er will end  
 Until success their aim has fully crowned.

Yet Congress, like all other bodies large  
 Where is diversity of interests  
 To reconcile, must of necessity  
 Be slow in their proceedings. Why, then, should  
 We them distrust? and, as a consequence  
 Of such distrust, measures adopt, which may  
 A shade cast o'er that glory which we've now  
 Acquired so justly? and the high repute,  
 Too, tarnish of a gallant army, which  
 Stands through the European continent  
 Renowned for fortitude and patriotism?  
 And may I ask, For what shall this be done?  
 To bring the object nearer? Never, sirs!  
 For certainly assured I am it must  
 But tend alone to cast it further still.  
 But for myself, a recollection of  
 The cheerful aid and th' obedience prompt  
 That I've experienced from you, under all  
 Vicissitudes of fortune; and the true  
 Affection which I for an army feel  
 Whom I've so long the honor had to lead,  
 Obliges me thus publicly t' aver,  
 That, in th' attainment of a just reward,  
 For all your toils and dangers in this war;  
 And, too, your every wish to gratify;  
 You freely may my services command  
 To the full power of my abilities;  
 So far as duty paramount to God

And to my country wills. Nor take I aught  
 Of merit in affirming it ; being led  
 From principles of righteousness and truth ;  
 And of a grateful sense of confidence  
 You 've in me e'er so cheerfully reposed.

While, then, I give you these assurances,  
 And pledge myself so fully to exert  
 Th' abilities whereof I am possessed  
 To see your faithful services repaid ;  
 Let me entreat you, brave compatriots,  
 To take herein no measures, which, when judged  
 In the calm light of reason, will decrease  
 The dignity, or soil the glory bright,  
 Of that position which you 've till now retained.  
 Rely upon your country's plighted faith ;  
 Nor hesitate full confidence to yield  
 In the integrity of the intents  
 Of Congress towards you. Let me too conjure you,  
 And in the name of our beloved land,  
 That, as your sacred honor you esteem ;  
 As you respect the rights of human kind ;  
 As you regard the civil character  
 And military, of our country loved ;  
 To express the utmost horror of the man,  
 And detestation of his principles ;  
 Who by pretence however specious, seeks  
 To overturn our country's liberties !  
 Who aims perfidiously for any cause  
 'To ope the flood-gates of a civil war,  
 And our now rising empire drown in gore !

By thus determining and acting thus  
 You will your wishes speedily obtain :  
 You will defeat th' insidious designs  
 Of those our enemies, who 're now compelled  
 To resort from force to secret artifice ;  
 And fill the measure of your heroism  
 By conduct that will stamp your character  
 And of your country with undying fame.  
 'Tis little short of miracles you have  
 Achieved already ; but a nobler deed  
 Remains to be accomplished. We have had



The glory to o'ercome a puissant foe :  
Now let us aim at glory greater still,  
The conquering of ourselves. Armies have been  
Who, after vanquishing their country's foes,  
Became her worst oppressors ; and beneath  
Their feet, her liberty have trampled down  
And wrapped their hard earned victories in gloom.  
But be it our ambition after toils,  
And sufferings scarce equalled, for our rights,  
And for our country ; cheerful to return  
Though unremunerated, to our homes,  
And wait the rewards our country will bestow.  
Let us as peaceful citizens now till  
Those fields wherefrom we drove the haughty foe ;  
And whence, as from earth's noblest theatres  
You shall display a spectacle ne'er seen  
Ere now, of patriotism ; and teach the world  
That man in noble deeds a heaven can find.  
You'll to posterity th' occasion give  
To say, when proudly naming o'er your deeds :  
Had this day wanting been, our sires had ne'er  
The highest stage of that perfection shown  
Which man may here attain ; for incomplete  
The triumph of their virtues had remained.

Thus he ; and from th' assembly now retires :  
Who then unanimous, and thus resolve :  
That with sincerity as true as can  
The human heart be capable on earth,  
The entire officery reciprocate  
The warm affection of their honored chief.  
Then in committee Putnam, Brooks, and Knox,  
Next are appointed to prepare Resolves  
Expressive of the business which has called  
Them in convention ; who report thereon ;  
That having in the recent war engaged  
From motives of the purest love and zeal  
For human rights no circumstance shall now  
Of danger or distress induce us e'er  
To stain the glory we have thus acquired,  
And at the price of suffering and blood  
And eight years' faithful service : that we still  
A confidence in Congress unimpaired

Retain, and in the justice of our country.  
And that with horror deepest we regard ;  
And with disdain ineffable reject ;  
The propositions infamous contained  
In the anonymous and late address  
Directed to the army's officers :  
And, too, resent with indignation stern  
Th' attempts of individuals unknown  
To call us to convention in a mode  
Subverse of order all and discipline.

These strong resolves the meeting all approve ;  
And when unto the soldiery return  
The officers (who them impatiently  
Expecting were), they overtell the words  
Of Washington : who then are likewise heard  
His words approving : No, we ne'er shall give  
To Freedom aught, but she'll to us return  
Thrice doubled ; and if ev'n our country ne'er  
Could pay the debt she owes us, why should we  
Be angry with her ? We've to her secured  
By toil and blood the boon of liberty ;  
And be it hers for ever more, amen !  
A little pay would to us welcome be,  
As we're so destitute ; and many leagues  
Are distant from our families and homes :  
But sure our countrymen ne'er will permit  
That we from want should perish on the way :  
So we'll our knapsacks shoulder whensoever  
The good old General shall give the word.

Meanwhile the fleet of Gallia has conveyed  
Her noble warriors to their native shores,  
Bearing with them the heart-felt gratitude  
Of Freedom's brave and numerous progeny.  
Then when his sway attempts he to extend,  
By more encroaching on her liberties,  
They hurl her monarch from the Gallian throne.

And now the Patriot Army is dissolved,  
Whose toils had freedom to Columbia given.  
Upon a morn, their breakfast o'er, the meal  
The last they should together e'er partake

(Yet scarcely is from saddened hearts partook),  
They're ordered under arms. Then, when is brought  
To Washington the notice that the troops  
Are ready now, he, with his Aids, on moves  
To the fair plains (nigh Newburg), and awaits  
Their coming ; who, with fife and muffled drum,  
Attuning Roslin Castle's plaintive air  
(Each visage bearing deep th' impress of grief),  
Now for the last time to his presence march.  
Then, at the signal given, they ground their arms ;  
And, faintly uttering *God save Washington!*  
Bade him, through watery eyes, a long farewell,  
And, wheeling off in files, move towards their homes.  
With pensive look his eye pursues their way,  
As they retire, wide-spreading o'er the plains :  
But when he sees those valiant troops, who'd him  
So long obeyed, and late such evidence  
Of the sincerest confidence had given,  
Slowly behind the distant hills descend,  
And soon from him to disappear for aye,  
Nature the father stirs within his breast,  
And gives him up to tears which freely flow,  
While fervently he them to Heaven commends.

Soon then as Albion's army had debarked  
At New York city, Knox with his command  
(Which for a season brief is still retained)  
Assumes possession ; whereinto arrives,  
Soon after, Washington and officers  
Chief of the army, and the Governor,  
Clinton, of New York State. With whom too comes  
Thompson, the Secretary and the soul  
Of Congress through the dreariest of the war,  
A man beloved of earth and dear to heaven.  
The Muse thy labors ne'er can pass unnamed.  
'Twas thou (e'er standing at thy quiet post)  
Whose mighty soul oft pointing where the rage  
Of war should burn, would swift confusion send  
Amid the Albion armies and her fleets,  
Undeeming that such ruin was at hand ;  
Ev'n as within his room, in some watch-tower,  
The artist waiting stands, and overviews  
The sea afar, and the proud hostile fleet

Approaching ; till now at the point arrived,  
He starts the electric spark along the wires  
Far down in ocean's depths, and suddenly  
The sea in columns huge upheaving, bears  
Ruin and death to the whole naval power.

Then, on the following day, the officery  
At the Hotel de Frances all convene,  
A final leave to take of Washington.  
He ne'er was cursed with heart that cannot feel ;  
But, soon thereafter, entering the hall,  
His countenance his strong emotion tells.  
Untouched is left the elegant repast ;  
And conversation, oft attempted, fails :  
Then, as the clock the hour of one proclaims,  
He, rising, at the sideboard fills some wine,  
That all may join him in a parting glass ;  
Then thus, in words that scarce can utterance find :

I now, my brothers, bid you all farewell !  
Devoutly praying that your latter days  
May yield to you, as much of happiness,  
As have your former years to freedom given,  
Brought glory to your country ! Silently  
They all partake ; to whom, thus he, again :  
I cannot come to each, to take my leave ;  
But as a favor ask it, that each one  
Will come and take my hand ! Knox, standing next,  
Turns towards him ; and, incapable of words,  
His hand is grasped by Washington in tears ;  
And to each officer successively  
He gives the fond adieu. In every eye,  
The tear of dignified emotion stands ;  
And not a word is spoke to interrupt  
The silence eloquent ; continuing ev'n  
Till, leaving the Hotel, he, through a corps  
Passed, of light-infantry updrawn in line,  
Towards the White Hall (whereat awaits a barge  
Manned by sea-captains, him to Paulus Hook  
Thence to convey). Yet, ere afar he walks  
Between the lines of his so saddened troops,  
A soldier starting from the ranks, a man  
Of thews and sinews, unaccustomed e'er

To melting moods, grasps fondly thus his hand ;  
Farewell ! beloved General, farewell !  
Nor more for sobs could utter ; and in vain  
The officery would order now preserve ;  
For all around, they throng to seize his hand  
And speak a last adieu. Then followed on  
By all, in mute procession to the barge ;  
He, turning to the multitude, now waves,  
And thrice, a silent and a fond farewell.  
They in like manner silently respond ;  
Till now one thundering shout along the strand  
Bursts from the mighty multitude ; so loud,  
So deep, and full, as to o'erwhelm entire  
The lumbering roar of the artillery,  
Waking in thirteen thunders from the shore.  
Then, as the shout is wafted from the strand,  
Once more he silently waves them farewell ;  
Who wait upon the strand till is the barge  
To their still longing eyes, in distance lost.

Peace now her halcyon wings spreads o'er the land ;  
And now its little ones, or flocks or herds  
No longer are in danger. To the school  
(The pledge and safeguard of thy Liberties,  
Columbia, while to Knowledge thou art true !)  
The parent now his offspring safely sends,  
Nor longer fears the hand of lurking foes.  
The farms, so wasted late, now are reclaimed ;  
And ruined temples of Almighty God  
All are restored ; whose echoing walls once more  
Resound with songs of gratitude and praise.  
Thrice lovely all the happy scene appears,  
To those so long on war's drear ocean tost !  
Who now a sweet serenity enjoy ;  
As when stern winter flies and spring appears  
With flower-dressed vales and forests' deepening shades,  
Vocal with the wild carols of the bird ;  
How sweet the calm she through the soul inspires !  
But lovelier still the soothing calm of peace ;  
Whose hand her blessings scatters far and wide  
O'er the whole land where desolation reigned.

So when the clouds from ocean's bosom draw

The vaporous exhalations, and them send  
 Abroad, refined, freed of aught settlement  
 Bituminous, or brackish tincture ; they  
 Upon the wings of the high winds afar  
 Fly through the world to pour themselves in rain,  
 Or in soft evening dews distil ; or from  
 The orifice of limpid fountains ooze ;  
 And too along the veins of rivulets  
 Unseen to trickle ; and in cavities  
 Of wells to rise ; or from the mountain side  
 In many a headlong torrent down to roll ;  
 And thence in mighty streams through deserts drear,  
 Or kingdoms populous to flow along :  
 And thus to beautify and fertilize  
 Each soil of every clime beneath the skies.

And now to Congress Washington returns  
 (Whose session at Annapolis convenes),  
 And there the employments all of public life  
 Resigns at once ; and the commission given  
 As Chief Commander when the war begun ;  
 Ascribing the success which crowned their arms  
 To Him alone whose favor victory gives :  
 Commending then his country so beloved  
 To the protection of his fathers' God,  
 He to his home at Vernon Mount retires.

Here look, ye puny lordlings of mankind !  
 And ye, Ambition's slaves ! Behold the man  
 Who, from a loftier pinnacle than kings  
 Can occupy, looked down with scorn upon  
 Your petty aims ! With patriotic love  
 And high regard for God's approving voice  
 Inspired, he dared to aim no further than  
 His country's weal. A Diadem to him  
 Had proffered been, by those who feared to risk  
 Republican stability, and deemed  
 The country's good demanded he should rule.  
 What hindered ? Naught ; but that he should approve !  
 For at the hour when was the proffer made,  
 His gallant troops had felt themselves aggrieved  
 By what they deemed neglect at Congress' hand.  
 And it but needs his own approving glance,

To put in motion his stern veterans all,  
Instant to hurl the Congress from their seats,  
And their loved idol, Washington, enthroned  
As the proud monarch of St. Tammany ;  
And there against the world his right maintain.  
But the vain bauble he with stern disdain  
Puts by, and viewed with scorn, as angels view,  
The mortal who would o'er his fellows rule  
By other right than what themselves had given.  
Peruse his answer in his conduct here  
(Not less than in his words so lately given),  
And learn, there's higher glory than a Throne !

Meanwhile the troops of Albion had embarked,  
And to the freshening gale their canvas spread :  
Which, wide-expanded, seems like wintry clouds  
Driven afore the winds ; and swiftly bears  
The broad-winged ships in foam through ocean's waves.  
Joy fills the multitude, for they now haste  
To their own native land, and friends beloved,  
Severed from them so long : Yet some are sad !  
'Tis the reflecting few, whose thoughts revolve  
Past scenes and coming : nor the flowing bowl,  
Nor laugh, nor merry song, can joyance yield.  
But slow retiring from the noisy throng,  
And mournful seated on the lofty stern  
High o'er the foaming track the vessels mark  
As on with rapid sweep they roll and plunge ;  
They, deep in thought, with eyes sad fixed upon  
The lessening shores, ponder now o'er the past,—  
Their country ruined and themselves repulsed !  
Then on their thoughts the scenes of war return ;  
With the fond hopes and bright, of Seventy-Six,  
Now faded all, and darkened by despair.  
'Twas then (thus they) we first arrived these shores,  
With our tall navies, from whose crowded decks  
Myriads gazed forth of blooming warriors ;  
And thought yon lovely land was all our own,  
And all the purchase of a bloodless war.  
Vain hope ! there Washington our ranks withstood ;  
While 'round him poured Columbia's warlike sons ;  
The battle raged along a thousand fields ;  
A thousand streams ran purple with our gore ;

And our proud force before him sunk adown :  
Till now, of all those blooming warriors  
How few remain ! Pierced by the fatal ball  
A far from home in bloody shrouds they lie,  
While we return inglorious from the war !  
Frazer lies there ; and there reposes, too,  
Our splendid Monckton, André, and Donop ;  
The lion-hearted Breyman ; Webster too ;  
And oh, how many, good and brave as they !  
But ye, dear partners in the cruel war,  
Ne'er shall ye be forgot, though low ye lie !  
Often we see you still, as once ye were  
When with us at the feast : or at our side  
When raging battle thundered o'er the field.  
Chide not our steps, Ghosts of the noble dead,  
Though we depart ! we leave you in a land  
Not hostile now, but where our brothers dwell,  
Who always mourned the death their valor gave.

Land of the graves of heroes, fare ye well !

THE END.



ERRATA.

- Page 36, line 9, from bottom, for *limbs* read *leaves*.  
40, 16 " " " omit the pause. So too on page 57, line 11.  
41, 7 " " " for *where* read *when*.  
64, 2 from top, for *embroid* read *embroided*.  
67, 9 from bottom, for *dissolve* read *discrete*.  
156, 4 from top, for *fall* read *fell*.  
167, 11 " " " after reliance insert a semicolon, and omit the pause at the end.  
285, 10 from bottom, for *them* read *there*.  
377, 10 from top, for *way* read *may*.  
399, 5 from bottom, for *they* read *then*.

